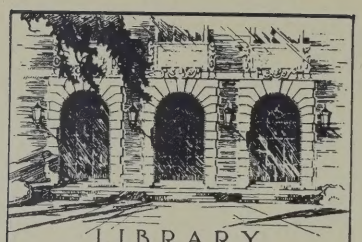
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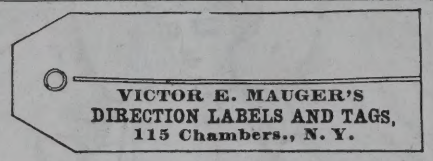

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GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE FAIR AND GUIDE TO THE DEPARTMENTS.

The Main Entrance is on Fourteenth street, through the temporary building erected in front of the armory of the 22d N. Y. State National Guards.

ON THE RIGHT of the Main Entrance is the Indian Department: ON THE LEFT is the Department of Arms and Trophies.

On entering the main building by the central door, the following is the order of departments and tables.

SOUTH SIDE—RIGHT OF MAIN ENTRANCE.

Jacob's Well.
Room No. 3—Hardware and Furnishing Goods.
Room No. 2—Treasurer's Department.
Stall—Children's Clothing.
Room No. 1—Lingeries and Trimmings.

SAME SIDE—LEFT OF MAIN ENTRANCE.

Stall for the sale of the *Spirit of the Fair* newspaper.
Room No. 4—Stationery.
Room No. 5—Sewing Machines.
Stall—Soda Fountain.
Executive Committee Room.

WEST SIDE OF MAIN BUILDING.

1st Stall—Thread, Needles, and Small Wares.
2d Stall—Toys.
3d Stall—Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.
4th to 10th Stall—New Jersey Department.
Washington Irving Temple.

NORTH SIDE—FIFTEENTH STREET

(Beginning at West end).

1st Entrance to Machinery and Shipbuilder's Department.
Stall—Boots and Shoes.
Stall—Harness, Bridles, and Leather Goods.
2d Entrance to Machinery Department.
Stall—Dry Goods.
Stall—India Rubber Goods.
3d Entrance to Machinery Department.
Clothes-Wringing Machine.

EAST WALL

(Beginning at North end).

New York Fire Department, extending half the length of the wall.
Stall—Roman Department.
Entrance to Carriage and Agricultural Department and Mathematical Instruments.
Stall—Jewelry and Fancy Goods.
Entrance to Wholesale Departments of
Tobacco and Liquors,
Drugs and Perfumeries,
Soaps and Candles,
Groceries.

These conduct to

THE RESTAURANT.

From which two flights of stairs lead to

THE DINING SALOON.

THE CENTRE OF THE MAIN BUILDING

is occupied by
Floral Temple, and Flower Department.

LIST OF TABLES ON MAIN FLOOR.

No. 1—German Turnverein.
2—Furs, Hats, and Caps.
3—Porcelain and Glass.
4—Lutheran Society.
5—Baptist Society.
6—Buffalo Table.
7—Ohio Table.
8—New Bedford Table.
9—Police.
10—Oswego Table.
11—Staten Island Table.
12—Dobbs' Ferry and Hastings.
13—Norwalk Table.
14—Welsh Church.
15—Westchester—Forts Schuyler and Hamilton.
16—Harlem Table.
17—Methodist Table.
18—Wholesale Jewellers.
19—Rev. Mr. Gantz's Church.
20—Retail Perfumery and Wax Flowers.
21—Miscellaneous.
22—Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed.
23—Children's Clothing.
24—Fancy Goods.

THE PICTURE GALLERY

extends along the West end of the main building. The entrance is from Fourteenth street, the most Westerly door. At one end is

THE GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND ENGRAVINGS.

THE SECOND STORY MAIN BUILDING

is reached by the staircase near the Picture Gallery, and is divided into the following Departments:

Room No. 11—Ladies' Executive Committee Room.
" " 10—Architectural Ornaments, Stained Glass, and Tapestries.
" " 9—Library and Book Store.
" " 7 and 8—Old Curiosity Shop.
" " 6—Dress Making.
Rooms beyond—Furniture and Upholstery Department.
Ladies' Hair Dressing Articles.
Dress Patterns.
Lithographic Press.

The floor above is occupied by the Photographic Department.

PLAN OF THE UNION SQUARE BUILDING.

The main entrances are on the South side of the two wings adjoining the Park.

THE EAST WING is occupied by

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

THE CENTRAL DIVISION consists of

THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DEPARTMENT,

and the

KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN.

THE WEST WING contains the

INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT,

containing contributions from various quarters of the world. In the centre of this building is a fountain.

THE CATTLE SHOW connected with the Fair is situated in Fifteenth street, near Seventh avenue. Among the Contributions of Stock will be found

A White Ox from Livingston county, weighing 3602 pounds—an Alderney Cow—a Durham Bull—Sheep—Shetland Ponies and Horses.

THE FAIR.

The Metropolitan Fair, which opened so auspiciously last evening, is the crowning realization of an idea which originated in the great West. To Chicago, the metropolis of the West, belongs the honor of having inaugurated the noble series of Sanitary Fairs which in that city, in Cincinnati, Boston, and Brooklyn, has attested the interest of the people in the welfare of the brave defenders of our national unity. Nothing could be more characteristic of America than these fairs. Europeans cannot understand them, nor the spirit of patriotism and charity in which they originated. A great "*Sanitary Fair* is announced in the American newspapers," said a recent London paper; "what can they mean by that?" If the New York correspondent of that journal was present last evening at the opening of our Fair, and if he will report truly and without prejudice what he saw, our English friends will be furnished with the only answer to this captious question which we care to give them.

Our Sanitary Fairs have not been gotten up, as some of our European critics allege, for mere show, nor for the gratification of national pride, but solely for the sake of doing good to those who stand in sore need of immediate assistance. Private charity was not adequate to the enormous task of providing for the sick and wounded of our large and widely scattered armies. Some kind of social organization was necessary to ensure the prompt and efficient accomplishment of our duty toward the soldiers; and no better plan than the Fairs could have been devised. Each Fair has been the centre of an active social interest. It has caused a useful concentration of effort, and quickened throughout the entire community the sentiment of nationality.

Although New York may be said to have borrowed the idea of a Sanitary Fair from the metropolis of the West, yet she has so improved upon the first conception—as great poets do with appropriated thoughts—as to make it substantially her own. Her vast resources in the generosity of her merchants and other men of wealth, combined with the zealous coöperation of her artisans, mechanics and laborers, and the generous assistance of men of letters and artists, have enabled her to eclipse the efforts of her sister cities with a sun-like blaze of magnificence. Not only are the Fair premises on a larger scale than those of any other city, but the display of contributions was never equalled in any other Fair on this side of the Atlantic. We say this with the modesty which becomes those who know for New York not to surpass all competitors, on an occasion so noble and praiseworthy, would have been shameful delinquency. We state the fact merely as a matter of history, and not to exalt ourselves above others.

Like its predecessors, our New York Fair was set on foot by ladies. Early in the present year two Executive Committees, one of ladies, the other of gentlemen, were appointed to carry the idea into practical operation, the Sanitary Commission exercising a practical supervision over the undertaking. It was the intention of these Committees, as set forth in their circular, to make it not a mere fancy Fair on a large scale, but that in plan and scope it should be worthy of the great city in which it was to be held, and of the great interest to which it was designed to minister. They set to work with the design of enlisting all sympathies, pleasing all healthy tastes, and satisfying all honest needs. The magnificent display at the opening last night, the universal satisfaction of the gay throng which filled the handsomely decorated rooms, all attest the complete success of their endeavors. In all their efforts for the attainment of this object, the Committees were generously seconded by the public. Hundreds of circulars, soliciting contributions and coöperation, were sent out by them to the professional and business men of the city and surrounding country. Trade organizations, and literary and artistic societies were likewise invited to assist in the undertaking. A glance at the Fair premises will show better than words how liberal was the response. The wealthy gave without stint, and the poor contributed according to their means. Every profession, every trade, every business is represented in the Fair. No contribution, however humble, was declined. The very first gift was a common tin pan, from a poor family that desired to contribute their mite to the Soldier's Fair. The second was a penknife, from a poor woman who keeps a very humble fancy store. Many similar contributions have been gratefully accepted by the Committees.

The Old World is also magnificently represented in our Fair. Our friends and countrymen in every part of Europe have shown their interest in this occasion, and in the cause of freedom and humanity, by collecting and forwarding donations. In London, Paris, Rome, and several other cities, societies were organized for this purpose; and the generous and magnificent contributions which they have sent over form some of the most attractive features of the exhibition. They will be appropriately noticed in succeeding numbers of the Spirit of the Fair.

THE BOOK OF BUBBLES.

Among the literary productions, if it deserves the definition, to which the Fair has given birth, is a volume of quaint verses humorously illustrated, bearing the above title. It consists of doggerel lines on familiar subjects or prominent personages, after the manner of the popular verses by Thackeray and others, which so successfully ran through several numbers of the London *Punch* last year. The origin of this funny verse is, however, as old as *Mother Goose*, and to that venerable and dear old lady is the credit due, if credit there be, for first tickling our juvenile fancy with this jingle of nonsensical versification. But *Mother Goose* is immortal. Like Shakspeare she was not born for a day, but for all time; hence her ideas are seized upon, and under various guises reproduced by the wits of every age to titillate the fancy of people of all ages. This *Book of Bubbles* is a case in point, for here we have a bound volume, profusely illustrated with designs by talented artists, printed on fine paper, and published at considerable expense, in order to amuse society with a series of caricatures, in substance as airy as the soapy rainbow globules blown from a penny pipe by a toddling infant. Men are but children of an older growth, and, spite of appearance, gray hairs or no hair at all, we *will have* our bowl of nonsense now and then, and enjoy it as hugely as we did our gingerbread and candy when we were far less wise and far more innocent than now. This being the case, the success of the *Book of Bubbles* is beyond peradventure. It will sell, and be read, and be laughed over:—be laid aside, re-read, and laughed over again and again, whether the Solons abuse it as "stupendous nonsense," or the critics cut it up into ever so fine a hash. Some of the verses in this volume were perpetrated by men who are perhaps the last in the world to whom the reader would attribute their authorship. So too with the illustrations: crude and grotesque as they are, they proceed from hands to which we are indebted for the most beautiful designs in American art. The greater part of the "bubbles," however, seem to have been blown by a social wit, well known in our city, whose "airy nothings" have often "set the table in a roar," some of which, we are glad to say, have now found a "local habitation and a name" in the book under notice. It would be hypercritical to criticize such a work. Wit, says the great bard, lies in the ear of him who hears it—not on the tongue of him who speaks it. If then these grotesque outlines and their pendent rhymes cause the facial muscles of the reader to relax into however faint a grin of delight, no doubt the labors of the author will be amply rewarded. The book has evidently been hastily prepared to meet the peculiar demand occasioned by the Fair, therefore the points of the jokes may in some instances not have been as finely ground down, or the rhythmic cadences as nicely adjusted as would have been otherwise the case. The editor, in his "Poem," wishes it to be distinctly understood that he ignores entirely in this volume any *Castalian* influence. In fact he gives the cut direct to the "Parnassian lord!" exclaiming:

> "Not Thee, for This,—not Thee;—the god we woo
> Is whimsic Nonsense and his snickering crew!
> Come, great *Afflatus!* Sovereign Wagster, come!
> And drive Triphonius to his murky home;
> Convulse with agony the sculptured guest,
> And stir lank Dulness to a grim unrest."

We think the volume would have been more acceptable to the public if the few political squibs had been omitted. We doubt the propriety of poking fun at the captain when the ship is in danger, and while he is doing his best, according to the lights of his own experience, to weather the storm which threatens the lives of his passengers.

To those who do not object to a little whipped syllabub after the heavier dishes of life's daily service are disposed of, these "Bubbles" will commend themselves. The food is not very substantial, but is quite palatable, and is well served on good *plates*.

LIFE IN A HOSPITAL.

The Soldier Boy's Dream.

In one of the generous barrels that came to our hospital, in ——, beside the shirts and drawers, the towels and socks, was a quantity of nice slates and pencils, and the men are all delighted with them. Sergeant Graham has established a class in arithmetic in Ward 1, and the men are to use the new slates for their figures; and on one of them, a German boy in Ward 12 is to acquire the English language. The poor little fellow is quite alone in America—the oldest of seven, sent out to make his fortune. He lived for a while as gardener's boy with some one, and then went into the army, where he has developed disease of the heart, and is "unfit for service" now. But he helped take Fort Pulaski for us; he was a gunner there.

He writes me notes very often, on his slate, and reads a chapter in his Testament with me almost every day. He told me, too, quite a pretty little story the other morning. I was making my rounds, and came to G—— in turn. "Did you sleep well?" "Oh, yes; and if you have time won't you come back again and let me tell you something?"

So back I came after a while, and sat down by him, and heard how he had fallen asleep so quickly and pleasantly, and had "such a beautiful dream!"

"I was walking alone in a great city, and came to a bridge over a deep river. As I crossed the bridge, it broke suddenly and I fell into the water and was sinking. Then *you* came to me and drew me out, and carried me to land, and I was all wet, and you were all wet, and you took me home to your *own house*, and gave me a whole new suit of clothes, dry and warm. Then I was going away, but you brought me into your garden and told me to pick any flower I liked. So I went to take a rose, and as I was picking it I died; but you called aloud to me not to drop the rose but to take it with me and plant it in Heaven for you.

"So I went to Heaven and planted the flower, and it grew and blossomed, and then I sent you down word that the rose was blooming, and you died, and came up and found it there, blooming *for you*. And we were together in Heaven. It was such a pleasant dream, and I am *so* happy to-day!"

Amusements.

The games, as well as the slates, which come in the boxes and barrels, are a great delight. I have just been over to see Fitch and set him up at a *solitaire* board. He was all over smiles, and pegging away with his game in bed.

With another thoughtful gift of tools, the boys in Ward 20 knocked up a nice little bagatelle board with glass balls and a cambric cover. Ward 6 went over to inspect and imitate. They came back disgusted; "would scorn to play on such a thing; would have a board on which a lady could dance a hornpipe, if she pleased." Highly improbable that any one would please to do that, but I promised them that if they would make a first rate board, they should have all that was necessary. So they went to work, and the result was a beauty. The table is seven or eight feet long, covered with scarlet flannel, and with turned balls and walnut cups, and the men of the Ward have enjoyed every minute of its existence for the past month. I have never gone in when there hasn't been a crowd round the table pushing balls or keeping count, and I really think that the health of the Ward has improved under the treatment.

Money spent in lemons for bronchitis, oranges for fever patients, mittens and socks for "convalescents" (who have to go on guard in puddles of snow-water) and in games and tools for wretched, bored, half sick, half well, wholly demoralized men, may not seem a great investment to the givers; would not seem so to me, if I did not live in a general hospital, and know where Government munificence stops and where private beneficence may to advantage begin.

Home Boxes.

The meals in our hospital mess-hall are nicely served and well cooked. At the beating of the drum the "convalescents" form in line, and march, by wards, into the long hall, where three lines of tables, each 250 feet long, are set. Last night, when we inspected the supper, there were shining tins up and down the tables with a very large portion of rice and molasses, hot coffee, and plenty of bread for each man, and many little pots of butter and jam came in under the Braves' arms, out of their home boxes to help garnish the tea.

This morning I was invited by a soldier to join him in a banquet over a box from home; "and all I want beside," observed he, "is a little gin." "It is very lucky for you that there was none," was my answer, "or the whole box would have been confiscated." "Confiscated, indeed!" returned the Brave; "I should like to see *that* thing done. I'm none of your cream and chocolate men. I'd carry the case up to Abraham himself!"

Miss ——— was washing a boy's face very gently. "Oh!" said he, "that reminds me of home—" (Miss ——— highly gratified) that's like my sister; she often did that for me. *My eyes! wasn't she a rough one!* She'd take off dirt, and skin too, but she'd get the dirt off." N.

[We have received from the Rev. J. P. Thompson, and handed over to the "Old Curiosity Shop" the One Dollar "Greenback" described in the following communication,]

A Baptism for the Dead.

Among the relics of the war upon exhibition in the fair is a mutilated dollar bill which has this touching story. A pastor in an inland town had called upon his congregation to contribute to the Sanitary Commission, and had met a liberal response. The next day a woman who depends upon her daily work for her own support and that of her children, brought him a dollar bill to be added as her mite to the collection. Her pastor declined to take it, telling her she ought not to give so much; but the woman insisted, adding, "We've had it in the house many weeks; we cannot spend it."

Seeing that the bill was much torn, and supposing that she had found difficulty in passing it, her pastor said, "Oh, I'll give you a good bill for it."

"No, that's not it. It was in brother Sam's pocket when he was wounded. He's dead now, and we have his torn pocket-book; and mother said (the mother is a widow, and he was her only son), we will give that dollar to the Sanitary Commission; we cannot spend it."

The pastor redeemed the bill for $2,00, and now sends it to be disposed of at the Fair. Fifty dollars have already been offered for it, but we feel sure that this gift of two widows, of a ball-marked relic of their son and brother, will yield to the soldier's treasury an hundred fold. No necessity could have compelled them to spend it, but the cause consecrated it as a holy baptism for the dead.

The finest kind of irony is that which leaves you, after all, in doubt whether it is irony or not. Clever Englishmen are adepts at this; much of their "chaff" consists of compliments which may be taken in either sense according to the vanity or modesty of the receiver and the appreciation of other hearers.

"The cleverest man," says a French wit, "may often be in great need of fools' society!" Think of this when you find yourself listened to by great men. Beware lest they be laughing *at* you, not *with* you.

Having recently sent a small *brochure* to Halleck, we were much elated by his letter of acknowledgement, till it occurred to us how on a former occasion he had returned a highly complimentary epistle to a poetaster's presentation copy; "for," said Fitz Greene to us then, "if a man *will* wear a fool's cap it is as well to give him a ribbon to tie it under his chin." C. B.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Chairmen of Committees will please send to the Newspaper Committee a correct list of the articles contributed to their departments, which are not included in the lists of goods received at 2 Great Jones Street and by the agent of the 14th Street building, for publication in this paper.

INTRODUCTORY.

It is customary, when ushering into notice a new periodical or daily journal, to impress upon the public mind the trite observation, that "a great literary want exists," which that particular publication alone can supply.

In presenting to the patrons of the Metropolitan Fair this unpretending little newspaper, we are not aware that any literary vacuum yawns to receive it. It is simply an offspring of that great Charity which to-day spreads a magnificent banquet of utility and taste; and its mission will be fulfilled, if, like a page in waiting, it serves the honored guests.

It is born of Charity—hence it does not require to be "puffed up." Its existence will terminate with the existence of the Fair—hence its "youth and inexperience" should protect it from the assaults of the critic. It is an unpolitical sheet—hence party spirit will not "hawk at and tear it." It is not weighty with philosophic deductions nor flippant with untimely jests—hence young and old, grave and gay, may recognize in it that *juste milieu* which offends no tastes and administers to all.

Brief, however, as is the number of its days, it will be apparent that there are names among its contributors powerful enough to immortalize any publication, however humble, that may be touched by the wands of their genius. Under their influence it may be safely asserted that the SPIRIT OF THE FAIR will never "wholly die." Many visitors to the Fair will preserve their copies of this journal as a record and memento of an event of which New York is justly proud; and it is hardly a stretch of imagination to presume that many people yet unborn will turn over these pages with a curiosity and interest equal to our own.

As an auxiliary, therefore, of the Metropolitan Fair, and in the name of that Charity which "seeketh not her own," we send forth our little sheet in the confident belief that it will receive at your hands a generous and cordial welcome.

UNPUBLISHED MSS. OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

OUR national novelist died in the autumn of 1850; previous to his fatal illness he was engaged upon a historical work, to be entitled "The Men of Manhattan," only the Introduction to which had been sent to the press: the printing office was destroyed by fire, and with it the opening chapters of this work; fortunately a few pages had been set up, and the impression sent to a literary gentleman, then editor of a popular critical journal, and were thus saved from destruction: to him we are indebted for the posthumous articles of Cooper, wherewith, by a coincidence as remarkable as it is auspicious, we now enrich our columns with a contribution from the American pioneer in letters. In discussing the growth of New York and speculating on her future destiny, the patriotic and sagacious author seems to have anticipated the terrible crisis through which the nation is now passing; there is a prescience in the views he expresses, which is all the more impressive inasmuch as they are uttered by a voice now silent for ever. They have a solemn interest, and were inspired by a genuine attachment to his native State, and an earnest sympathy in the progress and prosperity of the nation. It should be remembered that, when these observations were written, the public mind had been and was still highly excited by the "Compromise Measures"—the last vain expedient to propitiate the traitors who have since filled the land with the horrors of civil war.

NEW YORK.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

THE increase of the towns of Manhattan, as, for the sake of convenience, we shall term New York and her adjuncts, in all that contributes to the importance of a great commercial mart, renders them one of the most remarkable places of the present age. Within the distinct recollections of living men, they have grown from a city of the fifth or sixth class to be near the head of all the purely trading places of the known world. That there are sufficient causes for this unparalleled prosperity, will appear in the analysis of the natural advantages of the port, in its position, security, accessories, and scale.

The State of New York had been steadily advancing in population, resources, and power, ever since the peace of 1783. At that time it bore but a secondary rank among what where then considered the great States of the Confederacy. Massachusetts, proper and singly, then outnumbered us, while New England, collectively, must have had some six or seven times our people. A very few years of peace, however, brought material changes. In 1790, the year in which the first census under the law of Congress was taken, the State already contained 340,120 souls, while New England had a few more than a million. It is worthy of remark that, sixty years since, the entire State had but little more than half of the population of the Manhattanese towns at the present moment! Each succeeding census diminished these proportions, until that of 1830, when the return for the State of New York gave 1,372,812, and for New England 1,954,709. At this time, and for a considerable period preceding and succeeding it, it was found that the proportion between the people of the State of New York and the people of the city, was about as ten to one. Between 1830 and 1840, the former had so far increased in numbers as to possess as many people as *all* New England. In the next decade, this proportion was exceeded; and the late returns show that New York, singly, has passed ahead of all her enterprising neighbors in that section of the Union. At the same time, the old proportion between the State and the town—or, to be more accurate, the *towns* on the Bay of New York and its waters—has been entirely lost, five to one being near the truth at the present moment. It is easy to foresee that the time is not very distant when two to one will be maintained with difficulty, as between the State and its commercial capital.

Bold as the foregoing prediction may seem, the facts of the last half century will, we think, justify it. If the Manhattan

towns, or Manhattan, as we shall not scruple to term the several places that compose the prosperous sisterhood at the mouth of the Hudson—a name that is more ancient and better adapted to the history, associations, and convenience of the place than any other—continue to prosper as they have done, ere the close of the present century they will take their station among the capitals of the first rank. It may require a longer period to collect the accessories of a first-class place, for these are the products of time and cultivation; though the facilities of intercourse, the spirit of the age, and the equalizing sentiment that marks the civilization of the epoch, will greatly hasten everything in the shape of improvement.

New York will probably never possess any churches of an architecture to attract attention for their magnitude and magnificence. The policy of the country, which separates religion from the state, precludes this, by confining all the expenditures of this nature to the several parishes, few of which are rich enough to do more than erect edifices of moderate dimensions and cost. The Romish Church, so much addicted to addressing the senses, manifests some desire to construct its cathedrals, but they are necessarily confined to the limits and ornaments suited to the resources of a branch of the church that, in this country, is by no means affluent. The manner in which the Americans are subdivided into sects also conflicts with any commendable desire that may exist to build glorious temples in honor of the Deity: and convenience is more consulted than taste, perhaps, in all that relates to ecclesiastical architecture. Nevertheless, a sensible improvement in this respect has occurred within the last few years, to which we shall elsewhere advert.

It will be in their trade, their resources, their activity, and their influence on the rest of the world, as well as in their population, that the towns of Manhattan will be first entitled to rank with the larger capitals of Europe. So obvious, rapid, and natural has been the advance of all the places, that it is not easy for the mind to regard anything belonging to them as extraordinary, or out of rule. There is not a port in the whole country that is less indebted to art and the fostering hand of Government than this. It is true, certain forts, most of them of very doubtful necessity, have been constructed for defence; but no attack having ever been contemplated, or, if contemplated, attempted, they have been dead letters in the history of its progress. We are not aware that Government has ever expended one cent in the waters of Manhattan, except for the surveys, construction of the aforesaid military works, and the erection of the lighthouses, that form a part of the general provision for the safe navigation of the entire coast. Some money has been expended for the improvement of the shallow waters of the Hudson; but it has been as much, or more, for the advantage of the upper towns, and the trade coastwise, generally, than for the special benefit of New York.

The immense natural advantages of the bays and islands at the mouth of the Hudson have, in a great degree, superseded the necessity of such assistance. Nature has made every material provision for a mart of the first importance: and perhaps it has been fortunate that the towns have been left, like healthful and vigorous children, managed by prudent parents, to take the inclination and growth pointed out to them by this safest and best of guides.

London is indebted to artificial causes, in a great degree, for its growth and power. That great law of trade, which renders settling places indispensable, has contributed to her prosperity and continued ascendency, long after the day when rival ports are carrying away her fleets and commerce. She is a proof of the difficulty of shaking a commercial superiority long established. Scarce a cargo that enters the ports of the kingdom that does not pay tribute to her bankers or merchants. But London is a political capital, and that in a country where the representation of the Government is more imposing, possessing greater influence, than in any other Christian nation. The English aristocracy, which wields the real authority of the state, here makes its annual exhibition of luxury and wealth, such as the world has never beheld anywhere else, ancient Rome possibly excepted, and has had a large share in rendering London what it is.

New York has none of this adventitious aid. Both of the Governments, that of the United States and that of the State, have long been taken from her, leaving her nothing of this sort but her own local authorities. But representation forms no part of the machinery of American policy. It is supposed that man is too intellectual and philosophical to need it, in this intellectual and philosophical country, *par excellence*. Although such is the theory, the whole struggle in private life is limited to the impression made by representation in the hands of individuals. That which the Government has improvidently cast aside, society has seized upon: and hundreds who have no claim to distinction beyond the possession of money, profit by the mistake to place themselves in positions perhaps that they are not always exactly qualified to fill. Of all social usurpations, that of mere money is the least tolerable—as one may have a very full purse with empty brains and vulgar tastes and habits. The wisdom of thus throwing the control of a feature of society, that is of much more moment than is commonly supposed, into the chapter of commercial accidents, may well be questioned.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR DUTY.

The generous contributors to the Fair who have given so freely of their merchandise, have done *their* duty. What now is *ours?* Clearly to exercise that reciprocity which common citizenship and common brotherhood demand; viz., to *buy*, and to buy freely. "Not grudgingly, nor of necessity," but with that cheerful alacrity which springs from the purest and loveliest attributes of the human heart. If we ever did discard the pinching spirit of trade from our thoughts, let us do so now. If we ever did become oblivious of the purse under the more absorbing influence of pity and sympathy, let us forget it now, bearing only in mind what *need* there is for our charity, and how much misery we assuage and anguish we relieve by every dollar paid out in aid of this Fair.

THREE SONNETS.

BY MRS. KEMBLE.

Lest any one, in reading the following noble Sonnets, should have their pleasure marred, though but for a moment, by a misconception of their meaning, a word of explanation may not be out of place.

The first poem is intended to speak for the "conservative" aristocracies—those who caught up and echoed the jeering cry of the *London Times*, "The Great Republic is no more!"

The second is the wail of those true, but faint hearts, who, also accepting as inevitable the ruin of this country, see in her going down, not a triumph, but the quenching of that "star of redemption" which they had prayed might one day shine over "the whole earth," bringing light into all its dark places.

In the last, the writer, like another Miriam, takes her "timbrel in her hand," and answers both the sneer and the despair.

We need only add that Mrs. Kemble, in the letter enclosing her verses, says, that to rise to the occasion, she should "need the pen of both Milton and Wordsworth."

FIRST SONNET.

She has gone down! They shout it from afar,
Kings, Nobles, Priests—all men of every race,
Whose lingering clogs Time's swift relentless pace.
She has gone down! Our evil-boding star!
Rebellion, smitten with Rebellion's sword,
Anarchy, done to death by slavery—
Of Ancient Right, arrogant enemy,
Beneath a hideous cloud of civil war
Strife such as heathen slaughterers had abhorr'd.
The lawless band, who would call no man lord,
Spurning all wholesome curb, and dreaming free
Her rabble rule's licentious tyranny,
In the fierce splendor of her insolent morn,
She has gone down—the world's eternal scorn!

SECOND SONNET.

She has gone down! Woe for the world! and all
Its weary workers looking from afar
To the clear rising of that hopeful star.
Star of redemption to each weeping thrall
Of Pow'r decrepid, and of Rule outworn;
Beautiful dawning of that blessed morn,
Which was to bring leave for the poor to live,
To work and eat, to labor and to thrive,
And righteous room for all who nobly strive.
She has gone down! Woe for the panting world
Back on its path of progress sternly hurl'd.
Land of sufficient harvests for all dearth,
Home of all highest hopes—Time's richest birth;
Woe for the promised land of the whole Earth!

THIRD SONNET.

Triumph not, fools—and weep not, ye faint-hearted;
Have ye believed that the divine decree
Of Heav'n had giv'n this people o'er to perish?
Have ye believed that God would cease to cherish
This great New World of Christian liberty?
And that our light for ever had departed?
Nay—by the precious blood shed to redeem
The nation from its selfishness and sin,
By each true heart that burst in holy strife,
Leaving its kindred hearts to break through life;
By all the tears that will not cease to stream
For ever, every desolate home within,
We will return to our appointed place,
First in the vanguard of the human race!

London, *January 20th*, 1864.

INDIA RUBBER.

Among the departments of trade which are represented at the Fair, none are of greater interest than that devoted to India rubber.

A few years ago the only use known for this article was the rubbing out of pencil marks—hence its name—and now we have shoes, coats, canes, pencils, jewelry, and, as every one knows, a thousand things besides; even pictures are painted upon India rubber, and at the Fair may be seen a portrait of Mr. Goodyear, the inventor of the process of hardening India rubber, which is painted upon this substance; while the room from which the portrait was removed to be brought to the Fair, is entirely furnished with India rubber chairs, tables, and even a beautiful secretary, all looking like ebony, and of most beautiful workmanship.

Mr. Goodyear's invention was the result of experiments which he pursued with indefatigable perseverance, with but little aid or sympathy from his friends, and sometimes in the midst of the greatest destitution. He sometimes made articles for his own wear; and he was once described to a gentleman, who inquired how he might be recognized, as "a man who has on an India rubber cap, stock, coat, vest, and shoes, with an India rubber purse without a cent of money in it."

One of his servants, in attempting an experiment on his own account, fell into a ludicrous predicament, which is thus described by Mr. Goodyear, in a book which he wrote for private circulation a short time before his death. "This son of Erin," he says, "welcomed his master one morning by showing him the trousers which he had on, which he had dipped in the sap, and boasted that for once an Irishman had been quicker in inventing than a Yankee."

"Jerry then sat down," says Mr. Goodyear, "to his labor of mixing gum before the fire, as usual, but in attempting to get up, a few moments after, he found that he was not only cemented to his seat, but that his legs were cemented together. He was extricated from his improved trousers, to the no small merriment of the by-standers, and afterward manifested no further inclination for invention."

In the course of these investigations Mr. Goodyear was often disheartened by poverty, which was so extreme as to cause his more than once being sent to prison for debt; but he never despaired, and at last had the delight of completing his

invention to his own satisfaction, and of seeing his vulcanized or hardened India rubber recognized and appreciated by the world. Since that day the forms in which India rubber has appeared have multiplied wonderfully, and specimens of almost every variety are now for sale at the Fair, just below the picture we have spoken of; many articles may also be seen there on exhibition, simply as curiosities, and which are not in general use. The very last invention is that of a pad to a horse shoe, which shall prevent the falling of horses on our slippery pavement.

A MORCEAU FROM METASTASIO.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Metastasio, in writing the fluent verses of his operas, was wont, after having penned what seemed to him a more than usually fine passage, to ask his friends the question: "*Si può dir meglio?*" Can it be better said? The well-known lines beginning with

"L'onda dal mar divisa,"

are a sample of these passages—a pretty thought expressed in clear, transparent Italian verse, so easily and naturally, that verse might almost seem the poet's natural language, and as if he could hardly utter himself in prose if he tried. I have attempted to give this passage an English dress, and find that the thought runs, with an almost literal fidelity to the original, into English lines of nearly the same measure with the Italian. The only deviation from a close verbal rendering, is in the seventh and eighth lines. I give the original, that they may be compared:

"L'onda dal mar divisa,
Bagna le valle e'l monte,
Va passagièra en fiume,
Sta prigionera en fonte.
Mormora sempre e geme,
Finche non torna al mar;
Al mar dov' ella nacque,
Dov' acquistò gli umori,
Dove da' lunghi errori,
Spera di riposar."

Translation:

"The wave, divided from ocean,
Goes bathing valley and mount,
A passenger in the river,
A prisoner in the fount.
It murmurs and moans forever,
Until it comes to the main,
Whence first it rose in vapor
To fill the clouds with rain,
And where, its wanderings over,
It hopes to rest again."

Dr. Beattie translated these lines; but he seems to have been satisfied with a very general resemblance to the original. It is doubtful whether Metastasio, even if he had been quite familiar with English, would have recognized his lines in this shape, but for their being attributed to him by the translator.

"Rivers, from the ocean born,
Lave the valley and the hill,
Prisoned in the fountain mourn,
Murmur in the winding rill.

"Still, wherever doomed to stray,
Still they warble and complain,
Still pursue their downward way,
Till they seek the mighty main.

"After many a year of woe,
Many a long, long wandering past,
Where at first they learned to flow,
There they hope to rest at last."

THE ACROSTIC ENIGMA

Is a species of verbal puzzle, so ingenious and so much in fashion as to deserve a place in our columns. It is composed in the following way: Two words are selected from history, Scripture, or poetry, which have an equal number of letters, and bear some relation to each other. These are called the head-words. Other words are chosen, called cross-words, such that the first letter of the first cross-word is also the initial of the first head-word, and its final letter the initial of the last head-word. The second cross-word has for its first letter the second letter of the first head-word, and ends with the second letter of the last head-word. The third cross-word begins with the third letter of the first head-word, and ends with the third letter of the last, and so on. A line or two of reasonably obscure description is given for each word chosen, and the puzzle consists in discovering all the words.

An extremely beautiful book of enigmas, constructed on this plan, with exquisite illuminated borders, is among the curious elegancies for sale at the Fair.

Of course, if all the cross and head-words bear some relation to each other, and if the whole is in well-turned verse, the enigma is perfect. Some more difficult ones are so combined that three head-words are reproduced by the first, middle, and last letters of each cross-word. An illustration will be clearer than any explanation:

1, A river, and 2, a bird, and a bard named from it.

These head-words are Avon and Swan, and the cross-words are as follows:

1. The mother of a sisterhood, Abbes**S**.
2. The pledge they make for their souls' good, V **o** W.
3. The plea most urgent in their prayers, O **r** A.
4. The sacred name that each one bears, N **u** N.

ROOM WANTED.

"Space, give us space," Calista cries.
"No easier task," Cynic replies;
"Take off your hoops, and gain at once
Space, grace, and thanks."—"The man's a dunce!"

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED.

(To be continued daily.)

FROM THE LADIES' RECEIVING DEPARTMENT.

2 boxes of books, Charles King, Esq.
1 oil painting, "View on the Passaic," T. W. Whitley, N. J.
1 oil painting, "The Grandmother," H. I. Haight, the artist.
1 box fans made by prisoners, Mr. Steiner, Washington, D. C., through Miss Collins.
11 vols. Hist. Sanitary Commission, no name.
1 oil painting, R. & J. Townsend.
1 parcel hosiery and gloves, C. Nussbaum.
1 evening dress, Misses Virfolet.
1 sachet, Misses Virfolet.
1 ton cannel coal, Lewis W. Phillips.
1 ton furnace coal, Randolph & Skidmore.
1 six pounder cannon ball, Thomas Gregory.
1 Chinese satin spread, Mrs. W. W. Parkin.
1 marble bust, Apollo, Mrs. Dan'l Remsen.
1 collection autographs, Austin Abbot.
1 work basket, Miss Inches, Boston.
1 gilt picture frame, Wm. Schaus.
2 pieces worsted work, Mrs. Phillips.
1 oil picture, Mr. Nast, artist.
1 foot stool, Mrs. A. M. F. Davis.
Hosiery, &c., Alexander Brothers.
1 jacket, Jac's Blanquier.
1 toilet cushion, Miss Graham.
1 silver-plated call bell, Mrs. Flack.
1 box needle books, &c., Mrs. Dow.
1 collection toys, C. F. A. Heinrichs.
1 photograph of Humboldt, Pierre Seroude.
1 collection fancy articles, B. Eisig.
Report of Committee on the War, Gov. Morgan.
2 chromo-lithographic sketches, Joseph Kohnstamm.
2 boxes of nets and headdresses, M. H. Rosenfeld.
Dry goods, A. H. Scudder.
Collection of dry goods, George Keyes.
1 picture of apples, Charles M. Jenckes.
Dry goods, T. K. Fletcher.
1 oil painting, F. A.
2 lbs. colored worsted, J. Lissner.
1 bead collar, a soldier.
1 picture strawberries, Mrs. C. A. Edwards.
1 vase wax flowers, Miss. A. M. Fielde, Astoria.
2 vases wax flowers, Adriatic Fire Ins. Co.
Dry goods, W. E. Launer & Co.
1 wax doll, Miss Anna C. Ward.
2 worsted pincushions, an old lady aged 81 years.
1 emb'd Canton crape shawl, a friend.
1 castle, 2 pictures, Albert & Co.
Boots, G. W. M. Briggs.
1 guimpe and 1 cap, Wm. Baillard.
1 Hist. Louis XI, printed 1614, H. P. K., Morrisania.
200 doz. spools cotton, John & Hugh Auchincloss.
27½ yds. pusher lace, Alexander & Eisig.
1 case stuffed birds, Mrs. Joseph Studwell.
Dry goods, A. C. Zabriskie.
Men's furnishing goods, M'Keon & Martin.
1 lady's bonnet, Mrs. Kirker.
1 lady's bonnet, Messrs. Fassin & Sons.
House furnishing goods, S. Harrison & Son.
Cabinet furniture, T. J. Blanck & Sons.
Tin and hardware, P. Ward.
Fancy goods, Pollak Brothers.
1 pair slippers, no name.
3 packages fancy bracelets, James Mooney.
2 pictures, John D. Barrow.
1 doz. emb'd hdkfs., Miss Sarah Gibbes.
1 child's bonnet, Mme. Sergeant.
1 package jewelry, Messrs Pachtmann & Bro.
1 Indian feather fan, Mrs. Frisbie.
Various articles, Mr. & Mrs. Devens.
Books, &c., W. C. Williams.
4 bales yarn, John Morrison & Son.
1 parian statuette Henry Clay, Messrs. Miller & Coates.
2 baskets feather flowers, Mrs. Jonathan Edwards.
1 headdress, Miss Haas.
Dry goods, Adriance & Strang.
Muslin dresses, &c., Adriance & Strang.
20 Swiss cottages, Charles H. Bebee, Jr.
1 cone basket, Mrs. Charles Cothreu.
1 sofa cushion, Mrs. George A. Jones.
1 box lace edgings and insertions, Lake & McCreery.
1 tarletan evening dress and box, Mrs. Donovan.
Fishing apparatus and hardware, Andrew Clark & Co.
2 cone brackets, Mrs. Peele.
Woollen goods, Mrs. Stone.
1 cradle quilt, Mrs. Boonten.
Dry goods, Holmes & Co.
Medicines, J. M. Becker.
2 emb'd tidies, Miss Hagler.
Pewter tea and coffee sets, Meisel, Lampe & Co.
1 Chinese bracelet, Levi & Gottlieb.
1 package laces and embroideries, Levi Oudkerk.
2 decaleomanie plates, Mme. Julie Von Peck.
3 vols. Pope's Homer, Mrs. Nicholas Sickles.
1 flag, J. C. Howe & Co.
1 ermine collar and muff, Adolphe Lassall.
1 opera cloak and small bag, Mrs. G. Gay.
Goods, L. B. Binsse.
1 emb'd smoking cap, Mrs. Chas. Weekly.
2 sets gold carved ivory jewelry, H. Josephi & Co.
1 dressed doll, Mme. Grapanche.
Woollen goods, A. Dann.
1 knitted woollen jacket, Mrs. Smith.
1 pair emb'd suspenders, Miss Warner.
Pieces of music, P. A. Wunderman.
1 oil painting, no name, Providence, R. I.
A package thermometers, M. A. Finnell.
1 tulle cap, Mrs. Burgess.
Fancy goods, Martin Fox.
Tin toys, Martin Fox.
Pincushion and needle books, Miss E. M. Harrison.
1 picture and Egyptian curiosities, Mr. Edward Crommelin.
Frames and combs, William Renfrew.
2 vols. poetical pen pictures, Henry Hayward.
2 crotchet infants' shirts, A. C. Dubois.
Patent Office Report and M'Clellan's Report.
1 box of perfumery, &c., E. Chabassol.
1 box army relics, Capt. S. Hoffman.
Fancy Goods, Friend Pitts.
1 case minerals, New London, Ct.
1 microscope, H. B. Rover.
1 case perfumery, Delluc & Co.
Dry goods (special donation for Dressmakers' committee besides donation in money), Lord & Taylor.
Perfumery and fancy bottles, Jno. W. Jay.
Fancy goods, Van Blankenstein.
Crochet cap and mats, Miss Emily Frölich.
20 shells and salad fork and spoon, Mr. Russell.
Scrap composition engraving, Mrs. Dr. Latimer.
48 emery strawberries, Miss Moore.
2 drawings, Mrs. John R. Brodhead.
1 pincushion and 2 bead collars, Mrs. Cogswell.
2 boxes laces and goods, Richmond & Co.
Decorated China coffee cups and vases, Peter Williams.
2 sofa cushions, Miss Jane C. Lynch.
Minerals, shells and fancy articles, anonymous.
Fancy lantern or candle shade, anonymous.
Oil picture, "Come In," Miss Anne Hayward.
Fancy soaps and perfumery, Spangenberg & Fitz.
2 comb and brush baskets, Mrs. Nichols.
80 pieces music, Thomas Baker.
1 mattress, pillow and bolster, Crondal.
11 statuettes, Mrs. Aug. Schermerhorn.
1 broché shawl, no name.
1 doz. kitchen heather brooms, Wm. H. Rouge.
Gents' furnishing goods, Abbot & Rathbun.
1 doz. bottles tooth wash, H. Van Arsdale.
10 packages of accordions, E. Fabriquette, Jr.
2 packages of books, Mr. Frank Leslie.
2 needle books.
1 child's talma, M. C. Clark.
1 book, Moses Solomons.
Fancy China articles, Magnin, Guedin & Co.
1 bonnet, Mme. Barronne.
1 portrait of Sal'n P. Chase, Dorcas.
Pincushions, &c., two little girls.
1 electro-magnetic machine, Dr. S. B. Smith.
Stationery, &c., Messrs. Bowne & Co.
Declaration of Independence, Mr. Henry Centlivre.
1 doz. hoop skirts, M. Fishel & Co.
2 old newspapers of 1763, Miss Merritt.
6 knit smoking caps, Miss E. Stebbins.
A number of pincushions, &c., Miss K. Stebbins.
One wagon and horses, toy, Mrs. Green.
8 pincushions, the Misses Kingsland.
1 cone basket, do. frame, infant's shirt, Mrs. and the Misses Maxwell.
1 walnut desk, S. G. Sellew.
8 doz. ruches, Seymour & Lacy.
1 dressed doll, Miss Eliza Dunn.
1 model gondola, J. W. Curtin.
4 specimens yucca, John J. Craven, Surgeon, U. S. A.
1 pair emb'd slippers, Miss E. Wood.
1 painting by Mount, Mrs. S. M. Starr.
1 painting by Baker, Mrs. S. M. Starr.
1 box of flower seeds, Meehan, Germantown.
1 child's tea-set, no name.
1 package silk umbrellas, Willet & Co.
2 tidies, 2 worsted capes, Mrs. Perry.
1 baby's wrapper and slippers, Mrs. Baldwin.
1 bonnet, Mme. Natalia Tilman.
1 box child's furniture, Mrs. M. O. Roberts.
1 Swiss cottage, Mrs. M. O. Roberts.
30 pairs men's slippers, T. W. Carey.
1 silver coin bearing date 1652, Mr. Moses Solomon.
2 shawls and 3 pairs slippers, anonymous.
6 needle cases, Mrs. Cramer, aged 70.
3 copies "Familiar Letters," from the authoress, Miss Powell, Rochester.
1 needle book, Miss Palmer.
1 box fancy articles, E. A. M'Coy.
1 bridle and martingale, C. Graham.
1 needlework shirt, Miss M. S. Maginnis.
3 pairs children's hose, and dolls' bonnets, Miss M. A. Serrell.
1 pair slippers, 1 pincushion, anonymous.
6 watch cases, Antonie Horwitz.
1 pincushion, Mary Horwitz.
A number of fancy articles, Miss Laura F. Carow.
1 Shetland wool nubie, Mrs. M. Jones.
1 nubie, Mrs. M. Stafford.
1 worsted basket, Miss H. Nathan.
1 emb'd white vest, Mrs. A. Miller, Westfield, S. I.
3 worsted jackets, Miss Southmayd.
1 bundle old linen, anonymous.
1 iced plum cake, Mrs. Chas. Addoms.
4 engravings, Frank I. Bramhall.
1 box of toys, Mrs. C. W. Mills.
"The dying bird," L. Buffer.
1 woman's travelling bag, Henry Tattersall.
10 sets little books, N. H. Kelly.
2 doll pincushions, 3 pair slippers, Miss Drew.
2 cases arms and trophies, Capt. Hoffman, Pulaski and Charleston.
Fancy articles, Miss Elder.
50 lbs. stella vermilion, Lillienthal.
1 oil painting, "Peasant's Family," Mrs. Ford.
3 baskets fruit, Mrs. Simpson.
1 child's dress and cape, Mrs. Cavan.
Fancy articles, "a small contribution for the Metropolitan Fair."
1 Shetland knit shawl, Miss Celia Curtis, Stafford, Conn.
1 sewing chair, A. W. Bogert.
3 boxes minerals, through Mrs. Greenhough.
3 oil paintings, Horstmann Bros. & Allien.
9 boxes woollen goods, French & Ward.
1 water-color drawing, C. M. Deming.
1 "Bird's Nest," picture cut with scissors, George Schmidt.
3 doz. feather dusters, Phillips & Manning.
25 copies of "Husband and Wife," the authoress.
Honiton and Spanish point laces, &c., Emberson.
1 pair woollen knit drawers, Miss A. E. Smith.
1 pair braided slippers, Mrs. Cooper.
3 flower baskets Letz & Eull.
Map of Sanitary Commission Organization.
1 doll, Miss Wheelwright.
1 milk pail, 1 tin pan, L. Solomon & Brothers.
2 doz. emb'd hdkfs., E. S. Meehan.
1 penknife, Seb. Fisher.
15 yds. fancy velvet, R. & J. Townsend.

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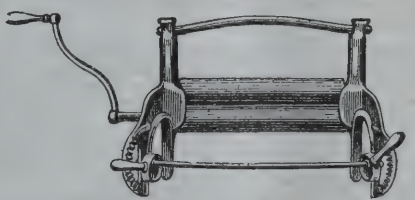

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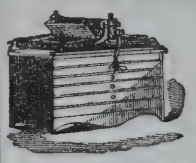

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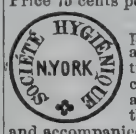

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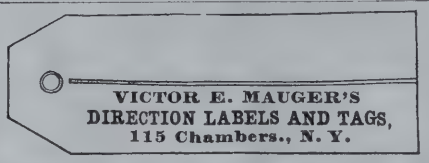

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THE SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

A word of explanation may be necessary to prevent misapprehension in the minds of such of our readers as expect to find in our columns a fuller report of the daily incidents and proceedings of the Metropolitan Fair, than that presented by the morning and evening press of this city. The Committee saw from the outset, that such a competition would be an impossibility, and chiefly for the following reasons: 1. Want of space. It was their intention to publish a paper of rare literary excellence, containing original poems, essays and tales by the best authors in America, and by eminent writers in the Old World. This at once circumscribed the space to be devoted to a record of the Fair; but taking into consideration the more complete organization, and the greater facilities for rapid printing possessed by the morning and evening press of New York, the amount of space at their disposal, and the fact that twice every day the reading public would always have the main incidents of the Fair spread before their eyes in these ample sheets, the Committee thought that a paper of the character proposed would be more acceptable to their readers than would a miniature imitation of one of our great dailies. 2. In consequence of the large edition which we are compelled to strike off in order to supply the demands of the reading public, we are obliged, unless we would sacrifice something of the typographical elegance of the Spirit of the Fair, to send each number very early to press. As it is the intention of the Committee to make the paper in appearance, as well as in matter, worthy of permanent preservation, as a memento of the Fair, they are confident that their readers will not regret the decision at which they have arrived.

After this frank disclaimer of any intention to rival the New York daily papers in a department in which they have no superiors in the world, we may be pardoned if we indulge in a short paragraph of egotism. We look with pride to the character of the original matter which adorns the two numbers now before the public; and we are happy to assure our readers that this is but a foretaste of the rich feast which we shall spread before them from day to day during the continuance of the Fair. The interesting papers on New York will extend through several numbers, and will be succeeded by a story from the pen of Irving, never before published. James Russell Lowell has contributed an exquisite poem, which will appear in an early number; and from England we have received a series of beautiful poems from (Monckton Milnes) Lord Houghton, written expressly for the Spirit of the Fair. An exquisite morceau from this series will appear in our next number. Another eminent English writer, the author of *Tom Brown at Oxford*, contributes a letter and an article, both of which will be read with great interest. But the mere enumeration of the names of our contributors would occupy more space than we can spare to-day; and we will only add that many of them stand among the highest in the estimation of the literary world, and that in every instance they have sent us first-rate original articles, written expressly for the Spirit of the Fair.

THE BUILDINGS.

Fourteenth Street.

The main building extends along Fourteenth street for a distance of more than two hundred feet, and occupies the entire space between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets. It is a plain, substantial structure, with no pretensions to architectural beauty, but admirably adapted to its purpose. The sidewalk in Fourteenth street has been covered with a frame building, in front of which a wide plank sidewalk has been laid down. A large number of gas lamps erected along the edge of this walk will illuminate that portion of the street.

The building has three entrances, the main one at the east end, toward Sixth Avenue. Over it is painted, in large black letters, the inscription: New York Sanitary Fair. There are two entrances fronting directly on Fourteenth street, one in the centre of the building, the other at the west end.

Union Square.

The structure on Union Square has more pretensions to architectural design than the one on Fourteenth street. It consists of two main buildings, the dimensions of which are sixty by ninety feet, connected by a narrower one, which is one hundred and sixty-five feet long and fifty-five feet wide. The building is divided into four departments: The Knickerbocker Kitchen, and the International Department, the Children's Department, and the Musical Department.

arrangements in case of fire.

Fire Marshal Baker paid a visit to the Fair Buildings last week, for the purpose of ascertaining what measures had been taken to guard against fire; he reported that very complete arrangements had been adopted for the prevention and extinguishing of fires, under the supervision of Mr. W. N. Wickham, and Mr. J. L. Miller. These two gentlemen have full charge of the fire department in the buildings, and they have established a fire police of experienced firemen, whose duty it is to watch day and night, and report all carelessness, and unsafe hanging of drapery near the gas-lights. The fire committee have also introduced six fire hydrants into the building, and hose is constantly attached for immediate use in case of accident. A fire engine is also placed at the end of the picture gallery on Fifteenth street.

All the arrangements are already made, and the public may be assured that every precaution will be taken for the prevention of accident from fire.

Police Arrangements.

The Police force to be on duty daily during the continuance of the Fair, will consist of one hundred and thirty-five men, under the efficient command of Inspector Leonard, who will be assisted in his duties by Sergeants Wilson and Garfield, two officers well known to our citizens for fidelity and industry in their employment. In addition, a large number of detectives will be scattered through the buildings, whose duty it will be to keep a sharp watch on all light fingered explorers of other people's pockets.

THE OPENING CEREMONIES.

The programme for the grand opening ceremonies of the Metropolitan Fair on Monday evening, April 4th, were as follows:

1. Star Spangled Banner, by the united choirs of the city and the military band.
2. Prayer by Rev. Dr. Adams.
3. Army Hymn, by O. Dressel (words by O. W. Holmes), sung by Mr. S. C. Campbell, accompanied by the chorus and band.
4. Gen. Dix, on behalf of the Gentlemen's Executive Committee, presented the contents of the Fair to the Ladies' Committee.
5. Hallelujah Chorus, Handel. Sung by the united choirs of the city and the orchestra.
6. Mr. Joseph H. Choate responded in behalf of the Ladies' Committee.
7. Old Hundred—chorus and band.

European Donations.—In our present number we commence the publication of a list of contributions from Europe, which we shall continue from time to time. Many articles have been already received, and have been arranged in their appropriate departments; but owing to some unfortunate delay in the arrival of others, the arrangements were not completed for the opening of the Fair.

Persons desirous of having their series of the Spirit of the Fair bound for preservation and for future reference, can make favorable arrangements with Messrs. Appleton & Co., and Messrs. Miller & Matthews, corner of Eighth street and Broadway.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Chairmen of Committees will please send to the Newspaper Committee a correct list of the articles contributed to their departments, which are not included in the lists of goods received at 2 Great Jones street and by the agent of the 14th street building, for publication in this paper.

EUROPEAN DONATIONS TO THE FAIR.

LETTERS FROM CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN AND OTHERS.

THE following articles, contributed by American citizens resident in Russia, have been received through Henry Bergh, Esq., United States Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburg:

Two decorated vases, made of "felt," Russian manufacture—Two dozen photographs of Russian costumes—Two elegant embroidered smoking caps, gold and silver—Three pair of embroidered slippers. General Clay contributes the following:—One fine gilt bronze of a water carrier, barrel, two pails, and sled—One bronze water sled—One bronze snow sled, for removing snow from the streets of St. Petersburg—Bronze model of the great Bell of Moscow—Bronze fancy bell—Bronze bell representing the *Poud* or pound weight of Russia—Two boxes of Russian Flower Tea, very expensive, costing from $75 to $100 per pound. L. Chandor, Esq., contributes two medals, one of the patron saint of Russia, and one of Peter the Great. Mr. Avery sends the following:—One Holy Family, or "Russian Saint," such as is seen in every palace, cottage, house, and hovel—One porte-monnaie, of workmanship peculiar to the city of Moscow, and very expensive; smaller samples often costing $20 to $25--Four dozen photographs of the Imperial Family and other distinguished Russians—One box of Russian tobacco—One *Somovar*. This article is universally used in Russia. At first sight it appears more complicated and less available than our spirit kettle, but upon close acquaintance, it is found to possess qualities which ours does not. It can be used out of doors when the wind blows, will burn a great while, and when the chimney is removed, anything may be kept hot by being placed upon it. The fuel used is charcoal. The pattern of the Somovar has remained unchanged for centuries.—Four bottles of Küml, the most delicate *liqueur* manufactured, and very costly—Two copies of *La Révue Amusante*, containing a description of the ball given by General Clay, on the anniversary of Washington's birthday.

In a letter of explanation addressed to the Rev. Dr. Bellows, Mr. Bergh says:

LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
ST. PETERSBURG, *February 29th*, 1864.

MY DEAR SIR: Although not personally addressed in relation to the subject of your late communication to the American Minister here, I nevertheless feel too envious of the moral distinction of being useful, in however humble a manner, to the cause with which you have so nobly identified your honored name, and given the inestimable benefit of your untiring services, to spare any exertions to promote its pious purposes.

With this view I have addressed myself to several loyal Americans here, and I am happy to add there are none in Petersburg but loyal ones—who have generously responded to my application; by placing at my disposal sums of money, which they have desired me to expend along with General Clay's, and my own, in such manner as I deemed best.

I have accordingly purchased such articles *only* as are *manufactured in Russia*, and which I know to be rare or unknown in America.

It is important that I say a word concerning the smallness of the whole contribution.

Winter is upon us, in all its northern rigors; the communication by water with the western world is wholly cut off, and even by land is rendered precarious and difficult. Under these circumstances a number of large packages, would—judging by my past experience—be delayed far beyond the period when they could be turned to account.

Fortunately for the one which I have the satisfaction of sending now, I have availed myself of the return of Mr. Phelps, our consul here, who will deliver it to the Sanitary Commission in person.

The number, also, of the contributors is small, but it must be remembered that our countrymen are never numerous in Russia, and more especially at this season of the year.

The following articles were sent through the U. S. Consul at Smyrna, Julius Bing:

A book tray—four card cases—three round rules—two flat rules—a book stand (inlaid)—a book stand (black)—two glove boxes—twelve paper knives—three little barrels—two dozen of colored d'oyleys—two dozen of white d'oyleys—four little bags—three straw baskets—two straw baskets—six little baskets—two little straw baskets—two wax baskets and fruits—six horse-hair chairs—three sprigs of feather flowers—three sets of collars and sleeves—two sets of collars and sleeves—six collars—one collar.

Messrs. B. & W. McDonald & Co., Hamburg, have already forwarded the articles named below, and other contributions may be soon expected from the same quarter. The N. Y. and Hamburg Steamship Company brought these packages free of charge:

One case of glassware, from Hon. B. R. Wood, Copenhagen.—One case of paintings, Mrs. Lomnitz.—One case hard rubber ware, Mr. H. C. Meyer, jr.—One case of paintings, Miss B. Ross.—One package of books, Miss Gorrissen.—Three cases of paintings, Mr. J. U. Anderson.—Three cases of paintings, Miss Aga Lehmann.—One package, Miss Lomnitz.—One package of glass pictures, Col. Julian Allen, of N. Y.—Four packages of glass pictures, Mr. J. Anderson.—Two packages of paintings from Hon. Mr. Judd, Berlin.

Most of these contributions were sent by residents of Hamburg.

The contributions from Rome and other European cities will be duly noticed. In this connection the following letter from Miss Charlotte Cushman will be read with interest:

ROME, *February 20th*, 1864.

DEAR DR. BELLOWS: From the European Branch of the Sanitary Commission there has been an appeal to the American residents and sojourners in Rome, to make up a table for the METROPOLITAN FAIR in New York.

The accredited agent, Dr. Gould, applied to me among others, who love their country well enough to *live* for it, and I have been glad to send a very valuable book, containing the engravings of all Canova's works.

This book, which is much too large for any private library, I have always intended, at some time or other, to bestow upon the "Women's School of Design" in New York; but it now seems to me that it might be made, in this instance, to serve a double purpose, and my intentions with regard to it still be carried out, by its being disposed of for the FAIR, by a lottery or raffle, and the fortunate winner be made to know what were the original wishes of the donor, that he or she might have the pleasure I intended for myself of placing it where it could be of the most use and good.

However, this is for you to determine; my offering is made without reservation and in full confidence in your judgment. I have sent a mosaic paper weight with a patriotic design, among the articles from Rome.

Wishing you the greatest success,

I am, dear Dr. Bellows, very faithfully yours,

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

CRIES FOR THE FAIR.

CHINA and Glass! China and Glass!
Ladies and gents, oh! do not pass:
Our space has much to tempt the eye,
As "said the Spider to the Fly."
But we've no webs, or wary wiles,
Save country's woes, and ladies' smiles,
Intent as spotless as our china:
Look, and see—it couldn't be finer;
As pure and clear as glass our acts,
You'll find with us, no flaws or cracks;
No brittle loyalty abounds,
And nought but patriotic sounds:
But these are energetic times,
So I must close my China chimes.

NEW YORK, *March 30th*, 1864. N. P. C.

THE REBELLION RECORD.

Mr. G. P. PUTNAM has presented to the Fair a set of this invaluable work, richly bound. Mr. Frank Moore, the editor and compiler, unites, we believe, in making the contribution, the cost of which is $350. This compilation of events antecedent to and connected with the war is regarded so highly here and abroad that a number of our citizens have united in purchasing fifty sets of the work, which have been elegantly bound by Mathews, and inscribed with the names of the individuals and societies in Europe to whom they are to be presented. The Queen of England, the Emperor of the French, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Italy lead off the list of recipients; then follow such names as Richard Cobden, John Knight, John Stuart Mill, Count A. Gasparin, and others who have not only professed, but proved themselves friends of the Federal Government during this struggle for national existence. "The Rebellion Record" has been compiled with such painstaking and with such completion of detail that it will probably be regarded when this war is over as the stand-

ard book of reference with regard to it. It is well to disseminate such a record through all the readable channels of the Old World and the New.

In addition to this contribution, Mr. Putnam has presented the full series of Irving's works in their best coats of morocco and calfskin.

Messrs. Appletons' donation and those of our other public spirited booksellers and publishers will be noticed elsewhere.

DRAGOON'S SONG.

Clash, clash goes the sabre against my steed's side,
Kling, kling go the rowels, as onward I ride;
And all my bright harness is living and speaks,
And under my horse-shoe the frosty ground creaks;
I wave my buff glove to the girl whom I love,
Then join my dark squadron, and forward I move.

The foe, all secure, has laid down by his gun;
I'll open his eyelids before the bright sun.
I burst on his pickets; they scatter, they fly;
Too late they awaken—'tis only to die.
Now the torch to their camp; I'll make it a lamp,
As back to my quarters so slowly I tramp.

Kiss, kiss me, my darling! your lover is here.
Nay, kiss off the smoke-stains; keep back that bright tear;
Keep back that bright tear till the day when I come,
To the low wailing fife and deep muffled drum,
With a bullet half through the bosom so true,
To die, as I ought, for my country and you.

George H. Boker.

WHY OUR MEN RE-ENLIST.

BY REV. J. P. THOMPSON.

The promptness with which tens of thousands of our veterans have re-enlisted for three years is a more impressive exhibition of patriotism than was the spontaneous rush of volunteers at the opening of the war. The novelty of military life has worn off, the popular enthusiasm for the army and the flag has subsided into a routine of spring and fall campaigns; the fascinations of the camp have given place to the realities of the march, the picket, the trenches, the battle, the hospital; all that war is, all that it costs, is understood both by the soldier in the field and by his friends at home; —and yet the men who at the first enlisted by a common impulse, now re-enlist with a deliberate earnestness that marks perhaps the sublimest phase of the war. Why is it?

It is easy to say that two or three years in the camp have created a distaste for civil life; yet these veterans do not propose to take up permanently the profession of arms. They do not enter the regular army, and at the close of the war they *will* return to their business and their homes without restlessness. It is easy to talk of the habits and associations of the camp as having a fascination for a class of minds; but the men who reënlist belong to no one class mentally or socially, and once the rebellion is fairly crushed, the camp could offer them no attractions.

"Oh, but the bounty," you say, "determines them." No doubt this has its influence—why should it not? Is the soldier therefore a mercenary? Is it any less honorable, less manly, less patriotic in one to take money and go to the war than for another to pay money in order not to go? But many who are in the ranks are there at a pecuniary sacrifice. They could earn more at home by their handicrafts or upon their farms than they are likely to save from army wages; not a few of our soldiers are men of sufficient property to be liable to home taxes accruing for their own bounties; and, in any case "all that a man hath will he give for his life."

The key to this generous reënlistment is to be found in higher and worthier motives. We will let the soldier here speak for himself. The other day, in a rail car, a passenger who savored more of rum than of loyalty, began to taunt a Maine boy, homeward bound on furlough, with fighting for money. I "should think," said he, "you fellows down there on the Potomac had got enough of it by this time, without enlisting over again;—but there's no telling what a feller won't do for money. I guess the bounty's what fixed you."

Turning upon him with a withering manliness in look and tone, the soldier answered: "Well, I'll not pretend to be indifferent to money. But *do you suppose that we care nothing for the country?* Are we going to leave *that* to ruin? After all that we've done and suffered in the army of the Potomac for three years, do you think we would give up and come home now? Do you think that army would leave everything to raw recruits? That's what Jeff. Davis wants. That's what Lee is hoping for. But I tell *you*, when he sees these same old boys that whipped him at Gettysburg standing up to their guns again for another three years, he'll cave in!"

Let us give our brave veterans the credit and honor they deserve. Let us have faith enough in patriotism to believe that this is still the ruling passion of the army, and faith enough in the country to believe that she still commands the filial devotion of her sons.

FREEDOM'S RALLY.

(*To a German Air.*)

What means this tramp of armies
Poured down from the North?
Oh, Liberty and Justice
Their legions send forth.
The star-flag is flinging
Its folds to the light,
The trumpet is singing:
"For God and the Right!"

They're flocking to the standard,
Our manhood and youth,
With souls a-glow for Freedom,
For Justice and Truth.
From mountain and valley,
From inland and coast,
Strong-hearted they rally,
Each hero a host!

The Lord of Hosts is with them;
For His is the fight:
The God of Truth and Justice
Shall prosper the right.
To Liberty's banner
The vict'ry He'll bring;
Her grateful hosanna
From millions shall ring!

C. T. Brooks.

Room No. 10, Architectural Ornaments, under the care of Mrs. H. A. Coit, contains 4 superb Antique Tapestries, Scenes in Don Quixote, a present from the King of Spain to a noble family in Mexico, from whose descendants they were purchased.

Evening Concerts.—We are requested to remind visitors to the Fair that a Musical Concert takes place *every evening* in the Children's Department of the Union Square Building, under the direction of Mr. Scharfenburg.

The Managers of the Hippotheatron and New York Cirque, opposite the Academy of Music, in 14th street, have liberally offered to the Fair a handsome percentage upon their gross receipts during its continuance. The performances are at half past 2 in the afternoon, and at 8 in the evening.

NOTICE.

All communications having reference to business connected with this newspaper should be left in the letter box at the Stall of the Spirit of the Fair, which is in the main building, 14th street, next the principal entrance.

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1864.

NEW YORK.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

(*Continued.*)

Some crude attempts have been made to bring the circles of New York within the control of a code prepared and promulgated through the public press. They who have made these abortive attempts have been little aware of the power with which they have to contend. Napoleon himself, who could cause the conscription to enter every man's dwelling, could not bring the coteries of the Faubourg under his influence. In this respect, society will make its own laws, appeal to its own opinions, and submit only to its own edicts. Association is beyond the control of any regular and peaceful government, resting on influences that seem, in a great measure, to be founded in nature—the most inflexible of all rulers. Tastes, conditions, connections, habits, and even prejudices, unite to form a dynasty that never has yet been dethroned. New York is nearer to a state of nature, probably, as regards all its customs and associations, than any other well-established place that could be named. With six hundred thousand souls, collected from all parts of Christendom—with no upper class recognized by, or in any manner connected with, the institutions, it would seem that the circles might enact their own laws, and the popular principle be brought to bear socially on the usages of the town—referring fashion and opinion altogether to a sort of popular will. The result is not exactly what might be expected under the circumstances, the past being intermingled with the present time, in spite of theories and various opposing interests; and, in many instances, caprice is found to be stronger than reason.

We have no desire to exaggerate, or to color beyond their claims, the importance of the towns of Manhattan. No one can better understand the vast chasm which still exists between London and New York, and how much the latter has to achieve before she can lay claim to be the counterpart of that metropolis of Christendom. It is not so much our intention to dilate on existing facts, as to offer a general picture, including the past, the present, and the future, that may aid the mind in forming something like a just estimate of the real importance and probable destinies of this emporium of the New World.

It is now just three-and-twenty years since, that, in another work, we ventured to predict the great fortunes that were in reserve for this American mart, giving some of the reasons that then occurred to us that had a tendency to produce such a result. These predictions drew down upon us sneers, not to say derision, in certain quarters, where nothing that shadows forth the growing power of this republic is ever received with favor. The intervening period has more than fulfilled our expectations. In this short interval, the population of the Manhattan towns has more than trebled, while their wealth and importance have probably increased in a greatly magnified proportion. Should the next quarter of a century see this ratio in growth continued, London would be very closely approached in its leading element of superiority—numbers. We have little doubt that the present century will bring about changes that will place the emporium of the Old World and that of the New nearly on a level. This opinion is given with a perfect knowledge of the vast increase of the English capital itself, and with a due allowance for its continuance. We propose, in the body of this work, to furnish the reasons justifying these anticipations.

Seventeen years since, the writer returned home from a long residence in Europe, during which he had dwelt for years in many of the largest towns of that quarter of the world. At a convivial party in one of the most considerable dwellings in Broadway, the conversation turned on the great improvements that had then been made in the town, with sundry allusions that were intended to draw out the opinions of a traveller on a subject that justly ever has an interest with the Manhattanese. In that conversation the writer—his memory impressed with the objects with which he had been familiar in London and Paris, and Rome, Venice, Naples, etc., and feeling how very provincial was the place where he was, as well as its great need of change to raise it to the level of European improvement—ventured to say that, in his opinion, speaking of Broadway, "There was not a building in the whole street, a few special cases excepted, that would probably be standing thirty years hence." The writer has reason to know that this opinion was deemed extravagant, and was regarded as a consequence of European rather than of American reasoning. If the same opinion were uttered to-day, it would meet with more respect. Buildings now stand in Broadway that may go down to another century, for they are on a level with the wants and tastes of a capital; but none such, with a single exception, existed at the time of which we are writing.

In these facts are to be found the explanation of the want of ancient edifices in America. Two centuries and a half are no very remote antiquity, but we should regard buildings of that, or even of a much less age, with greater interest, did the country possess them. But nothing was constructed a century since that was worth preserving on account of its intrinsic merits; and, before time can throw its interest around them, edifice after edifice comes down, to make way for a successor better suited to the wants and tastes of the age. In this respect New York is even worse off than the other ancient places of the country—ancient as things can be regarded in America—its great growth and commercial spirit demanding sacrifices that Philadelphia and Boston have as yet escaped. It is quite within the scope of probable things, that, in a very few years, there should not be standing in the old town a single structure of any sort, that was there previously to the Revolution. As for the new towns, Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, etc., they had no existence worth alluding to anterior to the commencement of the present century. If any dwelling is to be found within the limits of either, that can claim a more remote origin, it is some farmhouse that has been swallowed up by the modern improvements.

That which is true of the towns, in this respect, is equally

true of the whole country. A dwelling that has stood half a century is regarded as a sort of specimen of antiquity, and one that has seen twice that number of years, of which a few are to be found, especially among the descendants of the Dutch, is looked upon with some such reverence as is felt by the modern traveller in gazing at the tomb of Cecilia Metella, or the amphitheatre of Verona.

(*To be continued.*)

TWO PICTURES—PEACE AND WAR.

I.

ATALANTA.

We read, in classic legends old,
Of one who, fair and over-bold,
Distanced all runners, till outrun by gold.

Supple in limb, and fair in face,
She passed the swiftest in the race,
Till, on one luckless day, she lost her place.

There came to her a cunning fellow,
His pockets stuffed with apples mellow;
Pure gold they were, of California yellow.

Doffing his hat, "Fair dame," said he,
"They say thou art the fastest she
That ever ran a rig—wilt run with me?

"I know the law prescribed!" he said:
"If you should beat, I lose my head;
But if you're beaten, you and I must wed."

Away his hat he swiftly twirls.
The fleetest of all swift-limbed girls
Tosses her head with all its sunny curls.

Then, one—two—three! Away they fly.
Together, for awhile, they ply
Their agile feet. Then soon she passes by.

But will she win? A ball of gold
Hippomenes has deftly rolled
Along the course. She stoops. Her apron's fold

Contains the prize. Another ball
Of dazzling value he lets fall,
And yet a third. She stops to gather all.

So Atalanta lost her race
And single-blessedness, to chase
Three rolling lumps of metal bright, but base.

Now list, Columbia, to my moral.
Thou runnest well. Don't stop to quarrel
About thy baser wealth. Prefer a laurel.

The fleetest in the race are lost,
If in their gold alone they boast.
Be wiser, thou—and count the entire cost.

The nations feel thee great. All eyes
Watch thy swift motions with surprise,
And hail thee Herald of unclouded skies.

Be great in soul, as great in power.
Be rich in minds—Heaven's richest dower.
So of all nations thou shalt be the flower.

1861. C. P. Cranch.

The following is an extract from the letter of the Count de Gasparin, enclosing the article published below:

* * * "You will find on the third and fourth pages of my letter some lines, of which you may make use, if you judge it proper. I pray God to bless abundantly your efforts in favor of the sick and wounded soldiers. May he grant you a speedy peace, the abolition of slavery, with the reëstablishment of the Union!"

LES VŒUX D'UN AMI.

PAR LE CTE. AGENOR DE GASPARIN.

Voici ce que je vous souhaite:

Des victoires décisives et la suppression de la revolte;

Le rejet des transactions et des compromis;

La conquête morale et légale du Sud, sans confiscations, sans représailles violentes, sans occupation prolongée;

Une réconciliation réelle avec des compatriotes dont il faut à la fois détester le crime et plaindre l'égarement;

La rentrée dans l'Union de tous les états rebelles;

L'abolition définitive de l'esclavage dans le Sud;

L'abolition definitive de l'esclavage dans les états frontières;

Le droit commun rétabli en faveur des négres libres; ni mésures d'exception ni réglementations, ni colonizations plus ou moins forcées;

Beaucoup de personnes de couleur dans les salons du Président, et beaucoup d'ensignes d'officiers sur les uniformes des soldats noirs; beaucoup de citoyens noirs dans les élections, dans les églises, dans les omnibus, sur les chemins de fer et sur les bateaux, aux places de tout le monde;

La réelection de M. Lincoln;

D'honnêtes gens dans tous les emplois publics;

La diminution rapide des grandes armées et des gros budgets;

Une politique qui écarte les conquêtes, les guerres, et les querelles au dehors;

Une reconstitution du pays, qui écarte le régime militaire, et fasse reparaître pleinement aux regards du monde, les États Unis tels que nous les avons aimés, tels qu'ils étaient autrefois, à la réserve de l'esclavage;

L'achèvement de l'œuvre à laquelle s'est consacré un grand peuple, qui doit se rélever par la liberté et par la justice; qui doit, selon le précepte évangelique, *surmonter le mal par le bien;*

Enfin et surtout, pour que ces choses s'accomplissent, un esprit de prière, d'humilité, de confiance filiale, les bénédictions journalières de notre Dieu.

A. de Gasparin.

Au Rivage, 20 Février, 1864.

[translation.]

THE WISHES OF A FRIEND.

I most ardently wish for you:

Decisive victories and the speedy suppression of the revolt;

The rejection of all negotiation or compromise;

The moral and legal conquest of the South, without confiscation, violent reprisals, or prolonged occupation:

A thorough reconciliation with countrymen whose crime you cannot but detest, but whose delusion you must also pity;

The restoration to the Union of all the rebellious States;

The final abolition of slavery in the South;

The final abolition of slavery in the Border States;

The guarantee of equal rights to the free negroes—without measures of regulation, qualification, or forced colonization;

Many colored soldiers in the uniforms of officers; the free intermingling of persons of color at the Presidential receptions, at the polls, in churches, omnibuses, railroad cars, steamboats, and in all places of public assembly;

The reëlection of President Lincoln;

Honest men in places of public trust;

The rapid decrease of your large army, and of the "Budget of the Exchequer;"

A policy which shall repudiate war, conquest, and foreign quarrels;

A reconstruction of the Union, which shall do away with military rule, and shall restore to the eyes of the world the United States as we loved them—changed only by the abolition of slavery;

The completion of the work to which a great people has consecrated itself; a people which shall build itself upon Liberty and Justice, and in obedience to the highest Christian precept, "overcome evil with good;"

And my last and best wish is that a spirit of prayer, humility, and filial trust, joined with the daily blessing of our God, may soon crown your cause with sure success.

A. de Gasparin.

February 20th, 1864.

AN ENGLISH HUMORIST.

BY R. H. DANA, JR.

At tea, at the Athenæum Club, Landseer introduced me to a gentleman by the name of Robinson, who had a singular passion for Nelson. A man of means and of education, of some literary claims, a bachelor, he has devoted much of his time and property to the collection of memorials and relics of his favorite hero. Landseer told him I was a lover of the sea, and would sympathize with his enthusiasm, so he took me up warmly. It ended in his urging me to visit him in his bachelor quarters in Cork Street, where he kept his private Nelson museum. I was to leave town the next day, and could not. Oh, but I must, and he would light it up for me. It had never been lighted, and there was no gas in it, but he could get candles, and I must come. I saw he really desired it; that it would gratify him, and accepted. He would go directly home and get his ship ready, his deck cleared, and see me in an hour.

At the end of an hour I knocked at his door in Cork Street. An old sailor, in loose duck trousers, blue jacket, open collar, loose neckerchief, in the truest possible man-of-war rig, opened the door, and rolled along the entry and up stairs, and let me into a large room, occupying the whole of the second floor, with a skylight above. A few candles were placed about the room, and my host sat at an old mahogany table that had been one of Nelson's cabin tables, with a candle on a capstan that came from one of Nelson's ships. He received me with great cordiality, and began to show me his strange museum. Ranged round the room, and scattered over it, were all imaginable memorials and relics, everything illustrating Nelson's life which love, entreaty, or money had enabled him to command.

There was a painting of every battle Nelson had fought, and of every leading event of his life, from his fight with a Polar bear on the ice, when a midshipman in the "Sea Horse," to his death in the cockpit of the "Victory," in the arms of Hardy. There were large models of every ship in which he had sailed: the "Sea Horse," the "Vanguard," the "Agamemnon," the "Victory," and all, with pieces of their masts or keels, and some cannon, muskets, pistols, and swords taken from them. Then there were relics of a more personal character: an admiral's coat, with its tarnished buttons and orders and motheaten cloth, a cocked hat and sword, all which Nelson had worn; a bound volume of original letters, and letters from Lady Hamilton; and one startling thing: opening suddenly a door, there stood, before me, the figure of Nelson himself—that pale, thoughtful, melancholy countenance, the drooping lid, the one eye closed, the vacant sleeve pinned to the coat, the very clothes he had worn in life, coat, hat, shoes—all, his straight, thin, light hair falling over his brow, to the life; it seemed as if I had trodden within the circle of witchcraft, and the hero had been called up to confront me. This figure had been made in wax, by a young lady, niece of the artist who painted the best portrait of him. The artist asked Nelson's permission to allow his niece to take it while he was sitting for the portrait, and the tradition is, that when it was done, Nelson said, "I was never taken larboard and starboard at the same time before." It was very well done, and produces none of the painful effect of wax figures generally, the pale yellow hue of the wax, at least as seen by candle light, suiting well with the known complexion of the man. Having exhausted the curiosities, I told my host an anecdote of a relative of mine in command of a ship in the Mediterranean, at night making a light, then another, then another, then seeing them dancing all about him, then a gun, then a hoarse hail from a huge line-of-battle ship, rolling up her sides, and showing dim lanterns through her portholes—how he went on board, was taken in a boat through the fleet to the flagship, and down into the cabin, where sat Nelson at a table covered by a chart, under the dim swinging lamp of the cabin, and how he told him that he had seen the French fleet in the morning before, and how Nelson took from him his courses and distances since, and the bearing and course of the fleet, and the wind at the time, and traced them on his chart, thanked him, offered him the usual glass of grog, and sent him back in his own boat to his ship, through the mysterious black hulks, rolling, hailing, and showing their lights.

This anecdote interested him mightily, and he said he would look up Nelson's log to see if there was a note of it. I rose to go. "No," said he, "Nelson always invited his visitors to take a glass of grog before they left his cabin, and this is my cabin, so grog it must be. Tom!" Tom rolled in, hitching up his trousers. "Grog, Tom!" So Tom steered out, and navigated back among the relics, bringing two glass tumblers of genuine navy grog, which he set on the capstan.

My host seemed as delighted as surprised, that I, an American, should enter so heartily into his Nelson humor. After some further pleasant talk, I took my departure, leaving Tom and his master to put out the lights, and close up the curious odd old room. It was singular; a gentleman of property and education, never at sea himself, giving his house, the best part of it, and spending so much of his time and money on this enthusiasm.

But probably England has many such humorists, if we knew where to find them.

AHASUERUS.

THE STEAM SPIRIT.

That tourist *malgré lui*, the Wandering Jew,
Weary with journeying for the sublime
And picturesque, through every age and clime,
Into the sea his deathless body threw.
Dissolved in emerald drops of briny dew,
His spirit weeps, in floods of tears, its crime.
'Mid the inventions of this later time
Man finds the spell to raise his soul anew.
Evoked, a spectre, by the fiends of fire,
From his moist grave in vapory wreaths he steals,
And, pent 'mid sterner tortures than before,
And struggling with a penance yet more dire,
Doomed, like Ixion, to drive restless wheels,
Circling the globe, sweeps earth and ocean o'er. M.

THE RIGHT TO MARRY!

THE WIDOWED, THE BACHELOR, AND THE OLD MAID RENDERED COMFORTABLE AND HAPPY!!

THE Society for the Promotion of Useful Marriages, having fully perfected its organization, is prepared to commence operations, and solicits the patronage of the unwedded public.

It offers the following advantages over all other plans:

The certainty of wedded bliss!

A comfortable maintenance!

The guarantee of the Company of the statements of both parties as to property!

No anxiety as to result of courtship!

Nor wear and tear of feeling during that period.

No hypocritical conciliation of relations and friends.

A great saving of time, money, and ingenuity in *petits souis* and in bouquets!

The business will be conducted upon a strictly *cash basis*—a long experience having satisfied the Directors that expectations are only a delusion and a snare.

No tenders will be admitted from Bachelors, Spinsters, or Relicts who have not their money in their own right.

A great preference will be shown, and much easier rates allowed, to parties no having near relations—as Adam and Eve, the typical couple, had no fathers or mothers-in-law.

Moneyed orphans will command a high premium!

No one should hesitate to apply on account of advanced years. The Company offers its services to all times of life, and will insure a suitable partner to the aged, at reasonably enhanced rates.

Elegantly furnished drawing rooms have been provided for private interviews, if such are desired.

Arrangements have been made by which ladies of extreme delicacy and shrinking modesty may receive sealed proposals!

Terms moderate in all cases!

The Clergyman and Photographer of the Company always in attendance.

ODDITIES OF ADVERTISING.

SOME ingenious tradesman offers mourning jewelry of India rubber. It seems like stretching a point to include the adornment of woe among the uses of that substance, though its waterproof nature makes it a safe and apt embellishment of tears. Perhaps the virtue of these ornaments is to mitigate grief by speedily erasing the memory of the departed. Yet one would think caoutchouc might be more in demand for setting off elasticity than despondency of spirits. There may be cases, indeed, where the extinguished life has left an odor not wholly of sanctity, where doubts mingle with regrets, and in which the sulphurous whiffs peculiar to their fabric, when vulcanized, should breathe a not inappropriate reminder.

But why limit the decorative uses of this material to mourning? There are many people who would appreciate the virtues of a wedding ring that would press loose or tight at pleasure. Official badges made of it would happily indicate an expansive conscience in the bosoms of those who wore them. These are a sort of pendants and bracelets in which sea bathers and such-like mermaids may safely disport themselves. And its cheapness, exceeding that of gold of the Hebrews, stretches the range of vanity, by bringing jewelry within the reach of all. A father of a family may set up his daughters with a cast-off mackintosh, or a prudent lover turn his old overshoes into a pretty *parure*. This happy fabric has for a long time pressed with its elastic clasp the rounded graces of regions that thought dares not invade—why should it have its usefulness, heightened by the new invention, and refuse to beam upon the brow of beauty too?

A MARCH THOUGHT.

"DOWN with the dust!"
Said a cit. to Inspector Boole.
"'Tis you who must
Do that," he replied, "you fool!" C. B.

ACROSTIC ENIGMA.—No. I.

I'M sometimes strong, and sometimes weak
And wavering, I own;
The hardest work of the world I do,
Often for good, but for evil too,
As hath, alas! been shown.

This is the house in which I dwell,
It may be large or small,
If ever I forsake it, oh!
What fearful misery and woe
Must that poor house befall!

Pretty, airy, graceful creature,
Fitting theme for poet's lay,
Mirth and glee in every feature,
Let me be thy subject, pray!

One of seven combinations,
Blended in such harmony,
That to point out their gradations,
Is a task 'twere vain to try.

Ever by the streamlets straying,
By the fountains in the glade,
In their limpid waters playing
As they flow through light and shade.

Listen to the streams ascending,
Strains of sweetest melody,
While from open casement bending,
Sits the lady pensively.

CHARADES.—No. I.

FEW things are darker than my first,
Or heavier than my second,
And swifter, brighter than my whole,
Not many can be reckoned.

My last exults in sheer caprice,
My first in ample cause,
My whole, born free as dew, submits
Its course to leaden laws.

My first rings clear the country through,
My last in towns must reign;
My whole springs bright in rustic haunts,
And falls by ways profane.

My first more straight than arrows flies,
My last no wings could raise,
My whole, descended from the skies,
Dies choked in dusty ways.

OLD (PROVERBIAL) FRIENDS WITH NEW FACES.

THERE is honor among Aldermen.
When the Legislature falls out honest men come by their own.
Set an editor on horseback and he'll ride to Washington.
Judge McCunn knows no law.
Needs must when Jeff. Davis drives.
Money makes the Mayor and Corporation go.
(And they make it go too.—*Printer's Devil.*)

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED.

(*To be continued daily.*)

FROM THE LADIES' RECEIVING DEPARTMENT.

1 oil painting, "Knitting," A. D. Beecher.
1 water-color sketch, W. R. Miller.
1 oil painting, R. M. Pratt.
11 pairs gaiter boots, Thos. Reynolds.
Dry goods, Doremus & Nixon.
1 pair Marseilles gaiters, H. I. Samek.
1 box moss birds' nests, &c., Victoria E. E. Willliams, 6 years old, Delta, N. Y.
1 swansdown cape and cuffs, Miss Harley.
1 Mexican plant, Chas. H. Jaquelin.
50 hospital drawers, Employment Society of the Holy Communion.
1 jewel box, E. Cabot, Esq., Boston.
2 hats, Mrs. E. A. Honeywell.
4 "La Gaviota," 2 Congress'l Directory, Mrs. H. Fish.
2 boxes and a package of flowers, Straus, Bianchi & Co.
3 pincushions, Carrie Maria Riggs.
Knitted articles, Mrs. Grenville Weeks.
6 knitted shirts, 6 bibs, Mrs. Dr. Cyrus Weeks.
2 dressed dolls, 2 dolls' dresses, Miss Kate Burnside.
1 "Old Fort Putnam" in pencil, by R. A. Blakelock.
Fancy goods, Gust, Autenrieth & Co.
1 sofa cushion, Mrs. J. H. Lane, jr.
5 children's sacks, &c., and 2 "Morris's Poems."
1 patent sleeping head-rest, Prof. Hamburger, French's Hotel.
1 pair worked slippers.
1 lady's night dress, 1 infant's robe, Richard Brown.
1 picture, "In the Woods," A. B. Insley.
3 albums, Charles Becker.
Various articles, Mrs. George Douglas.
2 plates and specimens of "Algæ."
1 oil painting, "Sunrise," M. S. Bidwell, jr.
1 bunch of flowers in water colors, framed, Miss Annie McGay.
1 pair knitted mittens, 1 worsted sonntag, Louisiana Lawrence.
1 pincushion, Mrs. Mason.
1 very handsome baby's dress, in box, Mrs. Edwards.
1 bead mat, Miss Strong.
1 rigolette, Miss Johnson.
2 China figures, Sigismund Edinger.
1 emb'd infant's blanket, Miss H. W. Holton.
1 emb'd infant's blanket, Miss M. M. Prall.
1 pincushion, 1 mat, Miss M. Crook.
3 crotchet tidies, Mrs. Richards.
1 picture, "October in the Highlands," Miss E. W. Cook.
Pickles, sugar, and Rhine wine, A. Luhrs.
1 set Bancroft's History, with autograph, George Bancroft, Esq.
2 white aprons for children, Mrs. Watkins.
1 doz. little muffs filled with bonbons, Mrs. Fry.
1 child's worsted sack, Miss Fry.
Knit articles and 1 Chinese basket, Mrs. S. S. Gilpin.
1 doz. flan. shirts, and 2 pair stockings, Mrs. H. Fish.
Knit and crocheted articles, Miss Coggeshall.
1 pair potichomanie vases, Mrs. Dr. Batchelder.
2 worsted and bead table covers, Mrs. John Haseltine, Philadelphia.
5 oil paintings, L. T. Voigt.
1 case worsted articles, Edward C. Jenkins.
2 pincushions, 1 apron, 7 neck ties, A. Grasmuk.
6 pens, Mrs. Jones.
"A Quilting Party," Ladies' Aid Society, Newport.
1 new inhaler, 3 inflation tubes, G. Bastion & B. Segnitz.
1 child's emb'd flannel shawl, Miss Sarah Smith.
Valuable autograph letters, loaned by Mr. Doty.
3 vols. Gregory's Dictionary, Rev. T. S. Robertson, Saugerties.
Various articles of children's dress.
2 pictures, H. L. Helliger, Jersey City.
1 pair game carvers, Charles M. Smith.
Various articles, the girls of the House of Refuge.
1 piece of original music, V. R. Antoine.
2 vases of flowers, Mrs. F. C. Dominick.
1 sketch, Granville Perkins.
1 silk quilt, Mrs. Geo. F. Oakley.
1 emb'd infant's dress and sack, 1 net shawl, 1 cap, Mrs. and Miss Beebe.
Pincushion and mats, Miss Vandevoort.
1 bracelet, boots, books, music, &c., Mrs. Hilliard.
1 self-rocking cradle, G. Sweden.
Perfumery and cologne, J. & I. Coddington.
Wax flowers, baby's basket, Annie Rutherford Morgan.
Mats, emb'd band, infant's blanket, Mrs. M. H. Hine.
31 feather dusters, anonymous.
2 needle books, Mrs. Dodge.
Tapestry and sheepskin rug, Mrs. Wm. Lee.
Cushion and afghan, M. W. Nothe & C. Wayland.
Old woman in her shoe, Mrs. Morgan.
1 infant's cap and lady's night dress, Mme. Frank.
1 picture, scene from Falstaff, J. H. Lazarus.
1 cushion, Kate Finch.
10 copies Purim Quadrille, W. I. Isaacs.
1 drawing, "The Chime Tower," Rev. H. F. Roberts.
2 children's waterproof coats, Mr. Sturtevant.
1 pair boots, Henry Heckman.
Various curiosities, Mrs. D. McGowan.
2 infants' shirts, Miss H. J. Cummings.
2 child's afghan, Miss Augustus Craven.
Gentlemen's furnishing goods, Lewis & Seacord.
1 gilt and satin chair, 1 chess table, Mr. Julius Dessoir.
1 knit breakfast shawl, Miss Porter.
1 crayon hunting sketch, no name.
Babyhouse furniture, the Misses Bogert.
Fancy articles, Mrs. and Miss Moore.
1 child's bedstead, Mrs. W. James.
1 comb box, anonymous.
Fancy articles, A. Miller & Co.
1 knit shawl, Mrs. N. E. Russell.
Worsted slippers, needlebooks, &c., Miss Farrand.
2 crochet worsted shawls, Miss Ostrander.
2 mouchoir cases, Mrs. Peter Morris.
2 mouchoir cases and 2 sachels, anonymous.
Lithograph "Yankee Robinson," F. L. Robinson.
1 bead collar, Mrs. Howlett.
2 sofa pillows, shawl, slippers, &c., ladies of Fairfield, Conn.
Children's clothing and worsted work, ladies of the Frothingham Relief Association.
1 worsted shawl, Miss Shaw.
6 needlebooks, anonymous.
Flowers and butterflies, D. Lefèvre.
Package of books addressed Mrs. Lieber.
Stationery, Slote & Janes.
1 pincushion, Mrs. Deutsch.
1 oil painting, "Grapes," Chas. A. Needham.
1 pastel, "Schooldays" George G. Fish.
Sacks, aprons, &c., Mrs. Newton.
2 pair slippers, 1 pincushion, the Misses Lemon.
Oil painting, "Autumn Scene," bedquilt, Sewing Soc. Pres. Church, Cairo.
Knit shawl, 5 doz. emery bags, Mrs. and Miss Curtis, Stratford.
Worsted articles, Mrs. Jane C. Smith.
Worsted goods, gloves, &c., Thos. Denham.
5 books, Henry Cummins.
29 flannel shirts, Miss E. W. Mulford, Staatsburgh.
3 pieces worsted work, 2 pairs slippers, a lady.
3 books, E. H. Shelley, Rome, N. Y.
Cravats, Wm. Van Arsdale.
1 child's afghan, 1 cushion, 6 pairs socks.
Various articles, Mrs. Alder.
6 children's knit shirts, Mrs. Webster, Stockbridge.
Socks and worsted articles, Mrs. Wainwright and Mrs. Hudson.
1 card pressed flowers, Cornelia Belknap.
1 cone frame, with photograph, Mrs. Waldron.
1 bead cushion, Miss Lizzie Bostwick.
1 rosewood table, several books for soldiers, Josiah A. Lane.
48 rebels' swords, captured off Charleston, Messrs. A. Lester & Co.
Lot of corsets, Wm. G. Bell.
1 sketch for album, Mrs. M. F. Goldbeck.
1 miniature, on exhibition, Mrs. M. F. Goldbeck.
Goods to the amount of $300.87, G. A. Witthaus & Co.
1 tidy, Miss Wehle.
1 picture, cut out of paper by a man with one arm, Mrs. Wilson.
1 sword, on exhibition, James Fairman.
Collection of mosses, Mrs. Salter.
Hardware, Mr. Hartwick.
Toy table, representing a fair, Miss Laura Magee.
7 bead mats, Mrs. Torrey.
3 doz. boxes dentifrice, cash $5, Mr. Thos. Bailey.
Stationery goods, Lawrence, Cohen & Co.
6 dressed dolls, Mrs. F. Robinson.
1 model patent wagon box, Jas. H. Stevens, East Durham.
1 bead pincushion, Mrs. Wm. S. Carr.
1 oil painting, "The High Bridge," Robert O'Brien.
6 pincushions, Miss G. Ashburner, Cambridge.
2 emb'd yokes, Mrs. Chandler White, Cambridge, Mass.
Perfumery, E. Miannay.
10 boxes fancy goods, John C. Henderson.
1 pincushion, Mrs. Stiles.
Various articles, Soldiers' Aid Society, Deposit, N. Y.
Socks and embroidery, Mrs. Miller, Chapequa, N. Y.
Wax fruit and French flowers.
Package seeds, John W. Gibbs, Germantown.
1 afghan, 1 sofa cushion, Mrs. Barton.
Gents' furnishing goods, J. Parrish.
1 pair worsted mats, Miss Ada Marsh.
2 pairs worsted reins, Miss Mary Morris.
Donation of toys, Strasburger & Nuhn.
Fancy articles, M. McConnell.
1 carved walnut chair, Mrs. J. Winchester, Frothingham Association.
1 doll's easy chair, and other articles, a friend.
1 book, Miss S. C. Marshall.
Fancy articles, Miss C. Marshall.
4 infants' dresses, and 2 small tables, Mrs. B. R. McIlvain.
Hardware, John Chatillon.
Boots and shoes, Joseph Beasley.
Various articles, Mrs. Huggins and Miss Wood.
Various articles, Ladies' Aid Society, Manchester, and Clark's Mills, Oneida Co.
1 pair embroidered slippers.
1 sofa cushion, Miss Valentine.
1 knitted hood, a friend.
1 worsted tidy, Mrs. John Babcock.
Chinese curiosities, Mrs. Richard P. Dana.
1 carved walnut chair, Mrs. J. Winchester, Ladies' Frothingham Association.
1 doll's easy chair, 2 pen wipers, &c., a friend.
1 book, Miss S. C. Marshall.
Fancy articles, Miss C. Marshall.
4 infants' dresses, and 2 small tables, Mrs. B. B. McIlvaine.
Hardware, John Chatillon.
Boots and shoes, Joseph Beesley.
Miscellaneous articles, Mrs. Huggins and Miss Wood.
Miscellaneous articles, Ladies' Aid Society, Manchester, Oneida Co., $187.91.
1 pair emb'd slippers.
Sofa cushion, Miss Valentine.
White knitted hood, a friend.
Worsted tidy, Mrs. John Babcock.
Miscellaneous articles, Sanitary Com'n, Middletown Point, N. J.
Testaments, left by the Rebels under Bragg on their retreat from Stone River.
6 children's aprons, a friend.
2 bead nets, B. Dachmann.
Fancy articles, Miss Barton and Mrs. Roberts, Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y.
Landscape, Sepia, Ladies' Frothingham Relief Association.
1 basket eggs, 9 yards plaid muslin, Miss C. Callett.
1 pair wristlets, a poor friend of the soldiers.
Knives, forks and spoons for Knickerbocker Kitchen, Mr. Wm. Burns and Mr. Sam'l Cornell.
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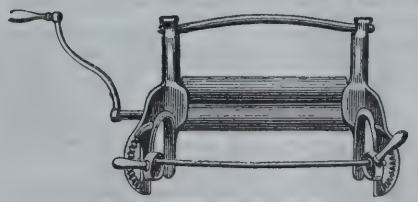

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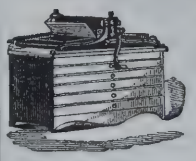

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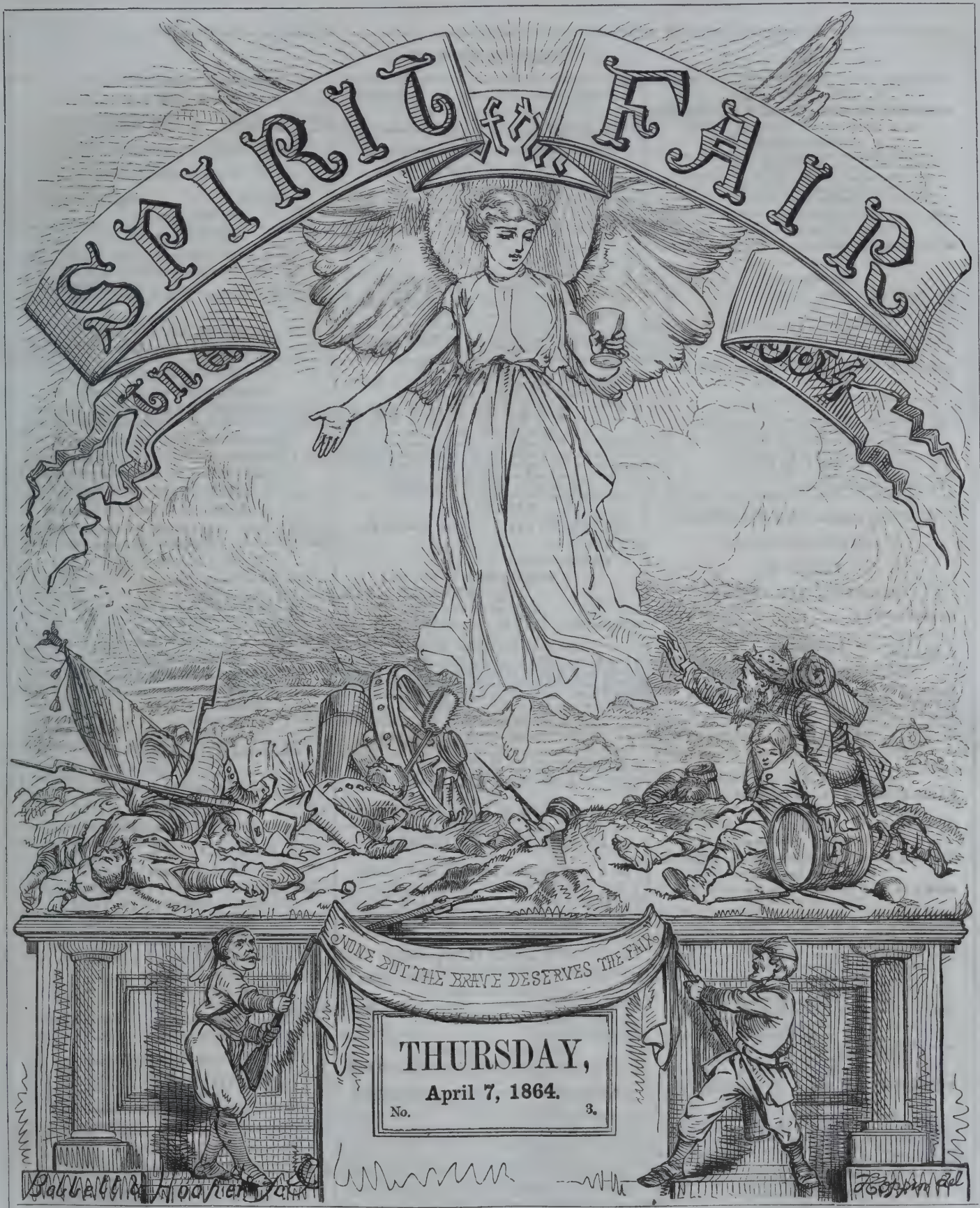

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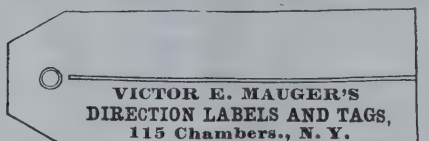

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FINE JEWELRY, WATCHES, DIAMONDS,
AND RICH FANCY GOODS,
No. 6 FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK,
(Junction Fifth Av. & Broadway,)
And No. 58 Rue de la Verrerie, Paris.

F. DERBY & COMPANY,
MERCHANT TAILORS & IMPORTERS,
No. 57 WALKER STREET,
(West side of Broadway,) NEW YORK,
Have the good fortune to announce that they have received, and have now in Store, a complete assortment of
NEW GOODS,
Being made to order
FOR THEIR OWN SALES,
Through Messrs. BARLOW, PAYNE & Co.,
Manufacturers' Agents, London,
Adapted to the wants of gentlemen of taste, who appreciate style and quality in Clothing, and which they are willing to make up to order in their usual well-known style of excellence at popular prices.
57 *Walker Street, New York.*

CHICKERING & SONS,
Manufacturers of
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANO FORTES.
WAREROOMS:
No. 246 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.
No. 652 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

STEINWAY & SONS,
Manufacturers of
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS,
Have Removed their Warerooms to
Nos. 71 & 73 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET,
Between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

C. G. GUNTHER & SONS'
FUR WAREHOUSE,
(Established by Christian G. Gunther, 1820,)
No. 46 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK,
Importers, Manufacturers, and Shippers of
RAW FURS AND SKINS,
MANUFACTURED FURS, LADIES' FURS,
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fur Gloves,
CHILDREN'S FUR GOODS,
Buffalo Robes, Bear, Tiger, and other Skins.
We solicit the notice of Merchants, Fur Dealers, and the public in general, to our establishment, and their inspection of our stock.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE FAIR AND GUIDE TO THE DEPARTMENTS.

The Main Entrance is on Fourteenth street, through the temporary building erected in front of the armory of the 22d N. Y. State National Guards.

On the right of the Main Entrance is the Indian Department: On the left is the Department of Arms and Trophies.

On entering the main building by the central door, the following is the order of departments and tables.

SOUTH SIDE—right of Main Entrance.

Jacob's Well.
Room No. 3—Hardware and Furnishing Goods.
Stall 44—Children's Clothing.
Room No. 2—Treasurer's Department.
Stall 43—Broadway Tabernacle.
Room No. 1—Lingeries and Trimmings.

SAME SIDE—left of Main Entrance.

Stall for the sale of the *Spirit of the Fair* newspaper.
Room No. 4—Stationery and Printing.
Stall 47—Surgical and Optical Instruments.
Room No. 5—Sewing Machines.
Stall 48—Soda Fountain.
Executive Committee Room.
Card Printing.

NORTH SIDE—Fifteenth street
(Beginning at West end).

1st Entrance to Machinery and Shipbuilder's Department.
Stall 36—Boots and Shoes.
Stall 37—Harness, Bridles, and Leather Goods.
2d Entrance to Machinery Department.
Stall 38—Dry Goods.
Stall 39—India Rubber Goods.
3d Entrance to Machinery Department.
Clothes-Wringing Machine.

EAST WALL
(Beginning at North end).

New York Fire Department, extending half the length of the wall.
Stall—Roman Department.
Entrance to Carriage and Agricultural Department and Mathematical Instruments.
Stall—Jewelry and Silver Ware.
Entrance to Wholesale Departments of
Tobacco and Liquors,
Paints, Drugs and Perfumeries,
Oils, Soaps and Candles,
Wholesale and retail Groceries.

These conduct to

THE RESTAURANT.

From which two flights of stairs lead to

THE DINING SALOON.

THE CENTRE OF THE MAIN BUILDING
is occupied by
Floral Temple, and Flower Department.

LIST OF TABLES ON MAIN FLOOR.

No. 1—N. Y. Turnverein.
2—Furs, Hats, and Caps.
3—Porcelain and Glass.
4—Episcopal Church of Resurrection.
5—Rev. Mr. Gantz's Church.
6—St. Matthew's, Lutheran.
7—Baptist.
8—Buffalo.
9—Owego.
10—New Bedford.
11—7th Precinct Police.
12—Ohio.
13—Staten Island.
14—Welsh Church.
15—Hastings on Hudson.
16—Norwalk.
17—Welsh Church.
18—Westchester.
19—Harlem.
20—Methodist Church.
21—Wholesale Fancy Goods.
22—English Cloths.
23— Do. do.
24—Fancy Goods and Waxwork.
25—Retail Perfumery and Drugs.
26—Presbyterian Church.
27— Do. do.
28—Dutch Reformed.
29—Fancy Goods—"Excelsior."
30—Children's Clothing.
31—Parisian Fancy Goods.

THE PICTURE GALLERY

extends along the West end of the main building. The entrance is from Fourteenth street, the most Westerly door. At one end is

THE GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND ENGRAVINGS.

THE SECOND STORY MAIN BUILDING

is reached by the staircase near the Picture Gallery, and is divided into the following Departments:

Room No. 11—Ladies' Executive Committee Room.
" " 10—Architectural Ornaments, Stained Glass, and Tapestries.
" " 9—Library and Book Store.
" " 7 and 8—Old Curiosity Shop.
" " 6—Millinery and Dressmaking.
Rooms beyond—Furniture and Upholstery Department.
74—Ladies' Hair Dressing Department.
73—Mineral Department.
Dress Cutting Department.

DOOR TO DINING SALOON.

The floor above is occupied by the Photographic Department.

PLAN OF THE UNION SQUARE BUILDING.

The main entrances are on the South side of the two wings adjoining the Park.

The East Wing is occupied by

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.
(Exhibition in this department each day.)

The Central Division consists of

THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DEPARTMENT
(Two Concerts daily),

and the

KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN.

The West Wing contains the

INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT,

containing contributions from various quarters of the world. In the centre of this building is a fountain.

THE CATTLE SHOW connected with the Fair is situated in Fifteenth street, near Seventh avenue. Among the Contributions of Stock will be found

A White Ox from Livingston county, weighing 3602 pounds—an Alderney Cow—a Durham Bull—Sheep—Shetland Ponies and Horses, &c., &c.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Augustus R. Macdonough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N.Y.

RELICS AND CURIOSITIES AT THE FAIR.

The Department of Arms and Trophies will astonish every one who gives it an attentive examination. The wealth of historic associations which cling around the articles contained in the limited space allotted to it is wonderful. A full account of its flags, and weapons, and trophies would be a history of our country, as history is generally treated, where wars and contests fill pages, while peaceful progress is passed over in a few lines. Over five hundred of the articles in this Department belong to the collection of the State of New York, deposited in the Bureau of Military Statistics at Albany. They have been collected through the zeal of Col. L. L. Doty, the Chief of that Bureau, and have been loaned by him for the purpose of exhibition. He sent with them his own assistant, Dr. Haugh, who has superintended their artistic arrangement. We feel sure that our people will be surprised that so large a collection should have been brought together at Albany in so brief a time, and that this fact will stimulate all to contribute to its increase.

On the south wall of the same Department, near the east end, is a small collection of relics from the battle field of Solferino, which are donated for sale. Among them are a hussar's hat, ornamented with a ghastly hole, suggestive of damage to the brain of the wearer; a watchman's rattle, marked with the name of a French Zouave, and an embroidered handkerchief with a paper pinned to it, on which are some German lines from a soldier, bidding farewell to his sweetheart, while on the other side is a rude water-color drawing of her home.

In the collection from the Bureau of Military Statistics at Albany, which forms so important and interesting a portion of the Department of Arms and Trophies, is the uniform coat of Commodore W. F. Lynch, of the Rebel Navy, whose explorations of the Dead Sea gave him an extended reputation. The coat is apparently the one he wore when he was a loyal officer and before he became a traitor. It was captured at Elizabeth City, after the battle of Roanoke Island, by the gunboat Commodore Barney, commanded by Lieut. Charles A. Flussen, of Kentucky. The flotilla had been sent in pursuit of the rebel vessels, and finally found them at Elizabeth City; no time was lost in chasing, and when within hailing distance, Lieut. Flussen hailed to know what vessel that was. The reply was that it was "the Confederate vessel Seabird, Commodore Lynch commanding." "Tell the Commodore to get out his fenders—I'm coming alongside," was the answer; and suiting theaction to the word, the Commodore Barney put on full steam and struck the Seabird amidships, and sunk her; Commodore Lynch had, however, previously made his escape.

There is a singular history connected with the rusty sabre, numbered 112 in the catalogue of this department. It has on its blade the inscription "Capt. F. J. Porter, Company C, 1st Metropolitan Light Cavalry." Captain Porter was taken prisoner at Port Hudson, and threw his sword down. The ground was soon after occupied by our troops, and the sword was picked up by some one, who sent it to the Bureau of Military Statistics at Albany. This sword, with others in that interesting collection, was exhibited at the late fair, at Albany, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. Among the visitors was Capt. Porter himself, who was astonished at discovering his sword.

The First Bowie Knife.—On the south wall of the Department of Arms and Trophies, hangs a long, savage-looking knife with a horn handle, numbered 807 in the Catalogue. This is the original Bowie Knife, the progenitor of a numerous family. It was forged in a common blacksmith shop on the Red River, by James Bowie, who subsequently lost his life at Alamo, Texas, in 1836. It was used by him in the celebrated running fight at Natchez, in 1828, where half a dozen persons were hacked to pieces, and this savage instrument literally cut in twain the heart of one of the combatants, Dr. Wright. It was given by Bowie to its present possessor in gratitude for kindness done him when wounded.

The New Bedford Marine Table, No. 10, presents a rich and striking display of articles contributed to the Fair by the citizens of that wealthy and patriotic town. The value of the articles is about fifteen hundred dollars.

The Swiss Table.—Boxes of curious articles of Swiss manufacture arrived yesterday from Zurich, and are now unpacking for the Swiss Table, presided over by Mrs. Rusch, at the 17th street building. These contributions are remarkable both for value and singularity, comprising gold and silver watches, carved toys, laces, a collection of Swiss dolls, fully dressed in the costumes of the different cantons, and a number of watch movements, in packages of the different parts, of exquisite finish and nicety.

The following articles were sent for exhibition by Governor Parker, of New Jersey:

Eleven Rebel Flags, captured in various battles by the 1st, 3d, 4th, 7th, and 9th New Jersey regiments. One of these flags is made from an India shawl, sacrificed by a southern lady to the cause of the Rebellion—The battle-rent colors of Co. E, 1st New Jersey Cavalry—Arms taken from the Hessians at the battle of Trenton, and others captured from the Rebels during the present war—Indian bow and quiver of arrows, taken from a Camanche warrior—A curious Sword, taken by the 1st New Jersey Cavalry in the raid made in the rear of the enemy at Fredericksburg—A handsome Mexican Saddle, silver-mounted, which Commander Boggs presents to the bravest New Jersey volunteer—A very handsome State flag—A beautiful battery color—National and regimental flags—A remnant of the Hessian flag captured at the battle of Trenton—A cannon ball shot by Washington at the same battle.

Decree for Suppressing the Bacchanalia.—A *fac simile* of this decree, from the bronze tablet on which it was engraved, will be found among the literary curiosities for sale at the Fair. The history of this ancient relic is one of peculiar interest.

In the year 186 B.C. the Roman government found it necessary to suppress the disorderly gatherings, known as the Bacchanalia. A Senate decree (Senatus consultum) was enacted for that purpose, forbidding such assemblies, under the severest penalties. This decree, it was ordered, should be inscribed on a bronze tablet. A full and minute account of this transaction, and of the circumstances which led to it, is given by the Roman historian Livy (Book 39. chaps. 8–18), who quotes, at the close of chap. 18, the substance of the decree, nearly in the terms of the decree itself.

In the year 1640, the bronze tablet, containing the original decree, was found buried in the earth, in a village of Calabria, by laborers digging for the foundations of a house. In 1727, its possessor, Giovanni Battiste Cigala, gave it to the Emperor Charles VI., and it passed into the royal library. It is now in the Royal Museum of Vienna, and is carefully preserved in a case, as one of the most interesting remains of antiquity.

The inscription has been copied several times, with more or less accuracy, the transcripts differing from each other in certain points. A more reliable copy of it was given to the public in 1836, when a *fac simile* of the inscription was published by Endlicher, in his catalogue of the Latin MSS. of the Royal Library of Vienna.

A copy of this *fac simile* was presented to Mr. Niles, then residing, as diplomatic agent from our Government, at Vienna. Mr. Niles has caused it to be photographed, by Messrs. Whitney & Paradise, of this city, for the benefit of the Metropolitan Fair.

The Restaurant.—The Fair Restaurant, extending along the east end of the building from Fourteenth to Fifteenth streets, is a substantial building, two stories high, containing two dining rooms, affording an area of about seven thousand square feet. These rooms are neatly and tastefully decorated. The lower room contains about fifty small iron tables, with white marble tops. Here can be obtained at all times ice cream, confectionary, oysters, coffee, tea and chocolate.

The upper room will seat about four hundred and sixty persons at a time. From one to three o'clock each day there will be a *table d'hôte;* but persons wishing to dine *à la carte* during those hours can do so. From five to six, *table d' hôte;* after which, until the time of closing, visitors will be served exclusively *à la carte.* The entire department has been placed under the charge of Mr. A. Stetson.

NOTICE.

The Chairmen of Committees will please send to the Newspaper Committee a correct list of the articles contributed to their departments, which are not included in the lists of goods received at 2 Great Jones street and by the agent of the 14th street building, for publication in this paper.

HOW I CAME TO BE A NURSE.—No. I.

The Launch.

It is odd how one's fancies as a child come to be one's grown up predilections. When I was a little girl, and believed strongly in dolls, I was selected by the other children as the family physician to the whole row of pink-cheeked rag babies. Skeletons were my passion. I owned a large print Peter Parley book of instruction on simple physiological and anatomical facts for youth, illustrated here and there with woodcuts—being one or two bunches of hearts and lungs, an arm bone, a leg bone, so piling on the agony bone by bone till they culminated in a full grown skeleton on the last page.

At this stage of my professional studies, having graduated on the skeleton, I was fully prepared to open a shop and put out my sign; and so commenced business in a small way in the nursery closet, with little boxes of sugar and bottles of liquorice and water. Here the dolls were brought by their dear, anxious little mammas, and were seriously dosed, after consultation with Peter Parley, and their kid arms carefully vaccinated with a clover leaf and penknife, subsequent to a close study of the full-grown skeleton.

Now I seriously believe that it was the remembrance of my success with the dolls that emboldened me so many years afterward to be a nurse. It was hard work, though, getting myself acceptable and accepted. What with people at home, saying "Goodness me! a nurse!" "All nonsense!" "Such a fly-away!" and what with the requisites insisted upon by the grave committees, I came near losing my opportunity and stifling forever the skeleton in my breast, cherished since the time of dolls.

First, one must be just so old, and no older; have eyes, and a nose, and mouth expressing just such traits, and no others; must be willing to scrub floors, if necessary, etc., etc. Finally, however, by dint of taking the flowers out of my bonnet, and the flounce off my dress, by toning down, or toning up, according to the emergency, I succeeded in getting myself looked upon with mitigated disapprobation, and was at last sat upon by the Committee and passed over to the Examining Board. The Board was good to me. It had to decide upon my physical qualifications; and so, having asked me who my grandfather was, and whether I had had the measles, it blandly put my name down, leaving a blank, inadvertently, where the age should have been, and I was launched, with about twenty other neophytes, into a career of philanthropy more or less confused.

Then began serious business. Armed with a blue ticket, I presented myself with the others at the door of a hospital and was admitted for instruction. "Follow me," said our guide, and we followed in procession. "This will be your ward; you will remain here under so and so, and learn what you can; and this, yours; and this, *yours*." That was *mine!* I shall never forget the hopeless state of my mind at this exact point. To be left standing in the middle of a long ward, full of beds, full of sick men—it was appalling. I seized another nurse, and refused to be abandoned. So they took pity, and we two remained. If they hadn't, Peter Parley's arm-bones might have crooked themselves in vain. I should have closed my eyes to their bony belongings.

But there we two were; and were expected to use our eyes and time to the advantage of the Army of the Potomac which was to be. So we took off our bonnets and went to work. Such a month as we had of it, walking round from room to room, learning what we could—really learning something in the end, till finally, what with writing down everything we saw, and making elaborate sketches of all kinds of bandages and the ways of applying them, and what with bandaging everybody we met, for practice, we at last made our "reverses" without a wrinkle; and at the end of the month were competent to any very small emergency, or very simple fracture.

MEETING OF AMERICANS IN GENOA.

Our absent countrymen rallying for freedom and Union!

Dear Editor,—At a large and enthusiastic meeting held *exclusively* by Americans in Genoa, having had the honor of being elected by a great majority to forward to your paper the following resolutions, unanimously adopted thereat, I preface the results of this important issue with a statistical report of the representatives of America in Genoa.

Census of American population, 1863, in Genoa, Italy:—Adults, three females, one male. Infants, three males. Census of population, 1864:—Adults, three females, one male. Infants, three males, one female. Floating population, one male.

Resolved, That we greet you.

Resolved, That we fully approve of the great Fair.

Resolved, That we sympathize with the sick soldier.

Resolved, That we sympathize with the slave.

Resolved, That the rebellion must and will be suppressed.

The meeting opened with prayer by the reverend male adult; appropriate remarks followed; the resolutions were then read, and each one received with deafening cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. A vote of undying nationality was then passed. *Yankee Doodle* sung by the infants, broken by the sobs of the floating population, and the meeting closed with prayer.

ULRIC DAHLGREN.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

When circled by the fond and fair,
We saw thee maimed and pale,
With that heroic, gentle air,
Before which cowards quail;
So radiant in the grasp of pain,
So meek with valor's crown,
Our swelling hearts could not refrain
To bless thy young renown.
Youth's artless cheer with manhood's thought
In word and glance o'erflow,
As if thy life had newly caught
Thy blood's ancestral glow;
The spirit of old Sweden's king
Which mien and accent bore,
In every pulse-beat seemed to spring
Intrepid as of yore.
It nerved thy arm in wild foray,
And round thy martyr's bed,
Where love and faith still watch and pray,
Angelic patience shed.
Vain the base ambush from whose lair
The murderer's bullet came,
And vain the slander that would tear
The glory from thy name:
O, Ulric, brutal hate will pine
All impotent to sear
The laurels that thy country's shrine
Forever shall endear.

Private Picture Galleries.—Visitors in the City during the continuance of the Fair are offered unusual facilities for viewing the best works of art which New York possesses. Besides the Art Gallery of the Fair, particular notice of which we make in our columns, Mr. Belmont's private collection of modern European pictures will be open to the public. These paintings were selected by their owner in Europe as representatives of the different schools they illustrate, and are of the highest order of art. Mr. Belmont's gallery is in Fifth avenue, corner of 18th street. Mr. Aspinwall, whose gallery of old masters is in University Place, corner of Tenth street, also opens his collection to the public during the continuance of the Fair.

There will soon be no "fugitives from labor" in this country, except office seekers.

Minerva taught Diomedes how to distinguish gods from men. If she would only be kind enough to give us a lesson or two!

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1864.

NEW YORK.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

(*Continued.*)

The world has had a striking example of the potency of commerce as opposed to that of even the sword, in the abortive policy of Napoleon to exclude England from the trade of the Continent. At the very moment that this potentate of unequalled means and iron rule was doing all he could to achieve his object, the goods of Manchester found their way into half of his dependent provinces, and the Thames was crowded with shipping which belonged to states that the emperor supposed to be under his control.

As to the notion of there arising any rival ports, south, to compete with New York, it strikes us as a chimera. New Orleans will always maintain a qualified competition with every place not washed by the waters of the great valley; but New Orleans is nothing but a local port, after all—of great wealth and importance, beyond a doubt, but not the mart of America.

New York is essentially national in interests, position, and pursuits. No one thinks of the place as belonging to a particular State, but to the United States. The revenue paid into the treasury, at this point, comes in reality, from the pockets of the whole country, and belongs to the whole country. The same is true of her sales and their proceeds. Indeed, there is very little political sympathy between the places at the mouth of the Hudson, and the interior—the vulgar prejudice of envy, and the jealousy of the power of collected capital, causing the country to distrust the town.

We are aware that the governing motive of commerce, all over the world, is the love of gain. It differs from the love of gain in its lower aspects, merely in its greater importance and its greater activity. These cause it to be more engrossing among merchants than among the tillers of the soil: still, facts prove that this state of things has many relieving shades. The man who is accustomed to deal in large sums is usually raised above the more sordid vices of covetousness and avarice in detail. There are rich misers, certainly, but they are exceptions. We do not believe that the merchant is one tittle more mercenary than the husbandman in his motives, while he is certainly much more liberal of his gains. One deals in thousands, the other in tens and twenties. It is seldom, however, that a failing market, or a sterile season, drives the owner of the plough to desperation, and his principles, if he have any, may be preserved; while the losses or risks of an investment involving more than the merchant really owns, suspend him for a time on the tenter-hooks of commercial doubt. The man thus placed must have more than a common share of integrity, to reason right when interest tempts him to do wrong.

Notwithstanding the generally fallacious character of the governing motive of all commercial communities, there is much to mitigate its selfishness. The habit of regarding the entire country and its interests with a friendly eye, and of associating themselves with its fortunes, liberalizes its mind and wishes, and confers a catholic spirit that the capital of a mere province does not possess. Boston, for instance, is leagued with Lowell, and Lawrence, and Cambridge, and seldom acts collectively without betraying its provincial mood; while New York receives her goods and her boasted learning by large transhipments, without any special consciousness of the transactions. This habit of generalizing in interests encourages the catholic spirit mentioned, and will account for the nationality of the great mart of a great and much extended country. The feeling would be apt to endure through many changes, and keep alive the connection of commerce even after that of the political relations may have ceased. New York, at this moment, contributes her full share to the prosperity of London, though she owes no allegiance to St. James.

The American Union, however, has much more adhesiveness than is commonly imagined. The diversity and complexity of its interests form a network that will be found, like the web of the spider, to possess a power of resistance far exceeding its gossamer appearance—one strong enough to hold all that it was ever intended to inclose. The slave interest is now making its final effort for supremacy, and men are deceived by the throes of a departing power. The institution of domestic slavery cannot last. It is opposed to the spirit of the age; and the figments of Mr. Calhoun, in affirming that the Territories belong to the States, instead of the Government of the United States; and the celebrated doctrine of the equilibrium, for which we look in vain into the Constitution for a single sound argument to sustain it, are merely the expiring efforts of a reasoning that cannot resist the common sense of the nation. As it is healthful to exhaust all such questions, let us turn aside a moment, to give a passing glance at this very material subject.

At the time when the Constitution was adopted, three classes of persons were "held to service" in the country—apprentices, redemptioners, and slaves. The two first classes were by no means insignificant in 1789, and the redemptioners were rapidly increasing in numbers. In that day, it looked as if this speculative importation of laborers from Europe was to form a material part of the domestic policy of the Northern States. Now the negro is a human being, as well as an apprentice or a redemptioner, though the Constitution does not consider him as the equal of either. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Constitution of the United States, as it now exists, recognizes slavery in any manner whatever, unless it be to mark it as an interest that has less than the common claim to the ordinary rights of humanity. In the apportionment, or representation clause, the redemptioner and the apprentice counts each as a man, whereas five slaves are enumerated as only three free men. The free black is counted as a man, in all particulars, and is represented as such, but his fellow in slavery has only three fifths of his political value.

This is the celebrated clause in which the Constitution is said to recognize slavery. To our view the clause is perfectly immaterial in this sense, making the simple provision that so long as a State shall choose to keep a portion of her people in this subordinate condition, she shall enjoy only this limited degree of representation. To us, it appears to be a concession made to freedom, and not to slavery. There is no obligation, unless self-imposed, to admit any but a minority of her whites to the enjoyment of political power, aristocracy being, in truth, more closely assimilated to republicanism than democracy. Republicanism means the sovereignty of public *things*, instead of that of *persons;* or the representation of the *common* interests, in lieu of those of a monarch. There is no common principle of popular sway recognized in the Constitution. In the government of the several States monarchy is denounced, but democracy is nowhere proclaimed or insisted on. Marked differences in the degrees of popular control existed in the country in 1789; and though time is lessening them, are still to be found among us.

The close consideration of all these facts, we feel persuaded will give a coloring to some of the most important interests of the country, differing essentially from those that have been loosely

adopted in the conflicts of parties, and many heresies appear to us to have crept into the political creed of the Republic, purely from the struggles of faction. When men have a specific and important purpose in view, it is but natural they should bend most of its collateral connections to the support of their own objects. We conceive that the Constitution has thus been largely misinterpreted, and they who live at the epoch of the renowned "equilibrium" and of the "rights of the people of the Sovereign States," will have seen memorable examples of the truth of this position.

(*To be continued.*)

TWO PICTURES—PEACE AND WAR.

II.

MINERVA.

So lightly rhymed I once, and did not know,
O Daughter of the West, the day so nigh,
When thou thy life, thy gold, thy all, wouldst throw
On Freedom's altar, pledged to save or die!

As when the arm'd goddess from the Thunderer's brain
Sprang eager to subdue the usurper's might,
Thine was the wisdom born in throes of pain,
Thine the stern courage to uphold the Right.

When Treason stabbed at thee, and all amazed
Thou stoodst a moment, doubting if 'twere true;
Then like a meteor flame thy form up blazed,
And flashed thy electric call the country through.

O grand it was to see thy freemen come,
Leaving their desks, their firesides and their farms,
The loom and anvil for the barbarous drum,
Facing strange death with unaccustomed arms.

O grand to see the men in ease long lulled,
Bend forward to the cannon's fiery kiss;
Mid ghastly bayonet thorns Death's roses culled,
Red on their hearts! There was no way but this.

No other way. For them the gun-match lit,
For them the furious charge—the rampart steep—
The falling ranks—the miry rifle-pit,
Where the balls sang them to their sudden sleep.

No other way. Too self-indulged thou hadst been,
Too prone to barter Right for ease and wealth;
The canker worm fed on the laurels green
Upon thy brows—poisoning thy youth and health.

The Power whose aims we strive in vain to mar
Impelled thy soul to bear the rugged cross,
Frown down illusive Peace, and welcome War,
The fiery blast that melts away our dross.

Stern teachers deal with us. The texts we fold
Upon our hearts were scorned in prosperous days.
Even the poor slave whose chains we stooped to hold,
Is called to aid us through the battle's blaze.

No Union as it was, when treachery swarmed
Like venomous flies in the air! No league with death!
No tolerance for the vipers that were warmed
Upon our hearths, to blight us with their breath!

No smile for feudal lord and haughty dame
Who fatten while their tortured bondsmen cower.
No truce with robbery, murder, fraud, and shame;
No friendship for the tyrant's lust of power!

Ours be the duty to lift off the yoke
That galls alike the Southern white and black.
So Destiny, that smiles above the smoke
Of battle, like blue day above the rack,

Shall wait for us—shall crown us great and strong:
Strong—having struggled bravely for the Right:
Great—flinging off the serpent folds of Wrong,
And opening all our land to liberty and light!

1862. C. P. CRANCH.

THREE PARABLES ILLUSTRATED BY MILLAIS.

BY EUGENE BENSON.

THE parables of Jesus, household stories in every family, associated in our mind with what is most divine and cherished, and existing as pictures in words, the completest and most touching that we know, have been made the occasion of twenty little drawings on wood by John Everett Millais, the celebrated English painter. These drawings are of various degrees of excellence. But few of them are adequate as illustrations of the parables. All of them, however, are positive, singular, full of interest, and some of them are profound in feeling and very significant. Not confining himself to the most literal illustration, but accepting certain passages in the parables as the *motive* of his design, Mr. Millais has been enabled to offer several little drawings expressive of his fine and thoughtful mind, and of the spiritual force and meaning lurking in the plain facts of common life.

We propose to write a few words about three of these illustrations. The first is the parable of the tares: "But while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way." These simple and pregnant words are illustrated by a forcible and imaginative picture which represents the Evil One sowing tares. On an open field, under a dark and portentous sky, which we behold glow lurid between rifts of blackest cloud, walks the old, scowling, wicked and unresting One. He looks back, as he sows the tares, with a malignant expression, at the far-off cottage where the good husbandman rests or prays, while his little candle breaks the black darkness of night. As fitting accessories to the Evil One, vipers with beady eyes crawl after him in the gloom, and a howling hyena also. The action of every moving thing in the picture is sympathetic and intensely expressive. The half crouched and shuffling figure of the hateful Old Man of Sin, the noiseless and fascinated movement of the vipers, and the singular break in the thick drifting clouds, combine to make an impression which is at once strong and significant of the evil work that is being done. This picture, as imaginative, as intense as Doré's, is also as original and bold in conception.

Our next example is the illustration of the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen. It is tragic and painful. The picture spoken of above embodies the spirit of hate and evil under the form of the Evil One himself; but this of the Wicked Husbandmen represents wickedness in familiar forms, and is therefore more dreadful.

Outside of the vineyard, under neglected and luxuriant vines, we behold the dishonored body of the son and heir who was sent unto the husbandmen. There, dead, with a rope about his neck, with blackened face, lies the poor, unoffending son. On his unmoving robe a slimy toad stretches its loathsome body. Beside him a poor dove, symbol of his innocence, lies dead also, probably killed with the stones which were thrown upon him. In the shadow of the wall in the middle ground are seen the whispering husbandmen, who conspired against the lives of the son and servants of the householder. Beyond is the tower mentioned in the parable. What we must admire in this most tragic work is the disordered look, as if violence had been done, which the artist has rendered, and also the seemingly unconsidered disposition of the corpse half hidden by the rank vines and weeds growing beside the fence. The wickedness of men is awfully real, and this illustration of the husbandmen's violence is a most tragic example of it. It is a relief for us to turn to that good Samaritan whom we have remembered with love from earliest days. Mr. Millais shows him to us stooping with tenderest and affectionate solicitude, and

about to lift the poor injured man who fell among thieves and murderers, while afar off the priest continues his selfish journey. This picture is drawn truthfully and with feeling. The hair and beard of the Samaritan are examples of beautiful and close rendering of nature. The landscape background is well managed and fitting in character. The growth of cedars in the distance, dark and various in form, add to the poetic sentiment, while the gentle and complacent donkey, and the action of the good Samaritan, unite to express to us the inoffensiveness and goodness that is in the world. Goodness is so beautiful, looks so beautiful in Mr. Millais's illustration of the immortal Samaritan, that it must make us all in love with it for its own sake. We do not remember any picture more appropriate to typify the purpose and action of our people for the benefit of the sick and wounded.

In conclusion we remark that Mr. Millais has not illustrated with the most perfect or consummate skill the parables of Jesus. He has taken certain parts and made them the occasion of pictures full of truth, charged with meaning, but faulty in relation of light and dark, childish or wilfully wrong in composition. For example, many of them look like segments of large and complete works. But every one is so remarkable in *expression*, so unusual in fineness and delicacy that, had they no other excellence they would be entitled to our respect and admiration. In regard to the absence of certain facts and the presence of some incongruities, we must forgive Mr. Millais because of the spiritual and real meaning of that which he has given us.

In every strong genius there is more or less of wilfulness. Mr. Millais's illustrations of the parables point the remark. But his designs make us think, help us to deeper insight, and remain in our memory as limited in purpose, but peculiar and remarkable. And whether we look at his rendering of the unavailing efforts of the distracted and foolish virgins, or Lazarus on the steps of the rich man's palace, we must recognize that these designs are from no common-place mind and no unskilful hand.

STANZAS.

Beyond the vague Atlantic deep,
Far as the farthest prairies sweep,
Where forest glooms the nerve appal,
Where burns the radiant western fall,
One duty lies on old and young:
With filial piety to guard,
As on its greenest native sward,
The glory of the English tongue.

That ample speech, that subtle speech,
Apt for the need of all and each—
Strong to endure, yet prompt to bend,
Wherever human feelings tend—
Preserve its force, expand its power;
And through the maze of civic life,
In letters, commerce, even in strife,
Forget not it is yours and ours.

Houghton.

A MEDITATION ON TRIMMINGS.

If I was asked to define the difference between the manly and the womanly mind in one word;—I should say: Trimmings. Let his raiment be of plain color and good material; well cut and provided with the necessary complement of buttons and buttonholes in the proper places; and a man is content. He does not perceive the æsthetic deficiencies of his attire, but puts it on—and then dismisses it from his mind until the half-yearly memorandum from his tailor recalls to him one of the most painful duties of life. But with a woman, the great question is: How shall she trim it? Material and shape are considerations, important indeed, but altogether secondary. A dress is only a canvas upon which she lays bits of warm color and embroiders graceful designs. It is indispensable that the combinations should be becoming; if they are original, so much the more signal the triumph. Great is the strain upon her fancy, and often, we fear, upon her finances. For luckily. it is not the mere necessaries of life which are expensive, but the luxuries, the trimmings. With women of taste, the result is charming, as we all know, and worth the money and the time—but alas! the instinct is inherent in all women; it will display itself under all circumstances, be they easy or pinched; and does not wait for the refining influence of taste to break out. Daily we see unfortunate female persons stuck over with tags of lace and ribbon, beads, bugles and mock-jewelry, that look as if sprinkled upon them, here, there, or anywhere, indiscriminately, without reason or method. The wearers do not seem to know that the effect is grotesque instead of becoming; they do not appear to care. They have obeyed a law of their being, and are satisfied; go to and fro like that funny little crab in the Aquarium, who adorns his head and shoulders with bits of sea weed or of any other stuff within his reach, and paddles about his tank, self-satisfied and ridiculous.

It is amusing to observe how this instinct will out under the most unfavorable conditions. As a bee must make honey, even if he has to go to a corner grocery for sweets; as a spider will spin his web, if you incarcerate him in a box, so a woman will trim everything and everywhere. She can not help it. Grandmamma blossoms again in the pink flowers and streamers of her best cap. The domestic scrub adorns her calico and ashes with a faded ribbon or a soiled rag of imitation lace. One would suppose that no endeavors could redeem a bathing dress from its sea monster ugliness of material and shape. But the ladies think that there is a chance of salvation for the most abandoned costume. They sew little strips of red or of blue on this one; they even make oil silk ruffles for their oil silk hoods. And talking of ruffles, I am told that the nuns themselves cannot help trimming their nightcaps with them.

When that wise woman came from the West, preaching to her sisters that one of their lost rights was to dress like men; and Bloomers appeared in the streets for a short time; it was amusing to see this irrepressible instinct in them struggling against the new fashion they had adopted. They shortened their petticoats a little, and there was the end of it. Their shoes were no stouter nor easier. They wore a something on their heads uglier than a bonnet, and no better a protection against sun and wind. They made their jackets and trouserettes of the same flimsy stuffs as before, and over all were scattered trimmings, mixed after the glaring and confused manner of the West; superabundant, incongruous, and unsuitable. Yet all their concessions to Nature did not suffice to keep Bloomerism alive. Reforming ladies soon turned their energies to some other right which demanded less self-abnegation.

This instinct shows itself in rhetoric as well as in millinery. Women write so much more amusing letters than men, because they set forth the naked facts in a lively, cheerful dress, and trim them with amusing details, giving them an altogether different aspect. And here I may add, parenthetically, that the wild superlatives of every-day feminine talk, such as splendid! delicious! fascinating!—or odious! shocking! awful! are only conversational trimmings in very bad taste. Trimmings!—the word is trivial;—smacks perhaps of vulgarity:—but in it we catch a glimpse of the truth of two lines in a chorus of Faust: Gœthe's not Gounod's.

—das Naturel der Frauen
Ist so nah mit Kunst verwandt.

"Woman's nature is so near akin to Art," says that great German who knew a great deal about women. Think a moment, and you will find that every woman *you* know, is a bit of an artist. A woman comes into a house as the warm spring sun comes upon the frozen earth. The cold white walls become bright with color. Graceful furniture, rich draperies, pretty little objects of art, plants, flowers spring up in the empty rooms, where previously mere chairs and tables had sufficed for the daily wants of existence. All women have not the best taste; but I never saw one who did not attempt to decorate herself and her home.

We are taught that woman is younger and nearer to nature than man. This is why, perhaps, she loves better the gay colors and the beautiful forms with which Mother Earth trims her skies and her fields in summer and autumn. She was superadded to Adam's clayey nature as a trimming to adorn and to spiritualize the dull routine of common life. That is woman's mission, in spite of Abby Kelley and of Mrs. Swisshelm.

OLD SAWS WITH NEW READINGS—No. I.

"A Bad Beginning makes a Good Ending."

Some men, wise enough to make proverbs, have said that those we now have—miniature philosophies and pocket compends of ethics as they are—have come down to us as relics of a grand system of wisdom that lived before song and printing, and perished for the want of them—pebbles polished by daily use, like the *detritus* of a worn-out mountain. Scattered through all nations, and apt for every condition, they are therefore but particles or half-aspects of truth. Each is unsafe to generalize upon, and wants correction by some other. They utter only partial counsels, for special human needs and states.

There is a sneaking and cowardly class of proverbs, fit to mislead blunderers, and ensnare the weak. Who else ever needed the assertion, or invented the belief, that "a bad beginning makes a good ending?" What has education to say to this? Is the street-sweep already on the road to paradise, or not rather to the state prison? Rarey's worst subjects were those whose training had to be forgotten and begun again. A savage is in more hopeful progress, all untaught, than a city pariah of much bad knowledge. We know the schoolboy who learned his letters upside down; but the teacher had to turn him often in the same way, before the right end could be reached. This little oracle must be bounded in its use, or that other held false, that "just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

'Tis a poor way to induce caution and foresight. Shall we deny the natural order of things, in which a sequence of success crowns prudence at the outset? Not so thought Davy of the West, with his "first be sure you're right, then go ahead." It is hard enough, as human nature is, to bring a good beginning to a good ending, without stumbling at the start over a bad one. This is the mere apology of rashness, and lure to the headlong.

That was a cunning shipwright who was minded to crush his sailor's superstition by flying in its face with a bad beginning. Yet his vessel, though named "The Friday," begun and launched on Friday, and setting sail on Friday, was never heard of again, on Friday or any other day. He did but confirm the foolish belief, by disproving the proverb.

Think of a man's setting out to win another's friendship by an ill turn. Raleigh neglected this bit of wisdom, when he flung his cloak down for the royal steps, instead of leading them deeper into the mire. If this saying must be heeded, then the point at which regard flushes into affection is not to be hinted by a verse or flower, but marked by some offence. The lover shall stammer his young passion with sneers instead of sighs, and hug himself upon rejection, in the certainty that it will lead to his triumph. What cross purposes in courtship would follow, and in married life no less! Who would waste the fair commencement of a compliment, if rudeness is of better augury? Yet Petruchio meets fewer Katharines in the world than Biancas. Faith in this saw hails the entrance of poverty at the door, as barring the window against the flight of love. For the man who believes it believes that by trying the worst possible beginning in marrying upon nothing at all, he bespeaks prosperity, and makes sure of domestic peace.

He has read history backward, who draws this experience from it, and takes Cain for an example. Shall we be wiser than the wise men of old, who asked from the flight of birds a lucky sign upon their plans? What city was ever built, or war waged, or great enterprise set on foot, except in defiance of this saying? And in our day, the aim of statesmen and the end of science is to give it the lie in the practical conduct of life.

Rebellion wants no better lever than this error. This was its trust when it fled to ills it did not know of, rather than bear the good it had. But it was with real tears and not with a hopeful smile that its leader turned his back upon the Senate. And its good ending neither followed swiftly nor is approaching afar off. You have seen the painting of that murderer clutching the bag of gold to his bosom, who rushes madly on in the darkness, while an awful shape with drawn sword floats above and close after him? It was not the truth of this proverb that the ancients expressed by Nemesis.

Cleverness, like a picture, shows to better advantage in a gilt frame.

In a Frenchman's paradise we observe an unfortunate preponderance of Magdalens.

CHARADE.—No. II.

A generous ally of nature my first.
Not a tuber could start, not a beanpod could burst,
If my premier (unlike those of England and France)
Did not give to a struggling new growth a chance.
Did not strike with a will each confederate weed,
That strove the bright growth of a flower to impede.

Far other my second, his impulses tend
Like South Carolina, the fabric to rend;
No fate is too high, no reed is too low,
If he touches at all, his touch is a blow;
One grace alone has he, his friends to inspire,
We think of him kindly beside a wood fire.

My whole! if you guess me, why then I'm no more,
No character stands on so sliding a floor,
It is when I am not, that I *am*, don't you see?
I've no constitution and no history,
If you guess me, I'm gone, I shall not live a minute,
But, meanwhile, if there *is* any doubt, I am in it.

A SOCIAL EXCHANGE.

A mine of wealth lies unopened at our very feet. It is strange that society, in adopting so many hints from commercial life, should have failed to develop a scheme that would unite the activity of an exchange with the convenience of a post office, and effect an immense saving of that time which in the present state of the gold market is, more than ever, money.

As the city extends, mere space and numbers make social observances so difficult that their neglect is almost excusable. Who now goes up town to a reception? Who has not docked or dropped his list of New Year's calls? Who does not wonder why people ever give small parties, and sigh over the visit assigned by courtesy as the penalty for having been asked to one? Let a bold conception save both the time and the credit of the victims to our present social inconveniences.

In some central place—as a department, perhaps, of Stewart's, with a branch at Delmonico's, in William street—let a Social Exchange be established. There let every woman and man who is within the charmed circle of good society have her or his numbered box. Here, on the way to business or to shopping, people will deposit packets of cards and invitations, addressed to the acquaintances to whom they are due, and will receive in return those intended for them. At the end of every month, let the accounts be adjusted, and a new deal of cards be made to those entitled. What a saving of time and vexation would be gained. Pasteboard civilities would be reduced to that mere formality which they deserve to follow; we could card, without seeing, people whom we personally don't care to see, and could reserve our real visits for real friends, without neglecting what are facetiously called the duties of Society. And the reunions to which people will be invited need not really be given—at a great expense and worry.

A proper President for such an establishment will at once occur to every one's mind—a man of weight and gravity, acceptable to all parties, and experienced in the ordering of social life—an indispensable out-door manager under our present system, whenever a wedding-ring or a hearse is the centre of attraction. And the place of secretary under him would be eagerly sought by young men of inexperience who could thus become familiar with all good names and circles, and with their relations, and might in time even be allowed to have a box to themselves.

Anything may now be had from the Legislature; and that man will benefit his race and line his pocket who shall first hurry to Albany for a charter, organizing an Institution on the plan here sketched.

Certain leading Copperheads, like Milton's fallen angels,

"——— apart sat on a hill retired
In thoughts more elevate, and reasoned high
Of constitutions, laws, and human rights,
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost."

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED.

(*To be continued daily.*)

FROM THE LADIES' RECEIVING DEPARTMENT.

A Rebel dagger, with sheath and belt.
Pincushions, &c., Mrs. Richard Brown.
Valuable old books, Mr. Lamson.
A child's dress, Miss Bird.
1 set coral, necklace, pin, earrings and comb, Messrs. Bishop & Rein.
Crayon drawing, Italian girl, Mrs. W. Harland.
Arms and trophies, from Buffalo, N. Y.
1 basket artificial flowers, Mrs. Harris.
1 chemise yoke, E. J. H.
An oil painting, Miss A. C. Myer.
1 bedstead, J. Starkey.
Needles, Mr. R. Richards.
1 water-color painting, Mrs. Charles Crandall.
Watch cases, mats, slippers and sachets, Mrs. Simpson, West Farms.
2 children's hats, Myers & Co.
Drugs and perfumery, Geo. Hunter.
150 copies of "The Angel's Song," C. A. Munger.
1 knit worsted hood, Mrs. Charles Purviance.
1 Shetland hood, knit by an old lady of 78 years of age, a friend.
Boots and slippers, T. Mumford Seabury, Newport.
5 pairs slippers for soldiers, Mrs. C. Dodge, Great Neck, L. I.
1 sack, pincushion, dressing gown and slippers, Mrs. A. S. Baldwin.
2 pair slippers, 1 pair boots, Mme. Prévost.
1 sewing chair and small table, the Ladies' Union Relief Society, Rhinebeck.
A quantity of worsted articles, Miss M. M. Bird.
1 hoop skirt, Mrs. H. G. McKenna.
1 crochet tidy, E. S., Fairmount, Westchester Co.
2 boxes from Geneva, N. Y., Miss Stoddard, Secretary of Commission, $425.72.
3 pair men's slippers, Miss Williman.
3 large clouds, 1 small one, Mrs. Shaw.
1 book, G. C. Brown.
A box of moss, Mrs. Moore, Trenton Falls.
A basket of artificial flowers, A. A. Burr.
A tidy, a friend.
A child's embroidered bonnet, Mrs. Henry Harrison.
Afghan, pincushion, basket and doll, Mrs. S. Blatchford.
14 worsted pelerines, Mrs. Logée, $103.
A communion service for the sick, and 3 shell snuff boxes, silver-mounted, Girardus Boyce.
A child's sack, A. Lane.
39 colored photographic leaves, through Mrs. Lane, $329.
A hoop skirt, Princess Clotilde Manufacturing Co.
A package of shoes, S. Cantrell, $100.
12 doll pincushions, Mrs. John Morris.
A box of goods, Mrs. Hasbrouck, Kingston, N. Y.
3 boys' suits of clothes, Amos Clark.
1 large Bible, Mrs. Bradish.
1 foot stool, Miss Bradish.
1 box, containing pincushions, &c., Sanquoit, Oneida Co.
One case of wine, John S. Pierce.
6 worsted hoods, 2 pincushions, 2 bags, Mrs. W. S. Verplanck, Fishkill.
1 doz. cravats, T. L. Harding.
4 mosses framed, Mrs. B. D. Harris.
4 mosses framed, Miss Helen Hollister.
4 mosses framed, Mrs. Pease.
1 pincushion, worked by the donor, E. A. Cummins, 5 years old.
1 doz. dolls' socks, 3 pairs mittens, knit and given by a crippled soldier.
1 pair mats, and 1 infant's jacket, Mary F. Shelton, and a lady of Port Chester.
1 straw bonnet, dressed doll, and four lace sets, A. Phillips.
5 pair shoes, Henry C. Setzinger.
Men's and youths' furnishing goods, T. S. Lowery & Co., $277.29.
60 cushions, friend Dorcas.
Globe and gold fish, Mrs. Crawley, Astoria.
11 glass eyes, A. Hawley Heath, M. D.
Autograph letters, E. F. Sise, Portsmouth, N. H.
1 lady's travelling case, Miss C. A. Loring, Gt. Barrington.
1 box paper weights, Mrs. Plympton, Cambridge.
8 cases, marked L. K. & Co. and W. P.
1 smoking cap, Mrs. Kirby.
1 antique dress on exhibition, Mrs. A. W. Brown.
Mats and doll, Mrs. G. S. Porter, Utica.
Baby-house, Mrs. Ray.
Baby-house, Mrs. Gentil, $150.
1 doll in fancy dress, Mrs. A. B. Mott, $100.
1 child's embroidered skirt, Mrs. Jessup.
3 bark baskets, Mrs. Dr. Hogeboom, Castleton, Rensselear Co.
Articles of virtu, and a Chinese satin dress, Louis Anrich.
Bedsteads, doll, bags and shawl, Mrs. B. W. Bull.
1 sofa cushion, Mrs. Green.
Nut pincushions and emeries, Geo. Brown.
2 peasants' waists, Mesdames Virfolet.
6 doll pincushions, Miss Brown.
Chinese banner on exhibition, Mrs. H. S. Brown.
1 gilt picture frame, Rev. Jacob Abbott.
1 oil painting, James Fairman.
12 bottles Calisaya bark, C. Seidel.
Marble bust of Washington, Americans in Genoa.
Comb basket, combs and brushes, anonymous.
11 yards calico, watch cases and pincushion, Mrs. G. H. Wheeler, Williamsburgh.
1 afghan, children of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum.
1 tidy, Miss Elizabeth Smith.
1 lady's cloth riding jacket, Métérié & Russell.
1 afghan, Misses Comstock, Jersey City.
1 box, containing various articles, Mrs. Nathan Anderson, Rondout.
1 package books, W. C. Bryant, Esq.
1 box maple sugar, Antoinette Dubois, New Paltz.
2 bonnets, Mrs. Hopkins.
Drawing books in six parts, Sigismund Schuster.
1 pair men's slippers, and 3 pairs shoes, John Walter.
Perfumery and fancy articles, John Faber.
3 packages from Paris, addressed to Mrs. McEvers.
2 kegs imitation, Mr. John V. Kennedy.
1 pair bouquets, G. W. Bassford.
1 centennial celebration address, a friend.
20 checker boards, Wm. Schlingloff.
100 pieces music, Chas. W. Warren.
1 pair worked slippers, and 2 pairs stockings, Mrs. D. H. Olmstead.
8 1-3 doz. kites, Thos. M. McNair.
1 China bust of Plato, 2 curious maps, E. Crommelin.
3 work baskets, 1 box of pincushions, no name.
8 head nets, Lawrence, Griggs & Kingsbury.
A moss cottage, Aid Society, Deposit.
3 cases and 1 bundle, St. Timothy's Church, $156.35.
3 barrels, Mrs. Taintor.
1 box by U. S. and Canada Express, and $4 in money, Mrs. Sam'l W. Malone.
Articles, and $10 in money, Mrs. U. L. Farnham, Silver Creek.
1 package tropical balsam, Carreno Brothers & Co.
2 infants' dresses, and other articles, Frothingham Relief Society.
12 napkin rings, Mrs. Crawford, Brattleboro'.
Various fancy articles, Miss Williams, Bloomingdale.
Dolls, pincushions, &c., Miss Budd.
1 black walnut chair, Mr. Ira Campbell.
3 Chinese umbrellas, 5 Japanese brooms, 1 stone adze, 2 fans, Sandwich Islands, S. S. E., through M. S. Bidwell, jr.
Tuberose roots, Indian slippers, &c., Mrs. Strong, Newtown, L. I.
2 doz. cocoa soap, John Rudolphy.
3 boxes, containing curtains, children's dresses and fancy articles, Mrs. Henschel and friends.
2 moss mats, 2 doz. dressed dolls, Miss Hattie M. Constable.
1 package music, Mr. Franz Schlotter.
1 work table from Paris, addressed to Mrs. Lyman.
5 boxes fancy and useful articles, Mrs. Stetson.
1 braided merino child's dress, Mrs. G. M. Harpel.
5 hoop skirts, Miss C. Stoppelkam.
1 child's double gown, Mrs. Trabor.
Fancy articles, Miss Clark and Miss Andrews.
1 basket of shells, Master Alfred Mangan.
1 footstool, Mrs. Charles Townsend.
2 book marks, 1 pincushion, a friend.
2 braided sacks, 3 child's dresses, Miss Hutchinson.
2 child's calico waists, Miss Banker.
2 work baskets, St. Philip's Aid Society, Highlands.
1 bonnet, Mme. Heep Flammé.
2 footstools, L. Marcotte & Co.
1 case surgical instruments, Otto & Reynder.
1 pair braided slippers, Mrs. M. L. Callender.
1 cushion, Miss Mary Hovey.
Piece of porcelain tower, Nankin, China, Mr. Leland, Occid'l Hotel, San Francisco.
11 boxes feather flowers, &c., Miss Sanford.
Articles for soldiers' use, young ladies in Juv. Dep't of the 12th street school, $328.25.
4 pairs soldiers' socks, Miss Dean.
1 crochet tidy, Mrs. Downs.
Child's camp stool, mats, lithographs, a friend to the Sanitary Commission.
1 pair candelabra, 1 pair vases, Mitchell, Vance & Co.
1 brioche, Mrs. John Morris.
1 pincushion, Miss Bella Gunn.
2 pencil sketches on wood, A. C. Warren.
1 small footstool, no name.
19 pincushions, 16 watch cases, 38 pen wipers, Mrs. E. De Freest.
Watch cases, pincushions, &c., Miss Post.
22 sea mosses, Miss St. John Page.
1 gentleman's overcoat, John Johnson.
2 pincushions, 1 tidy, 6 pen wipers, Mrs. A. W. Brown.
1 sofa cushion, Mrs. Charles E. Lee.
1 pair slippers, Miss Fanny Bunce.
2 sofa cushions, 1 pincushion, Ladies' Frothingham Relief Association.
Fancy articles, S. E. B. S. and Miss Southard and friends.
1 child's afghan, a lady.
1 pair slippers, Grace Ada Beven.
3 bead collars, Miss Jenny Racey.
1 group of lilies, 1 cushion, Mrs. Lambert.
1 worsted tidy, Miss Lambert.
1 embroidered cushion, Miss Lizzie Getty.
1 pincushion, 8 needle books, Miss M. B. Renwick, Portchester.
1 pincushion, Celia J. Jones, Portchester.
2 pairs worsted leggings, Mrs. Philips.
Slavery and its consequences, an engraving, Fritz Meyer.
1 pair boots, 1 pair balmorals, 1 pair ties, Henry Lux.
1 bundle old newspapers, relics, Middletown, Conn.
1 box fancy worsted articles, the Chegaray Institute, $125.25.
1 couteau de chasse, 1 Algerine dagger and officer's sword, Henry E. Pierrepont, Esq., Brooklyn.
1 French flag, Mme. Gauldrée Boillau.
Collection cameos, agates and mosaics, M. Fox & Co.
1 bronze picture, J. G. Wheret.
2 boxes fancy articles, Children of the N. Y. Orphan Asylum, $160.
8 bath mittens, 2 pairs mats, Miss Cleveland.
1 pair slippers, Mrs. E. R. Peaslee.
2 boxes of books, Geo. R. Lockwood.
15 autograph letters, E. F. Sise, Portsmouth, N. H.
2 pincushions, Miss S. Brown and F. Curtis.
2 boxes flowers, R. K. Bright.
11 pairs socks, old ladies of St. Luke's Home.
2 flower baskets, and 2 watch cases, Miss Marian C. Dana.
1 child's bonnet, Mme. Elise Veit.
1 wax vase, Mrs. and Miss Lloyd.
1 box dry goods, J. H. Diggles, $503.85.
1 afghan, and 1 knit shawl, Miss Miller.
7 boxes flowers for decoration, J. H. Tucker.
3 pincushions, Miss Josephine Callahan.
68 pairs bows for shoes, J. H. Weller.
24 pairs bows for shoes, E. M. Demarest.
1 afghan, Mrs. J. C. Woodward.
10 doz. scarfs, L. W. H. Ward.
1 gold-mounted cane, Mr. Vernon.
2 punch ladles, Mr. Charles Weeks.
1 pair worked slippers, no name.

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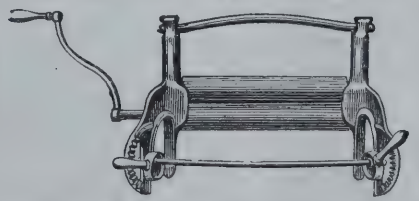

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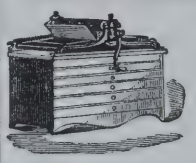

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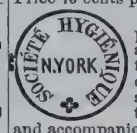

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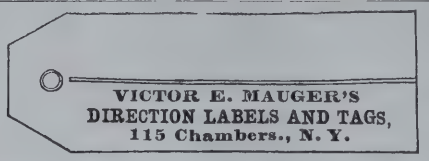

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STEINWAY & SONS,
Manufacturers of
GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT
PIANOS,
Have Removed their Warerooms to
Nos. 71 & 73 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET,
Between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

F. DERBY & COMPANY,
MERCHANT TAILORS & IMPORTERS,
No. 57 WALKER STREET,
(West side of Broadway,) NEW YORK,
Have the good fortune to announce that they have received, and have now in Store, a complete assortment of
NEW GOODS,
Being made to order
FOR THEIR OWN SALES,
Through Messrs. BARLOW, PAYNE & Co.,
Manufacturers' Agents, London,
Adapted to the wants of gentlemen of taste, who appreciate style and quality in Clothing, and which they are willing to make up to order in their usual well-known style of excellence at popular prices.
57 *Walker Street, New York.*

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF THE FAIR AND GUIDE TO THE DEPARTMENTS.

The Main Entrance is on Fourteenth street, through the temporary building erected in front of the armory of the 22d N. Y. State National Guards.

On the right of the Main Entrance is the Indian Department: On the left is the Department of Arms and Trophies.

On entering the main building by the central door, the following is the order of departments and tables.

SOUTH SIDE—right of Main Entrance.

Jacob's Well.
Room No. 3—Hardware and Furnishing Goods.
Stall 44—Children's Clothing.
Room No. 2—Treasurer's Department.
Stall 43—Broadway Tabernacle.
Room No. 1—Lingeries and Trimmings.

SAME SIDE—left of Main Entrance.

Stall for the sale of the *Spirit of the Fair* newspaper.
Room No. 4—Stationery and Printing.
Stall 47—Surgical and Optical Instruments.
Room No. 5—Sewing Machines.
Stall 48—Soda Fountain.
Executive Committee Room.
Card Printing.

NORTH SIDE—Fifteenth street
(Beginning at West end).

1st Entrance to Machinery and Shipbuilder's Department.
Stall 36—Boots and Shoes.
Stall 37—Harness, Bridles, and Leather Goods.
2d Entrance to Machinery Department.
Stall 38—Dry Goods.
Stall 39—India Rubber Goods.
3d Entrance to Machinery Department.
Clothes-Wringing Machine.

EAST WALL
(Beginning at North end).

New York Fire Department, extending half the length of the wall.
Stall—Roman Department.
Entrance to Carriage and Agricultural Department and Mathematical Instruments.
Stall—Jewelry and Silver Ware.
Entrance to Wholesale Departments of
Tobacco and Liquors,
Paints, Drugs and Perfumeries,
Oils, Soaps and Candles,
Wholesale and retail Groceries.

These conduct to

THE RESTAURANT.

From which two flights of stairs lead to

THE DINING SALOON.

THE CENTRE OF THE MAIN BUILDING
is occupied by
Floral Temple, and Flower Department.

LIST OF TABLES ON MAIN FLOOR.

No. 1—N. Y. Turnverein.
2—Furs, Hats, and Caps.
3—Porcelain and Glass.
4—Episcopal Church of Resurrection.
5—Rev. Mr. Gantz's Church.
6—St. Matthew's, Lutheran.
7—Baptist.
8—Buffalo.
9—Owego.
10—New Bedford.
11—7th Precinct Police.
12—Ohio.
13—Staten Island.
14—Welsh Church.
15—Hastings on Hudson.
16—Norwalk.
17—Welsh Church.
18—Westchester.
19—Harlem.
20—Methodist Church.
21—Wholesale Fancy Goods.
22—English Cloths.
23— Do. do.
24—Fancy Goods and Waxwork.
25—Retail Perfumery and Drugs.
26—Presbyterian Church.
27— Do. do.
28—Dutch Reformed.
29—Fancy Goods—"Excelsior."
30—Children's Clothing.
31—Parisian Fancy Goods.

THE PICTURE GALLERY

extends along the West end of the main building. The entrance is from Fourteenth street, the most Westerly door. At one end is

THE GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND ENGRAVINGS.

THE SECOND STORY MAIN BUILDING

is reached by the staircase near the Picture Gallery, and is divided into the following Departments:

Room No. 11—Ladies' Executive Committee Room.
" " 10—Architectural Ornaments, Stained Glass, and Tapestries.
" " 9—Library and Book Store.
" " 7 and 8—Old Curiosity Shop.
" " 6—Millinery and Dressmaking.
Rooms beyond—Furniture and Upholstery Department.
74—Ladies' Hair Dressing Department.
73—Mineral Department.
Dress Cutting Department.

DOOR TO DINING SALOON.

The floor above is occupied by the Photographic Department.

PLAN OF THE UNION SQUARE BUILDING.

The main entrances are on the South side of the two wings adjoining the Park.

The East Wing is occupied by

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

(Exhibition in this department each day.)

The Central Division consists of

THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DEPARTMENT

(Two Concerts daily),

and the

KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN.

The West Wing contains the

INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT,

containing contributions from various quarters of the world. In the centre of this building is a fountain.

THE CATTLE SHOW connected with the Fair is situated in Fifteenth street, near Seventh avenue. Among the Contributions of Stock will be found

A White Ox from Livingston county, weighing 3602 pounds—an Alderney Cow—a Durham Bull—Sheep—Shetland Ponies and Horses, &c., &c.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Augustus R. Macdonough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N.Y.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS OF THE FAIR.

The Art Gallery, notwithstanding the additional charge for admission, has been crowded every day and evening since the opening of the Fair. Its popularity is well deserved. A finer collection of paintings was never before brought together in an American gallery; and there are pictures there which would do honor to the most celebrated collections in Europe. The Niagara and the Heart of the Andes, by Church, and the Rocky Mountains, by Bierstadt, which with other admirable landscapes adorn the walls of our Gallery, are alone sufficient to show that in this Department of art America is already far in advance of Europe. We have not space for a detailed description of this fine collection, which does so much honor to the art-taste of New York, but we shall publish in a day or two an interesting article, from a competent pen, on several of the most noteworthy pictures.

An object of interest in the gallery is the flag which is to be presented to Maj.-Gen. Dix. It is of blue silk, and in the centre is a patriotic device designed by Leutze, around which is embroidered the famous order—which will be forever memorable in our annals for its contrast with the imbecile and cringing spirit which characterized the measures of the national administration—"If any man dares to haul down the flag, shoot him on the spot!" Two other flags exhibited at the same place are interesting mementoes of this order, one of them being the flag of the revenue cutter *McClelland*, in reference to which the order was issued, the other the Rebel flag found on board the cutter when she was recaptured by Admiral Farragut at New Orleans.

In front of the stand where these flags are displayed is a table on which lies a book containing the autographs of President Lincoln, the Vice-President, the Members of the Cabinet, Members of Congress, Generals Fremont, Burnside, McClellan, and of many other distinguished gentlemen in civil and military life.

One of the most interesting departments of the Fair is the one which Mr. Webb has fitted out with so much taste and elegance. The superb model of the Russian frigate *General Admiral* attracts much attention by its beautiful finish and the perfection exhibited in all the details. It is one of the most complete models ever constructed. The section of the iron-clad *Dunderberg* excites the curiosity of all visitors. Even the model has a formidable look; and we fancy that when the actual ship, completely armed, takes possession of the sea, she will find few rivals willing to dispute her right.

Flags in the Department of Arms and Trophies.—Colonel Hawkins, besides the credit of the tasteful arrangement of the articles in the Arms and Trophies Department, is entitled to the greater credit of rescuing from obscurity some seventy flags intimately associated with the history and glory of our country. They are principally flags captured by our Navy during the War of 1812. They were found boxed up at the Naval Academy, of New York. How long they had been in that condition, we cannot say, but the ravages of the moths which have nearly destroyed some of them, show that they have long been neglected.

The first captured of these flags, is that of the French frigate, L'Insurgente, of forty guns, captured by the Constellation, under Commodore Truxton, on February 9, 1799, after an hour's contest, the first serious naval contest after the close of the Revolution. The Insurgent subsequently passed into our Navy.

The Tripolitan flag of the Philadelphia, reminds us of the accident by which she passed into the hands of the Tripolitans, and the daring manner in which she was captured and burned, in the harbor of Tripoli, in February, 1804, by Decatur, who there laid the foundation of the fame he subsequently acquired. Cooper in his Naval History says of this capture, In whatever light we regard this exploit, it extorts our admiration and praise; the boldness in the conception of the enterprise being even surpassed by the perfect manner in which all its parts were executed. This flag was the sole relic preserved of that noble frigate. The flag of the Alert (No. 661), marks the opening of the war of 1812, that vessel of twenty guns having been the first vessel of war captured in 1812.. She was captured by the Essex, under Captain Porter, in the summer of that year. Next in point of time comes the flag and pennant of the Guerrière, captured by the Constitution, under Hull; then the flag of the Frolic, captured by the Wasp, under Jones, in the famous contest in which the guns literally touched each other; that of the Macedonian, taken by the United States, under Decatur; that of the frigate Java, prize to the Constitution, under Bainbridge; of the Peacock, captured by the Hornet, under Lawrence, after a brief contest, which left her in a sinking condition; that of the Boxer, captured by the Enterprise, in the first successful contest our navy had after the loss of the Chesapeake.

Besides these there are the flags of the Reindeer and the Avon, both captured by the Wasp; the Epervier, captured by the Peacock, which had herself been a prize. Other flags will be mentioned hereafter.

New Jersey Department.—A visitor to "Cockloft Hall," or the "Sunnyside Booth," in the New Jersey Department, after a diligent examination of the many interesting souvenirs of the author whom the edifice and contents commemorate, reverently asked permission to sit at the library table formerly used by Mr. Irving. After writing a few lines, he insisted upon paying handsomely for the privilege. In contrast to this appreciative devotion to the departed great, it may be mentioned that one lady visitor was under the impression that Washington Irving was the Father of his country. A gentleman from the country, after listening with apparent interest to the story of poor Rose Standish's scarf, now on exhibition in the booth, "guessed that 'ere article hadn't been worn very lately," and wondered that "Mrs. Standish wore it so long. Why! it is all ragged!" Another, a callow exquisite, drawled out an inquiry for one of Rip Van Winkle's autographs, having seen the case of Irving's MSS., and retired in great disgust at the incomplete collection on hand.

The Swiss table in the Seventeenth street building presents the novelty of a peasant girl spinning at an old-fashioned wheel—dressed in the costume of one of the Cantons. The dress will be exchanged each day for that of some new Canton, and girl, wheel, and costume are all natives of the mountain-land.

The beautiful disposition of the Flags which decorate the walls of the western wing of the Seventeenth street building deserves admiration. The national American standards cover the front, the United States, Mexico, and Brazil holding that place of honor. Opposite are the Swiss colors, and on the sides those of European and other foreign States. The *coup d'œil* of their interior is finer than that offered by any other single point or group in either edifice of the Fair.

For Children.—A Matinée Dansante for young people will be given on the 16th of April, at Irving Hall, for the benefit of the Metropolitan Fair, under the direction of some of the most influential ladies of the city. Dancing and good things, together with interludes of magic lantern and of Punch and Judy, (provided that Signor Punch's valuable services can be dispensed with by the Opera Company,) offer sufficient attractions to young folks, and to those of larger growth there is no prettier sight than a party of healthy, well-dressed children eager in the pursuit of pleasure.

Station No. 19 is under the management of and furnished by the Ladies' Union Aid Society, of Harlem, and not by the Convent of the Sacred Heart, as has been published in some notices.

Official Notices.—Articles found are to be left at the offices of Executive Committee or of Police.

Goods will be delivered south of Fiftieth street free of expense, but at risk of purchasers.

Communications for the Spirit of the Fair may be left in the letter box at the newspaper counter, left of principal entrance, 14th street building.

The *Committee on Newspaper*, besides the obligation they lie under to the distinguished writers who have contributed to the columns, desire to acknowledge valuable aid from the following persons: E. A Duyckinck, Pierre M. Irving, J. F. Trow, H. T. Tuckerman, and E. M. Sperry.

NOTICE.

All communications having reference to business connected with this newspaper should be left in the letter box at the Stall of the Spirit of the Fair, which is in the main building, 14th street, next the principal entrance.

HOW I CAME TO BE A NURSE.

No. II.

MY FIRST SOLDIER.

Other things besides bandaging were important in the education of a finished nurse. It was necessary that we should understand the mysteries of the Saucepan. So a course of lectures came to be proposed, which should combine saucepans, ventilation and the general laws of health. The day and hour were appointed—we climbed to the top of a building six stories high, and sat in rows, expectant. He came—our lecturer—he regretted that an important engagement would take him out of town at once; he would on the next occasion place before us a variety of saucepans and small, portable cooking-stoves, and proceed to draw from them some valuable practical lessons, important to us in our proposed philanthropic career. He smiled and bowed—we trotted down the six pair of stairs, and three days afterward we climbed them again. He came—our lecturer—he regretted that a friend should have met and detained him, and that so much of the important hour should have passed. He furnished us with some valuable suggestions concerning bed-making, and the expediency of not jamming the cots into the walls, and allowing old clothes, apple-parings, etc., to accumulate largely under them. He had been disappointed in the saucepans, but still held out to us a brilliant *future* of shining kitchen furniture.

We trotted down the six pairs of stairs, and three days afterward we climbed them again. He came—our lecturer—breathless from a "press of engagements"—he had hardly time to spare us, but still threw out a few remarks on the importance of not building enormous fires in a sick room, and shutting all the doors and windows, and covering the patient's head with a blanket. The tin ware was still unaccountably postponed—but the future was ours, though a "press of engagements" obliged us to cut short the present.

We trotted down the six pairs of stairs, and whether the saucepans were finally made to disgorge their valuable practical lessons, I am unable to say. An "unexpected engagement," etc., etc., has prevented my ever again climbing to the top of that unpleasant building. No doubt, however, the frying-pans did eventually appear, unless "unexpectedly called out of town," and the valuable truths concerning them were deduced—for our Professor was a most amiable man, and the subject an important one.

How an Army Nurse should dress, was a question of vital interest. The Committee sat upon us, and as a necessary consequence our hoops were abated. Then our gowns were taken in hand, and a very sensible brown and white gingham uniform decided upon. We were allowed a moderate supply of clothing, and our garments should be made for us, on one pattern, if we pleased? slight differences in height and size not to be considered.

Thus armed and equipped we could pack our small trunks and sit in rows, serenely conscious of a finished education, waiting a summons from the Army of the Potomac.

Before the summons from the Army, though, came sickness among our soldiers passing through the great cities. Measles and typhoid fever began almost immediately. New wards in hospitals had to be opened, and the beds were filled faster than we could make them. Such nice fellows too, from the country villages as were brought in.

My first patient of the war, was a Duryea's Zouave, not a country boy though, but one of those poor desolate creatures, so many of whom the army has sheltered, giving them the first *home* they have ever known. My Zouave was dying when he enlisted; he had no friends, no place to live in, no place to die in, so he told me, and came into the army for the sake of finding one. "I felt the sickness coming on and I knew if I was a soldier, they would put me into a hospital, and *then* I could die there."

Poor soul! he was young and refined, in look and manner, and so comforted by little attentions, so appreciative of them, and never to have had anything of the kind given him through all his lonely life.

Now, in these few last days of it, there was a satisfaction in doing everything for him, in being as good to him as possible, in bringing him all that a gentleman's son might have had. So, with his poor tired head on my arm, I fed him with jellies and ices, and in little ways tried to comfort him. We owed him all the blessing we could bring into these last few moments of a dreary life, and it was a consolation to focus the brightness of an ordinary twenty-four years upon the last twenty-four hours of them.

My Zouave died, and they buried him in his fine new clothes—the best he had ever had—and put him to sleep in his own bed; now, at last, *his own*, that no one would dispute with him; no one grudge him possession of forever.

We would call the attention of musical composers to the following beautiful poem contributed by Mrs. Akers. These verses are full of tender feeling, and were composed for the purpose of being set to music. We must remind our readers, however, that our newspaper is copyrighted, and hence the permission of the author must be obtained before republishing her poem in any other form.

AT LAST.

BY MRS. AKERS.

At last, when all the summer shine
That warmed life's early hours, is past,
Four loving fingers seek for mine
And hold them close—at last—at last!
Not oft the robin comes to build
Its nest upon the leafless bough
By autumn robbed, by winter chilled—
But you, dear heart, you love me now.

Though there are shadow on my brow
And furrows on my cheek, in truth—
The marks where Time's remorseless plough
Broke up the blooming sward of Youth;—
Though fled is every girlish grace
Might win or hold a lover's vow,
Despite my sad and faded face,
And darkened heart, you love me now!

I count no more my wasted tears—
They left no echo of their fall;
I mourn no more my lonesome years—
This blessed hour atones for all.
I fear not all that Time or Fate
May bring to burden heart or brow—
Strong in the love that came so late,
Our souls shall keep it always, now.

HOW TO DO IT.

A RHYME FOR THE TIME.

There was an old man who said "How
Shall I manage this horrible cow?—
I will sit on the stile
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of this cow."

A Patriot then I heard say
"It is a most excellent way:
If the way is not good,
My name is not Wood,"
I heard that pure patriot say.

George William Curtis.

NOTICE.

The Chairmen of Committees will please send to the Newspaper Committee a correct list of the articles contributed to their departments, which are not included in the lists of goods received at 2 Great Jones street and by the agent of the 14th street building, for publication in this paper.

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1864.

NEW YORK.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

(*Continued.*)

The first popular error, then, that we shall venture to assail, is that connected with the prevalent notion of the sovereignty of the States. We do not believe that the several States of this Union are, in any legitimate meaning of the term, sovereign at all. We are fully aware that this will be regarded as a bold, and possibly as a presuming proposition, but we shall endeavor to work it out with such means as we may have at command.

We lay down the following premises as too indisputable to need any arguments to sustain them: viz., the authority which formed the present Constitution of the United States had the legal power to do so. That authority was in the Government of the States, respectively, and not in their people in the popular signification, but through their people in the political meaning of the term, and what was then done must be regarded as acts connected with the composition and nature of governments, and of no minor or different interests of human affairs.

It being admitted, that the power which formed the government was legitimate, we obtain one of the purest compacts for the organization of human society that probably ever existed. The ancient allegiance, under which the Colonies had grown up to importance, had been extinguished by solemn treaty, and the States met in Convention, sustained by all the law they had and backed in every instance by institutions that were more or less popular. The history of the world cannot, probably, furnish another instance of the settlement of the fundamental compact of a great nation under circumstances of so much obvious justice. This gives unusual solemnity and authority to the Constitution of 1787, and invests it with additional claims to our admiration and respect.

The authority which formed the Constitution admitted, we come next to the examination of its acts. It is apparent from the debates and proceedings of the Convention, that two opinions existed in that body; the one leaning strongly toward the concentration of power in the hands of the Federal Government, and the other desirous of leaving as much as possible with the respective States. The principle that the powers which are not directly conceded to the Union should remain in first hands, would seem never to have been denied; and some years after the organization of the Government, it was solemnly recognized in an amendment. We are not disposed, however, to look for arguments to the debates and discussions of the Convention, in our view often a deceptive and dangerous method of construing a law, since the vote is very frequently given on even conflicting reasons. Different minds arrive at the same results by different processes; and it is no unusual thing for men to deny each other's premises, while they accept their conclusions. We shall look, therefore, solely to the compact itself, as the most certain mode of ascertaining what was done.

No one will deny that all the great powers of sovereignty are directly conceded to the Union. The right to make war and peace, to coin money, maintain armies and navies, &c., &c., in themselves overshadow most of the sovereignty of the States. The amendatory clause would seem to annihilate it. By the provisions of that clause three fourths of the States can take away all the powers and rights now resting in the hands of the respective States, with a single exception. This exception gives breadth and emphasis to the efficiency of the clause. It will be remembered that all this can be done within the present Constitution. It is a part of the original bargain. Thus, New York can legally be deprived of the authority to punish for theft, to lay out highways, to incorporate banks, and all the ordinary interests over which she at present exercises control, every human being within her limits dissenting. Now as sovereignty means power in the last resort, this amendatory clause most clearly deprives the State of all sovereign power thus put at the disposition of Conventions of the several States; in fact, the votes of these Conventions, or that of the respective legislatures acting in the same capacity, is nothing but the highest species of legislation known to the country; and no other mode of altering the institutions would be legal. It follows unavoidably, we repeat, that the sovereignty which remains in the several States must be looked for solely in the exception. What then is this exception?

It is a provision which says, that no State may be deprived of its equal representation in the Senate, without its own consent. It might well be questioned whether this provision of the Constitution renders a Senate indispensable to the Government. But we are willing to concede this point and admit that it does. Can the vote of a single State, which is one of a body of thirty, and which is bound to submit to the decision of a legal majority, be deemed a sovereign vote? Assuming that the whole power of the Government of the United States were in the Senate, would any one State be sovereign in such a condition of things? We think not. But the Senate does not constitute by any means the whole or the half of the authority of this Government; its legislative power is divided with a popular body, without the concurrence of which it can do nothing; this dilutes the sovereignty to a degree that renders it very imperceptible, if not very absurd. Nor is this all. After a law is passed by the concurrence of the two houses of Congress, it is sent to a perfectly independent tribunal to decide whether it is in conformity with the principles of the great national compact; thus demonstrating, as we assume, that the sovereignty of this whole country rests, not in its people, not in its States, but in the Government of the Union.

Sovereignty, and that of the most absolute character, is indispensable to the right of secession: Nay, sovereignty, in the ordinary acceptation of the meaning of the term, might exist in a State without this right of secession. We doubt if it would be held sound doctrine to maintain that any single State had a right to secede from the German Confederation, for instance; and many alliances, or mere treaties, are held to be sacred and indissoluble; they are only broken by an appeal to violence.

Every human contract may be said to possess its distinctive character. Thus, marriage is to be distinguished from a partnership in trade, without recurrence to any particular form of words. Marriage, contracted by any ceremony whatever, is held to be a contract for life. The same is true of governments: in their nature they are intended to be indissoluble. We doubt if there be an instance on record of a government that ever existed, under conditions, expressed or implied, that the parts of its territory might separate at will. There are so many controlling and obvious reasons why such a privilege should not remain in the hands of sections or districts, that it is unnecessary to advert to them. But after a country has rounded its territory, constructed its lines of defence, established its system of custom-houses, and made all the other provisions for security, convenience, and concentration, that are necessary to the affairs of a great nation, it would seem to be very presumptuous to impute to any particular district the right to destroy or mutilate a system regulated with so much care.

The only manner in which the right of secession could exist in one of the American States, would be by an express reservation to that effect, in the Constitution. There is no such clause; did it exist it would change the whole character of the Government, rendering it a mere alliance, instead of being that which it now is —a lasting Union. But, whatever may be the legal principles connected with this serious subject, there always exists, in large bodies of men, a power to change their institutions by means of the strong hand. This is termed the right of revolution, and it has often been appealed to to redress grievances that could be removed by no other agency. It is undeniable that the institution of domestic slavery as it now exists in what are termed the Southern and South-Western States of this country, creates an interest of the most delicate and sensitive character. Nearly one half of the entire property of the slave-holding States consists in this right to the services of human beings of a race so different from our own as to render any amalgamation to the last degree improbable, if not impossible. Any one may easily estimate the deep interest that the masters feel in the preservation of their property. The spirit of the age is decidedly against them, and of this they must be sensible; it doubly augments their anxiety for the future. The natural increase, moreover, of these human chattels renders an outlet indispensable, or they will soon cease to be profitable by the excess of their numbers. To these facts we owe the figments which have rendered the Southern school of logicians a little presuming, perhaps, and certainly very sophistical. Among other theories we find the bold one, that the Territories of the United States are the property, not of the several States, but of their individual people; in other words, that the native of New York or Rhode Island, regardless of the laws of the country, has a right to remove to any one of these Territories, carry with him just such property as he may see fit, and make such use of it as he may find convenient. This is a novel co-partnership in jurisdiction, to say the least, and really does not seem worthy of a serious reply.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SIX WRITERS OF THE AUGUSTAN HISTORY.

BY MAJ.-GEN. JOHN A. DIX.

The most amusing book extant of so ancient a date, is the collection of biographies of the Roman emperors, bearing the above title—"Historiæ Augustæ Scriptores." They commence with the reign of Adrian, A. D., 117, and end with Carus and his sons, Numerianus and Carinus, A. D., 285, embracing a period of more than a century and a half.

There is a gap of ten years between Balbinus and Valerianus, during which the Roman Empire was convulsed by the conflicts of factions. Had these biographies begun two reigns earlier so as to include Nerva and Trajan, they would have been a continuation of Suetonius, and have furnished, with the latter, a complete biographical history of the emperors, with the exception of the gap alluded to, for the first 285 years after the Christian era.

He who looks in these biographies for the stateliness of the standard historians and biographers of antiquity, will be greatly disappointed. But he will be amply compensated by the fund of anecdote, in which these delineations of Imperial character abound. They belong not so much to the department of history, as to the class of domestic portraits, in which the chief aim of the artists seems to have been to amuse outsiders, rather than to exalt the characters of their subjects.

In point of execution, not much can be said in praise of these Imperial portraits. The authors were nearly three hundred years behind the Augustan era; the language and literature of Rome were in their decline; and, indeed, there was scarcely a writer after them, except Claudian, whose works are held, as literary compositions, in much esteem. One of their critics has so poor an opinion of their writings, that he pronounces some passages tolerable, but others altogether pitiful,—"tout à fait pitoyables." Certain it is they are hardly to be ranked with the classics, and they are not comprised either in Lemaire's or Valpy's collection.

It is not, however, as writers that I propose to consider them. I only design to give a few extracts from their writings touching the private character of some of the emperors. They will be found, not only like ordinary men, but like men in high position of our own time,—persons who loved their little jokes, and would have them in spite of all the trappings of royalty, and all the responsibilities of extended empire.

It is quite questionable, in truth, whether there was much difference between the ancients and ourselves (I allude to the most civilized nations), except in certain social facilities for intercommunication, intellectual and physical. They neither printed newspapers, steamed by land and water, nor sent telegraphic messages by electricity. But the Romans ate parched peas at their theatres, just as our people eat peanuts at the Bowery; although Horace, in his Art of Poetry, says, the criticisms of the play by the pea-eaters were not much respected. A writer in *Harper's Monthly* has just made known the interesting fact, that pork and beans are not an invention of the Yankee kitchen, but that they are a product of Roman gastronomy. In short, with the exceptions alluded to, it is doubtful whether there is much under the sun that is new.

But to return to the Augustan historians. The extracts I propose to give from them I shall take the liberty of rendering with the greatest freedom, not only because it is impossible to preserve the conciseness of the Latin in an English translation, but because the language of humor with us is almost necessarily diffuse. Moreover, in giving to these extracts a new dress, I shall conform to the character of the compositions of which they are a part; so, if any want of dignity is found in their presentation, let it be understood that the fault is not mine.

HOW ADRIAN HELPED AN OLD SOLDIER TO GET HIS BACK RUBBED.

The Emperor Adrian used to bathe frequently in public, a habit which gave rise to a capital joke. One day, seeing an old soldier, whom he had known in the army, rubbing his back against a marble slab, after coming out of the bath, he enquired the reason. The veteran answered that he had no servant to do it for him; whereupon the emperor ordered him a servant, with towels. The next day about a dozen other old fellows appeared, rubbing their backs against the marble, thinking the emperor would be as liberal to them as he had been to their companion. But he was not the man to be humbugged in that way; and, calling them to him, he suggested, in the blandest manner, that the best thing they could do would be to rub each other's backs, and he followed up his advice by ordering them to go at it.

CICERO'S LITTLE JOKE APPLIED TO AN EMPEROR.

Marius, a blacksmith, was emperor three days; or, as was said, they had an iron rule for three days. The first day he was made emperor; the second, he reigned; and the third, he was killed. The wags likened his case to that of the man who was consul six hours in the afternoon, and of whom Cicero said: "We had a consul so severe, and so stern as a censor, that during his administration not a single man in all Rome dined, supped, or slept."

HOW ANTONINUS GETA GAVE ALLITERATION DINNERS.

This emperor used to edify his invited guests by informing them, as they took their places at dinner, that all the dishes they were to have would begin with one letter. Here is one of his banquets got up with the letter P: "pullus, perdix, pavus, porcellus, piscis, perna," &c.; or, spring-chicken, partridge, peacock, pig, fish, ham,—not a bad entertainment, by-the-bye. This would be a pleasant conceit for some of our dinner-giving friends, announcing to their guests as they took their seats at table, that the *carte* only embraced articles beginning with a certain letter. With the letter C, for example, they might give us calves-head soup, codfish, corned-beef and cabbage, capons, canvas-backs, custards, charlotte-russe, claret, and champagne; quite enough to satisfy the daintiest gastronome. Try the alliteration dinner-system of Antoninus Geta by all means. It will diversify agreeably the horrible monotony of our conventional banquets.

THE ENTERTAINMENT OF AN EMPEROR.

Aurelian was greatly amused with a glutton, who ate before dinner a whole wild boar, a hundred rolls, a sheep, and a pig, and drank a cask of liquor through a funnel. What a troublesome customer this fellow would have been for the Knickerbocker kitchen! No one, I take it, will be so unreasonable as to hold me (a mere compiler) responsible for the truth of this statement. I make it on the authority of Flavius Vopiscus, who lived in the reign of Aurelian, the only one of the six historians, I believe, who wrote contemporaneous biography, the others having all lived after the emperors whose portraits they drew.

HOW THE EMPERORS WERE ALL RIGHT ON PLUNDERING.

When a soldier stole a poultry-cock (very likely a tough one), the Emperor Pescennius Niger ordered the thief and ten of his companions, who helped him eat it, to be beheaded, and he would have carried out the order, if the whole army had not interceded for them. But he only pardoned them on condition that they should pay ten times the price of ten fowls, that the squad to which they belonged should not be allowed fire, or anything freshly cooked, but should live on bread and cold victuals.

In like manner, Aurelian said in one of his orders, "If you wish to be a tribune; nay, if you wish to live, you must restrain your men. No one must steal a chicken, or touch a sheep, or take fruit, wood, oil, or salt; but he must be satisfied with his pay."

When a certain major-general, who shall be nameless, was in command at Fort Monroe, Va., a young lieutenant, sent out with a working party, told his men to go to a farmhouse and get a sheep. Not finding one, they robbed three defenceless women of their poultry, bringing back the dead fowls on their bayonets. The general had the officer tried and cashiered, and made the depredators pay the value of the poultry. The newspapers cried out against the severity of the punishment, and so strong an influence was brought to bear on the tender heart of the President, that the officer was restored to his rank. If he makes half as much havoc with the enemy, as he did with the old women's poultry yards, he will earn his restoration; but it seems a pity, that a disposition to enforce the Roman rule of abstinence from pillage, which is also the rule of civilized warfare, should not be sustained by public opinion.

WHAT A HARD DRINKER IS CAPABLE OF.

If any one is curious to know how the glutton, who amused Aurelian so much, was able to dispose of a cask of liquor, let him read the life of Bonosus, of whom Aurelian said that "he was not born to live but to drink." Though, according to Vopiscus, he was always sober, however marvellous the quantities he drank, yet, when he came to a violent death, it was pleasantly said of him by the Romans, that they "had not hung a man, but a wine-cask."

Enough has been said to give the patrons of the Metropolitan Fair some idea of the nature of these curious personal memorials. De Quincey pronounces them "full of entertainment, and of the most curious researches;" and he acknowledges his indebtedness to them in giving the private and personal history of "the Cæsars." They are best read in the original. But good editions of the work are very scarce; and there is an English translation (the only one extant) by John Bernard (1740) still scarcer.

It would be worth the while for some scholar to give these ancient biographers a fresh introduction to the public. Their materials are, obviously, gleaned from very numerous sources, not of the highest authenticity; but they are quite as entertaining and much more instructive than the current works of fiction, except those of the first class.

[The following poem was not written for the SPIRIT OF THE FAIR, but fell accidentally into our hands.]

COMPENSATION.

BY GAIL HAMILTON.

All day the clash and the struggle—
  Thousands of hurrying feet
Thronging to market and forum,
  Where lucre and lust will meet.
There are blows to be given and taken,
  Battles to lose and to win,—
A man's heart to stay the faint-hearted,
  A man's arm to strike through the din.

Rage on, O conflict of mammon,
  But through all the blare and the bray,
A little bird lights amid blossoms
  And sings me a roundelay.
Leap madly, O wild waste of waters,
  I reck not your wrath, for I know
Where a little lake smiles in the sunshine
  And lilies are whiter than snow.

The day charges on into twilight:
  Dear dreaming may follow brave deed,
Now a sharp ringing heel on the pavement,
  A snort from my iron-shod steed,
A plunge through the glittering darkness,
  A tramp on the white-gleaming sod,
And I pass through the shadowy gateway
  Of Eden, the Garden of God.

Hatred, and Malice, and Envy,
  Hither you cannot come,
Anger and base Ambition,
  Here must your lips be dumb.
No clamor shall mar with its discord,
  The song of my little bird,
By no fierce breath of the Northwind
  Shall my little lake be stirred.

Eyes, are they blue, are they hazel?
  Nay their color I cannot see
For the love-light shining through them,
  And shining alone for me.
Lips—nay I limn not their curving,
  But once a low whisper I heard,
And I thought the angels in Heaven
  Could utter no sweeter word.

Here are flowers I have brought, my darling,
Pansies for thoughts—of you;
Rosemary, that's for remembrance,
Violets, heaven's own blue.
Daisies that hold the spring's sweetness—
Ah! fairer by far than these
Is the flower I wear in my bosom,
The herb that is called heart's-ease.

Dear Christ! that such grace should be given
To me, beyond hope, beyond prayer!
Be my pledge for the trust that my angel
I entertain not unaware.
The lips on which her lips have rested
Shall never work shame with a lie;
The breast she has leant on, I swear it,
Shall be pure as her own native sky.

So the fable of eld is reversed,
No longer shines Merope dim,
But bending to bless her earth-lover
She gives a new glory to him;
Thrice happy if favored of Heaven,
He enters the Beautiful Land,
To know he found guidance and courage
In the clasp of this little white hand.

RAILROAD EXTRAORDINARY.

One of those gentlemen who "survey the world, from China to Peru," has been taking measures in Broadway to convince our patient public that an underground railroad is the only mode of disposing of the transitory life of this city. He may be right. Railroads, having undermined civil honor, legislative virtue, and private comfort, will find it a small matter to burrow beneath a league or so of Russ pavement, and a thousand branch sewers, and undermine yours and everybody else's property; so each man may as well come to an understanding that he will catch a locomotive some day in his cellar. The through subterranean will certainly come—will go under Broadway, and up and down in Wall street. We are resigned, but remonstrant. If we kept silence, the very paving stones would cry out, "Let us have something for the money we have lost."

The Great Dugway Company therefore, whenever it is formed, and before it is entirely run into the ground should be charged with the following duties:

First, to cover all Broadway with a glass roof—that the New Yorkers may stop throwing stones at Boston and the other suburbs. Second, to provide a range of greenhouses and a perennial trout stream along the line of their tunnel. The night-blooming cereus and the eyeless fish from the other mammoth cave may inhabit them. The contiguous drains are already peopled with smelts. Third, to run under and destroy all and singular the deformed statues, dry fountains, and wooden barracks that now disgrace various points in their route.

These concessions may reconcile us to the worse evil than our present one of being overrun with railroads; but the neighborhood of the sewers will make it impossible to keep the corporation from being a close one. If they ever break from above, let us hope it will be while an excursion train of directors and aldermen is passing. The offices of the company will probably be arranged among the drains in what the French call "sweets of apartments."

EPIGRAM.

THE COMMON COUNCIL BANQUET, FEBRUARY 22.

The Trojans fought the fowls that stole their feast.
We read the tale reversed, the shame increased.
Our filthy Harpies dine, with dirt and din,
Our plundered owners, helpless, stand and grin.

PROPHETIC AUTOGRAPHS.

It is a pity that the mania for autographs could not range forward as well as backward. The hand-writing of people who have been famous is common enough. If only some collector would arise with the second-sight of a Lenormand, who should preserve for us the autographs of people that are going to be famous, what a fresh nibbing of pens there would be throughout the land! Some, whom future years will crown with honors in our democratic country, might be found among those ignorant of clerkly arts, and owe their chance for fame to the writing master's skill. And our own generation would gain as much as posterity by the extinction of many ambitious among those who would thus read beforehand in their rejected signatures their sentence of obscurity.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted, for the Confederate service, a first rate writer of fiction, with some experience in fancy finance. A descendant of Mendez Pinto or Marco Polo preferred, or an M.P. like Laird would do for the place. Apply to Mr. Memminger, at the Treasury office, Richmond, where such abilities are most in demand.

Occupants wanted for several southern bishoprics, the Wrong Reverends formerly in possession having gone to the war, and taken the bells with them for cannons, the old canons being unsuited to the present state of the Church. Some familiarity with nautical affairs required in candidates, as the affairs of those dioceses are now pretty much at sea.

For Rent—The State of South Carolina. The proprietor having cleared the premises of refractory tenants, and introduced many improvements, is prepared to lease this fine estate in parcels to actual settlers. No gunpowder allowed on the premises. Title perfect, from the Supreme Court at Washington, and possession given about the fourth of July next.

For Sale, low, to close the concern, the Constitution and State papers of the old State of Virginia. Purchasers are required, as a condition of sale, to remove the present governor, and support him at an inebriate asylum in the North.

ACROSTIC ENIGMA.

He lived, to shadow forth the love, that hallowed all his being,
As one who walks the earth entranced, Heaven's endless glory seeing!
Gifted and young, not long condemned to linger at life's portal,
He passed away, but left a name, through Christian lands immortal.

In the fair group his fancy traced, the gem of his creation,
To which our hearts are turned with love, not bowed in adoration;
We look beyond the artist's skill, the master's great endeavor,
And see that holiest, purest love, a type to man forever.

1. He died, and through the land we hear a burst of grief and wailing,
And choral voices mourned his loss, all calmer language failing;
2. But soon arises one glad strain of praise and rapture swelling,
To Him, who called his spirit home to its eternal dwelling!
3. For there new powers are waked to life, new dreams of glory given;
Not like that star which lost to earth, we seek in vain in heaven.
4. He now reflects the light which crowns the brows of saints with splendor;
Those glorious rays which his own hand with loving skill could render;
5. Yet still the funeral anthem swells, and as its notes are dying,
We hear the low antiphony of saddened hearts replying.
6. Thus may he rest, freed from that curse, entailed by reckless sinning,
In the fair garden which was made for man in the beginning;
7. And like that constellation bright, his works repeat his story,
Wherein one star yet differeth from other stars in glory!

So in these verses, linked by chains of deeply hidden meaning,
From every line and every word, some closer insight gleaning;
We read at last the germ of thought that in description slumbers,
The glorious names that rest enshrined in these imperfect numbers.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED.

(*To be continued daily.*)

FROM THE LADIES' RECEIVING DEPARTMENT.

2 pairs pants, 2 vests, 1 coat, W. H. Van Valer.
1 zouave jacket, Mme. R. de Waivel.
1 knit tidy, Margaret Urban, 13 years old.
200 copies Garibaldi's song, Italian children of Aid Soc. School.
3 boxes glassware, Atterbury, Reddell & Co., Flintglass Co., Pittsburg.
1 pair slippers, Miss S. E. Gould.
3 mats, Mrs. F. N. Fortes.
2 boxes, H. Ellis.
3 pairs men's boots, John Conrad.
4 boxes liquid blacking, Bixby.
Cash to Boot and Shoe Committee $10, A. S. Rogers.
1 fancy box for hdkfs., Miss J. A. Uhler, Tarrytown.
15 caps, 3 tidies, Miss M. Platt, Rossville, S. I.
1 infant's basket, Miss Burgoyne.
3 tables, Gustave Herter, $105.
3 toilet sets, and 3 pincushions, Miss Mary C. Davenport.
1 piece embroidery, Mrs. Emma Brown.
1 basket wax flowers, Mrs. Middleton.
5 boxes artificial flowers, J. M. Rummele.
1 knit shawl, Mrs. E. Belden.
23 vols. Works of Ségur.
4 doz. flavoring extracts, and 4 doz. perfumes, Gabaudau & Marsh.
3 boxes of goods, ladies of Church of the Incarnation, $256.
½ gross Paris sleeve buttons, Harvey & Ford.
1 pincushion, a lady.
1 small oil painting, Mme. Bassie.
20 pairs slippers, H. P. Sandford.
1 American flag, Mr. Albert H. Nicolay.
3 pairs boots and shoes, J. N. Geis.
2 children's dresses, Mme. Gradot.
1 zouave jacket, Mme. Dieden.
12 bottles hair tonic, Mrs. Gibbs.
3 pincushions, a lady.
Wax flowers, and 4 worsted shawls, Miss M. E. Denham.
2 pairs braided slippers, Miss S. A. Bagley.
1 pair embroidered slippers, 1 cone basket.
1 child's chair, George Frölich.
Hair flowers, Miss C. L. Wright, Brooklyn.
1 pincushion, Miss Gurns' Seminary, Saugerties.
10 pairs boots, J. Terhune.
1 letter press.
200 boxes flower seed, J. M. Thorburn & Co., $150.
1 afghan, Frothingham Relief Association, $125.
1 crochet tidy, Miss Marietta Wallace.
2 dressed dolls and dolls' clothes, Miss Browne.
Wax fruits and mosses, Miss Taylor.
2 tidies, 5 Gilford Place.
2 packages sewing silk, 8 doz. spools, Hamil & Booth.
4 needle book bags, an old lady of 80 years of age.
1 handsome bon-bon box, C. W. Quang.
2 babies' sacks, and other articles.
1 original oil painting, L.
6 bandage rollers, Bellevue Hospital.
1 bead mat, Mrs. Simpson, West Farms.
2 boxes finest Havana cigars, G. C. Brown.
A curiosity on exhibition, John McKenzie.
1 picture, Polish Central Committee.
1 worked chair, Mrs. D. Townsend.
7 boxes, Jaeger & Braumann.
2 boxes artificial flowers, Mrs. Laycroft.
1 collection autographs, a friend.
1 plum cake, George A. Scheyerling.
India rubber goods, Novelty Rubber Co., $250.
1 box fancy articles, Mrs. O. Hoffman and her school, $742.
1 autograph letter of Jenny Lind, and a gazette of 1777, Mrs. G. A. Walter, of Lawrence, Mass.
1 sofa cushion and a likeness, Miss Katie Bloed.
1 sofa cushion, Miss Gertrude Bloed.
1 oil painting, M. Kensett.
1 bonnet and a child's hat, Julius Wallack, Hartford.
1 straw hat and a box of caps, Joseph Schwap.
12 doz. wax fruit, Hartford.
1 calico work basket, Mrs. G. H. Childs, Hartford.
1 autograph letter of Theodore Parker, C. A. Shorey.
16 paper dolls and fancy articles, Hartford.
Hair regenerator and perfumery, Arthur Gentil.
Fancy articles, the Misses Goeller.
Fancy cake mould, John Tragesser.
Fancy articles for grab bag, Emily Cooper.
Fancy articles, Miss Delavan.
3 pairs mats, Mary Ella Palmer.
1 child's dress, Mrs. Lewis B. Binsse.
2 pictures, marked 164 L. XIV.
Worsted cape and shawl, Mrs. Eisler and Mrs. Yagonyi.
1 sofa cushion, 1 basket and box fancy articles, Mrs. Butler Wright.
1 box men's gaiters, A. Graf.
1 China basket, Thos. Riley.
1 Scotch hat and dress, Mrs. Knox.
1 pair braided slippers, Miss K. E. Heelman.
1 worsted tidy, Ella Burtis.
1 book mark, David Burtis.
1 handkerchief, Susy Burtis.
3 bottles hair tonic, Goonige & Kennedy.
Books, D. Appleton & Co., $1,000.
Stationery, P. E. Bogart, $150.
Stationery, envelopes, F. B. Goddard.
Fancy articles, Mrs. W. L. Skidmore.
Fancy articles, Mrs. W. D. Maxwell.
Lounge, A. Lowenbein.
One suit of mourning, M. & A. Myers & Co.
Glazed cap fronts, Loeb Brothers.
Silver polishing powder, Geo. W. Whitmore.
Cork soles, Geo. Purves.
Dumb bells, F. B. & J. Richards.
Fancy articles, Mrs. H. D. Gould, agent, $124.92.
Shell table, Mrs. Henry Wales, Bridgeport, Conn.
Oil painting, Jos. Geissler.
Needles, R. J. Roberts & Co.
Infant socks, Mrs. Meyers.
Book holders, D. F. Dimon.
Cone work frames, Mrs. Jennings.
Rosettes for carriage horses, Miss S. J. Dunbar.
One horse rake, Daniel L. Jones.
India rubber hose, N. Y. Belting & Packing Co., $497.
Spool cotton.
175 Hospital shirts, C. V. S. Roosevelt, $262.50.
Oil painting, "Moonlight," Cha's Beckhoven.
Gas fixtures, portable stands, Archer & Pancoast, $217.50.
Ladies' silk bonnet, C. & E. Child.
Afghan, Miss Carr.
Curiosities, drinking cup, letters, canes, &c., A. Jackson Donelson.
Ranges, Jno. Sumner, $100.
Fancy articles, Mrs. Endicott.
Old ancient and hon. bourbon whiskey, H. B. Kirk, $126.
Model for monument.
Patented bed springs, Challenge Bed Spring Co., F. F. Beebe.
Garden and toy rakes, A. E. Lyan.
Dowel Boring Machine, A. P. Merchant, Guilford.
Oil Wintergreen, Van Dusen Brothers.
Ladies' shoes, Miller & Co., $100.
Rubber goods, O. B. Gray, $100.
Cone frames, Mrs. Jennings, Mount Vernon, Westchester Co.
Maple sugar, Mrs. Mervin Wheeler.
Fancy articles, Miss S. C. Wheeler.
Stationery, Bowne & Co., $118.25.
Saw frames.
Fancy articles, Miss A. L. Clarkson.
Jellies, &c., Reckhow & Hudson.
Fancy articles, Mrs. Holland, for Wright & Crittenden Asso., N. Y.
Fancy tables, E. W. Hutchins.
Fancy tables, Mrs. S. S. Osgood.
Chairs, Jno. F. C. Pickhard.
Knit woollen socks, Miss Tiffany.
Tidies, Miss Washburn.
Grindstones, J. F. Whitney & Co., $100.
Musical instruments, J. F. W. Joerdens.
Chamber pails, Abel Sharlow.
Plum cake, Emil Minner.
Fancy articles, Mrs. Oscar Hastings.
Fancy articles, ladies of garrison of Fort Schuyler.
Fancy articles, Mrs. A. C. Hawes.
Rubber goods, D. Hodgman, $101.45.
Specimen ores, Passaic Mining and Manufacturing Co.
Truck No. 4, R. H. Allen & Co.
Books, Harper & Brothers, $1,000.
Perfumery, J. S. Hatch.
5 bbls. oxide zinc.
Fancy articles, Miss Nellie Andrews.
Chinese and Waterloo curiosities, Cha's K. Tuckerman, $100.
Fancy goods, A. Cloepfer.
Iron bedstead, Cameron, Johnson & Radley.
Family soap, Allan Hay & Co.
Hardware and cutlery, Marsh Brothers & Co., $315.
Perfumery, J. Noekin.
Portrait, "Gen. Fremont," S. N. Carvallis.
Tidy, Miss Munroe.
Glassware.
Thermometer, B. Kahn.
Twelve oars, E. W. Page.
Rocking chair, H. Bang.
Worsted shawl, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee.
Clocks, E. Ingraham & Co.
Books, Oakley & Mason, $250.50.
Stationery, S. Benedicks & Co.
Fancy articles, Miss Mary E. Barrow, Skaneateles, N.Y.
Crochet collar, Miss Mary J. Gilbert.
Crochet collars, Mrs. Rachel Kingsley.
Painting in pastel, "Grapes," Mrs. C. K. Tuckerman.

ARTICLES RECEIVED AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET BUILDING.

2 stoves, P. Rollhaus.
Fancy articles, Eberhard Faber.
War relics, J. F. Pancost, U. S. S. C., Baltimore.
Foulard silk, W. B. Northup.
Books, pamphlets and prints, W. H. Norman.
Oil painting.
5 cases Burgundy wine, 2 do. Deideshimer wine, 3 do. Geisenhimer wine, F. T. Frey, $104.
10 shot and shells, 7 fragments, Dr. Gordon Winslow.
6 shells and shot, 17 fragments, 1 torpedo, Dr. M. M. Marsh.
Books (Burr's Veg's of Am.) Albert Fearing, Boston, $100.
Sign for Receiving Department, J. Gibbs.
Counter desk, Wm. H. Cooke.
1 case math'l instruments, Rev. M. T. Adam
Dining room safe, Herring & Co., $275.
2 parasols, T. Newkill.
Colored doll, &c., Mrs. A. P. Crane.
Sofa cushion, Mrs. Louis Levy.
Infant's afghan, Mrs. Isaac Levy.
Oil painting, landscape, Fred. Y. Chrebb.
Dry goods, $1,221.07.
1 piece matting, J. Conklin.
3 rugs, Jonas Conklin.
12 pairs infants' socks, Miss Viele.
1 case, 70 reams note paper, Holyoke Paper Co., $100.
Chinese lantern, 1 old bill lading, framed, E. O. Lamson.
Collection of minerals, &c., 12 doz. fum. pastiles, Lewis Feuchtwanger and J. W. Feuchtwanger.
Photograph oil painting, "Child's Prayer," Wm. Henry Burr.

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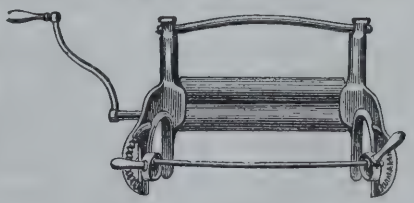

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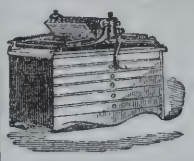

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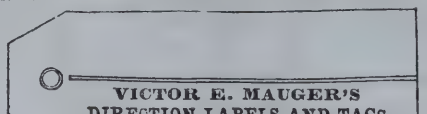
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Stall 43—Broadway Tabernacle.
Room No. 1—Lingeries and Trimmings.

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9—Owego.
10—New Bedford.
11—7th Precinct Police.
12—Ohio.
13—Staten Island.
14—Welsh Church.
15—Hastings on Hudson.
16—Norwalk.
17—Welsh Church.
18—Westchester.
19—Harlem.
20—Methodist Church.
21—Wholesale Fancy Goods.
22—English Cloths.
23— Do. do.
24—Fancy Goods and Waxwork.
25—Retail Perfumery and Drugs.
26—Presbyterian Church.
27— Do. do.
28—Dutch Reformed.
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30—Children's Clothing.
31—Parisian Fancy Goods.

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extends along the West end of the main building. The entrance is from Fourteenth street, the most Westerly door. At one end is

THE GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND ENGRAVINGS.

THE SECOND STORY MAIN BUILDING

is reached by the staircase near the Picture Gallery, and is divided into the following Departments:

Room No. 11—Ladies' Executive Committee Room.
" " 10—Architectural Ornaments, Stained Glass, and Tapestries.
" " 9—Library and Book Store.
" " 7 and 8—Old Curiosity Shop.
" " 6—Millinery and Dressmaking.
Rooms beyond—Furniture and Upholstery Department.
74—Ladies' Hair Dressing Department.
73—Mineral Department.
Dress Cutting Department.

DOOR TO DINING SALOON.

The floor above is occupied by the Photographic Department.

PLAN OF THE UNION SQUARE BUILDING.

The main entrances are on the South side of the two wings adjoining the Park.

The East Wing is occupied by

THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

(Exhibition in this department each day.)

The Central Division consists of

THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT DEPARTMENT

(Two Concerts daily),

and the

KNICKERBOCKER KITCHEN.

The West Wing contains the

INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT,

containing contributions from various quarters of the world. In the centre of this building is a fountain.

THE CATTLE SHOW connected with the Fair is situated in Fifteenth street, near Seventh avenue. Among the Contributions of Stock will be found

A White Ox from Livingston county, weighing 3602 pounds—an Alderney Cow—a Durham Bull—Sheep—Shetland Ponies and Horses, &c., &c.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Augustus R. Macdonough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N.Y.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS OF THE FAIR.

Every day and evening since the grand opening of the Fair, the buildings on Fourteenth street have been crowded—or rather packed—with such a mass of people as was never witnessed in this city before. Every inch of space was occupied; and as for walking about or getting up to the tables to purchase, it was simply impossible. The helpless individual drifted hither and thither, as the great tide of people moved in one direction or another, waiting patiently for some lucky chance to bring him where he wished to go. But a more good-humored crowd was never seen. The ladies, who, in the dense crowd, failed for once to remind one of Ovid's prophetic description of a belle in crinoline, "*Pars minima est ipsa puella sui*," smiled sweetly in reply to apologies for treading on their pretty dresses, and even the calamity of a crushed bonnet failed to excite a frown. Of course the gentlemen were good-natured. It is a fact, however, which many foreigners have noticed, that American crowds are better tempered than those of European cities. They adapt themselves more easily to circumstances than other people, and only laugh where an Englishman would get angry. In Europe a strong police force is always necessary to preserve order in such assemblies, while with us a crowd keeps orderly as the result of their good humor, and an indisposition to quarrel with circumstances.

Notwithstanding the dense crowds, and the difficulty of getting at the tables, the business of selling has been very large. Money appears to be plentiful, and as the temptations to spend it are attractive and numerous, it flows in a pretty steady stream from the visitors' pockets to the hands of the fair attendants at the tables. We shall publish, as soon as they can be obtained from the Treasurer, full and authentic accounts of the sales of the week, and also the average daily attendance.

The buildings on Union Square, which, after many disappointments, were thrown open to the public on Wednesday evening, have attracted their full share of the public patronage. A pleasant description of the various departments will appear early next week in our columns.

At the Seventeenth street building, the table presided over by Miss Stevens offers the novelty of a cottage for sale—not a villa *à la* Downing, with room for cows and cascade, but a model of something quite as useful. It is a building twelve feet square, which can be put up in thirty minutes without nail or screw (like Solomon's temple in this), and serves for headquarters or office in the field. The invention is that of Colonel Andrews, of the 25th New Jersey volunteers, who gives the Fair the value of six or seven thousand dollars in 250 shares of the patent for it. Such cottages would be a great convenience at the sea side and in the country, where houses are scarce and rent is high, and we have no doubt the time will come when city families going into the country will pack up their portable cottage as regularly as they do their trunks.

This model is to be presented to Lieut.-General Grant, when the amount of $1,000 is raised by subscription.

The Cattle Show.—Visitors must not forget the Cattle Show in 15th street, near 7th avenue, in the rear of the principal building of the Fair. They will there be highly gratified by seeing the finest Ox ever exhibited in the United States, and several other specimens of fine stock.

The Indian Department.—Owing to the great desire to see the Indians, the Committee have concluded to give extra performances. Tickets, 25 cents; children 15 cents. Season tickets admit only to the regular performances announced on the list.

The Two Swords, in the Department of Arms and Trophies, contributed by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., for presentation to the military and naval officers who shall receive the greatest number of votes, continue to excite great interest and much good-natured rivalry among the visitors to the Fair. The contest for the military sword lies between the friends of Generals Grant and McClellan, who appear to be about equally divided. The book in which visitors, on the payment of one dollar, are accorded the privilege of expressing their preference, is in a constant state of siege, and the progress of the voting is watched with increasing interest. The naval sword draws less attention. Comparatively few names having been recorded in the book, and thus far Admiral Farragut is the favorite, Commodore S. C. Rowan coming next in order.

The Flags of the Lady Provost, Chippewa, Little Belt, Detroit, Hunter, and Queen Charlotte, remind us of Perry's noble victory on Lake Erie, but this victory is brought before us still more vividly by the flag which hangs between the two posts, nearest the entrance inscribed with the historic words of Lawrence "Dont give up the ship?" This is the identical flag which waved on board the flagship, the Lawrence, during the earlier part of the action, and was carried by Perry, when she became untenable, in a boat to the Niagara, and there again was flung to the breeze. Attached to this flag is the belt of the gallant Lawrence, taken from him after his fatal wound.

In like manner, the flags of the Chubb, Beresford, Linnet, and Confiance, carry us back to that day, in September, 1814, when on Lake Champlain, in sight of Plattsburg, McDonough gained his great victory.

No. 688, the Royal Standard of Great Britain, captured by Chauncey and Pike, reminds us of the capture of Toronto by our combined forces.

There are many other flags not less rich in associations. Among them those of the Cyane and the Levant, captured by the Constitution, under Stewart, the noble old veteran, who still lingers among us. We hope he may be able to visit this most interesting collection, and see once again the trophies his valor contributed to win.

Then there are the flags of the Penguin, captured by the Hornet, those of the Highflyer, by the President, the Algerine frigate Meshbo by the squadron under Decatur, the French frigate Berceau by the Boston, the Duke of Gloucester by the Julia, while the flag of the St. Lawrence, captured by the privateer Chasseur reminds us of the daring of our "guerillas of the sea."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

As many purchasers at our stand at the Fair have requested to know if the articles in the Spirit of the Fair are all original, we beg distinctly to state that no matter whatever is admitted into our columns, that has ever been published before. Our distinguished literary friends, when applied to, immediately responded to our wishes to furnish *original* contributions, and we may add that many of them never before offered literary matter without pecuniary remuneration. Why indeed should they? The writer has as much right to the proceeds of his pen as has the Artist to his pictures, or the mechanic to the works of his handicraft. This great Fair, however, is a magic wand at whose touch Art, Literature, Science, and Mechanical Industry bow in reverent love—a love which refuses to be contaminated by contact with the lucre of selfish gain. Below we give the list of our contributors, and can only assure our readers that they are *genuine*, although we do charge but 10 cents for the perusal of their literary offerings. There are Poems alone which would readily bring their authors thousands of dollars, if contributed to other literary channels. We mention these facts to explain why and how it is that we have been able to enlist the services of some of our most distinguished writers for our newspaper.

We append the following list of Original Contributors:

William Cullen Bryant,	Gen. John A. Dix,
Hon. George Bancroft,	James Russell Lowell,
John P. Kennedy,	Count De Gasparin,
Moncton Milnes (Lord Houghton),	Bayard Taylor,
Donald G. Mitchell,	George W. Curtis,
Dr. Coggswell,	Richard H. Dana, Jr.,
Geo. H. Boker,	T. W. Parsons,
Fred'k. S. Cozzens,	Chas. G. Leland,
Mrs. Fanny Kemble,	Mrs. Julia Ward Howe,
Mrs. Elizabeth Akers,	Mrs. C. M. Kirkland,
H. T. Tuckerman,	Dr. J. P. Thompson,
Dr. Sam'l. Osgood,	Fitz Greene Halleck,
	Theodore Tilton,

and many other eminent writers and anonymous contributors.

We would call the attention of visitors at the Fair to the Photographic Department. Though up stairs and a little out of the way, it amply repays the trouble of finding it out. Mr. Gurney will be happy to take the faces of his visitors in the handsomest style, and will turn the proceeds over to the Fair.

AMERICAN FAIRS.

BY HON. CHARLES P. DALY.

The institution familiarly known from the middle ages by the term Fair was introduced into this country by the Dutch, and the first one was held in this city, on the site of the present Bowling Green, in 1648, two hundred and twenty-six years ago. This spot was then, as it is now, a triangular space, situated upon an elevated ridge, which extended northwardly, forming a highway (the present Broadway) to the gate of the city wall, (the present Wall street,) and at the southern extremity of it stood a fort, commanding the approaches to the city, immediately in front of which the fair was held. It was opened on the Monday following the feast of St. Bartholomew (24th of August), lasted ten days, and was carried on, as far as the limited resources of the colony admitted, in the same manner as was then customary in the fairs of the Netherlands. Tents were erected for the use of such persons as had produce or merchandise to sell. The privilege of participating was freely granted to all, and no person was allowed to be arrested for debt while the fair lasted, unless the debt had been contracted there. The principal currency used in buying and selling was beaver skins, and the Indian money called *wampum*, composed of strings of small colored beads or shells, that being the currency then chiefly in use. This annual fair, or *Kermis*, as the Dutch termed it, was continued for many years on the same spot, thereafter called the Market Field, and which was used as a public market from 1684 until the open space was enclosed and formed into a "Green," in 1733. Upon the conquest of the city by the English, in 1664, the "Kermis," or Dutch fair, was discontinued; but in 1671 an annual fair was instituted by the English, and in 1792 an act was passed establishing a permanent fair in this city, "*with all the liberties and free customs* appertaining to fairs in England." It was held twice every year, in the months of April and November, and certain persons were commissioned as governors, to whom its entire management and control were committed, with full authority overevery thing and every person connected with it. It was opened at eight in the morning by public proclamation, closed with the same ceremony at sunset, and lasted upon each occasion for the period of four days. It was free to all trading in grain, cattle, provisions, or any kind of merchandise, a toll being exacted upon the entrance and sale of horses, but as respects everything else no toll or charge was required. This fair, during the four days of its continuance, presented a most active and busy scene. Occurring at the periods just after the opening and immediately before the closing of navigation, the farmers from the surrounding country brought their surplus produce for sale, and laid in their stock of necessaries for the ensuing half year. The dealers in peltries from the more distant parts of the province brought thither their beaver skins and other peltries to dispose of. The resident traders of the city, each in his separate booth or tent, presented an assortment of the merchandise in which he dealt, while the tavern keepers and others who opened their houses during the period for the entertainment of guests, reaped a plentiful harvest during the few days that the fair lasted.

Attached to this fair was a curious institution called the Court of Piepowder, derived from two French words, "*pied*" (foot) and "*poudreux*" (dusty), which Phillips, an old lexicographer, tells us had reference to the dusty appearance of the suitors before it, whose grievances were promptly heard and disposed of before they could shake the dust from their feet. This court, which sat constantly while the fair lasted, was held by one of the governors, and had exclusive jurisdiction of every matter arising at the fair, whether it related to disputes in buying and selling, or to offences against good rule and order; the court having power to arrest parties, to enforce its decisions upon the spot, and to punish offences by fine and imprisonment. No one could be heard before it but the parties themselves, lawyers being expressly excluded, and from its judgments there was no appeal.

The necessity for these semiannual fairs diminished as the markets of the city came, by increased facilities for travelling, to be more regularly supplied, and traders and store keepers began to set up business in the different villages and towns of the province, procuring what they wanted for the purposes of trade from the larger merchants of the city, so that in time the necessity for these fairs ceased entirely, and they had disappeared long before the Revolution

The Irish emigrants who settled Londonderry, in New Hampshire, introduced about the middle of the last century an annual fair, after the manner of the parent country, in which several days were devoted, not only to the sale or exchange of commodities, but to athletic sports, games and amusements, and though continued by them and their descendants for many years, the institution never took root in New England.

There are three kinds of fairs, all known by the same general term, but each differing essentially from the other. The first and the oldest is a gathering periodically of merchants and traders at some fixed place for the sale or interchange of commodities, with which are united festivities and various sports and amusements for the entertainment of the large body of people brought together upon such occasions. This description of fair has existed as a necessity in nearly all large countries in the earlier stages of national development, or in which population is sparse, or travelling, except in large companies, is difficult or dangerous. It has prevailed in Asia from time immemorial; was found in Mexico and Peru upon the invasion of the Spaniard; is traceable in Europe beyond the sixth century, and at one period was in general use over every part of it, and still reigns in the eastern portion, the fair of Nisi Novogorod, in Russia, bringing together even at the present day nearly half a million of people. The second kind is that exhibition of the products of domestic or national industry, which in this country and Great Britain is called a Fair, but in other countries is more properly designated an Industrial Exhibition. As an institution it is of a far higher character than the former, and is of comparatively recent origin. Its object is to advance the industrial interests of a people by collecting together and presenting in the form of a general exhibition the best specimens of the various products of the national industry, that a knowledge of the exact state of the progress which has been made in the useful arts may be widely diffused among the people, and to create, by the bestowal of rewards and premiums, a spirit of emulation and competition that will lead to still greater excellence, promote new inventions, or the discovery of better methods. It originated in France from an experiment made by the Marquis D'Arcy, in 1788, the success of which induced Neufchateau, the Minister of the Interior, to organize it in the form of a permanent national exhibition, which has been regularly given at Paris from that time to the present, at the expense of the Government, usually at intervals of four or five years; each display exceeding the preceding one in extent, variety, and interest. France has had thirteen of these great national industrial exhibitions, the first of which, in 1798, occupied three days, and the last over two months, and another is to be given this year. At the first there were 110 exhibitors; at the exhibition of 1855, 20,709.

The last description of Fair is for a charitable or benevolent object, in which all the articles are contributed gratuitously, and sold by ladies, who voluntarily attend for the purpose, the proceeds, after the payment of expenses, being devoted to the charitable, benevolent, or public purpose in aid of which the fair is undertaken. In England this kind of fair has been called a charity bazaar, and has been used as a means for promoting benevolent objects for at least a century, and probably much longer. It has been more extensively resorted to in this country than in any other. The present fair embraces more than has hitherto been attempted in fairs of this kind. It includes not only the sale of articles of every variety, but also a collection of works of art, rare curiosities, many things of historical and antiquarian value, loaned for the purpose of exhibition, to enhance the general interest of the spectacle, to which are added different kinds of amusement, thus combining a greater extent and variety of attraction than has before been united in such undertakings.

THE POET.

Amid the factions of the field of life,
The poet held his little neutral ground,
And they who mixed the deepest in the strife,
Their evening way to his seclusion found.
There meeting oft th' antagonists of the day,
Who, near, in mute defiance seemed to stand,
He said what neither would be first to say,
And, having spoken, left them hand in hand.

HOUGHTON.

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864.

NEW YORK.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

(*Continued.*)

The territory of the United States is strictly subject to the Government. The only clause in the Constitution which refers to this interest conveys that meaning. But, were the instrument silent, the power would remain the same. Sovereignty of this nature is not determined by municipal law, but by the law of nations. Thus, for instance, the right to make war, which is inherent in every state of *foreign relations*, infers the right to secure its conquests; and that clause of the Constitution which declares that the war-making power shall abide in Congress, says, at the same time, by an unavoidable implication, that the national legislature shall have all authority to control the consequences of this war. It may dispose of its prisoners and its conquests according to its own views of policy and justice, subject only to the great principles that modern civilization has introduced into public concerns.

One can understand why a different theory is in favor at the South. It would be very convenient, no doubt, to the slaveholder to be permitted to transfer his slaves to the gold diggings, and gather the precious metal in lieu of a crop of cotton. But this, the policy of the whole country forbids. Congress has very justly left the decision of this very important matter to the people of California itself; and they have almost unanimously raised their voices against the measure. This, after all, is the really sore point in controversy between the South and the North. The fugitive slave has been, and will be given up to the legal claims of his master; and, in a vast majority of the people of the North, there is no disposition to disturb the legislative compromise that has been made of this matter. It is true that the North still owes the South a great deal more, though it may be questioned if the machinations of demagogues and the ravings of fanaticism will permit it to discharge the obligation. Penal laws should be passed, punishing those who meddle with this grave interest out of the limits of the State in which the parties reside; and energy should be shown in rendering such an act of justice effective and sure. Good-neighborhood, alone, would exact some such provision from every well-disposed community, and there cannot be a doubt that good policy coincides. The abolitionists, beyond a dispute, have only had a tendency to rivet the fetters of the slave, and to destroy the peace of the country. Emancipation has not been extended a single foot by any of their projects; while the whole South has been thrown into an attitude of hostile defiance, not only towards these misguided persons, but to their innocent and disgusted fellow-citizens. There might be a hope that the well-intentioned portion of these people, and it is both numerous and respectable, could be induced to adopt a wiser mode of procedure, were it not that dissolute politicians, who care only for the success of parties, and who make a stalking-horse of philanthropy, as they would of religion or patriotism, or any other extended feeling that happened to come within their influence, interpose their sinister schemes to keep agitation alive for their benefit. This, then, is the actual state of things, as between the North and the South; and we will take a hasty view of its probable consequences on the growth and commerce of the towns at the mouth of the Hudson.

It is undeniable that any serious derangement of the political institutions of the country, would produce a very injurious effect on its prosperity generally; and perhaps in its immediate influence, primarily on its commerce. But the first reverses of such a calamity overcome, we do not see reason for believing that the well-established principle, that trade will make its own laws, should not apply to these towns as well as to any other place known in the history of the world. New York, as has already been intimated, at this moment contributes quite as much to the prosperity of London, as it would probably have done had the political connection between England and her colonies never been severed. Making allowances for the greater prosperity induced by the political independence of America, it is not improbable that she even contributes more. Society and trade enact their own laws. The first is found to be mainly independent of the influence of political power, and the same, with certain qualifications, may be said to be equally true of the last.

But we see little to apprehend from this source of danger. If the slave-holding interest would be rendered really more secure by separation or secession, then, indeed, such a result might be looked for with some degree of confidence. But it is very certain that the measure would lead to an escape of most of the slaves near the northern frontiers of the Southern Confederacy, as well as of a vast number of those who live at a greater distance from what would probably be the dividing line. The North has been aroused to the necessity of being just, and of adhering to the conditions of the Constitution; and the recent measures of the country go to prove there is no real disposition, in the masses, to do otherwise. The attachment to the Union is very strong and general throughout the whole of this vast country, and it is only necessary to sound the tocsin to bring to its maintenance a phalanx equal to uphold its standard against the assaults of any enemies. The impossibility of the North-western States consenting that the mouth of the Mississippi should be held by a foreign power, is in itself a guaranty of the long existence of the present political ties. Then, the increasing and overshadowing power of the nation is of a character so vast, so exciting, so attractive, so well adapted to carry with it popular impulses, that men become proud of the name of American, and feel unwilling to throw away the distinction for any of the minor considerations of local policy. Every man sees and feels that a state is rapidly advancing to maturity which must reduce the pretensions of even ancient Rome to supremacy, to a secondary place in the estimation of mankind. A century will unquestionably place the United States of America prominently at the head of civilized nations, unless their people throw away their advantages by their own mistakes—the only real danger they have to apprehend: and the mind clings to this hope with a buoyancy and fondness that are becoming profoundly national. We have a thousand weaknesses, and make many blunders, beyond a doubt, as a people; but where shall we turn to find a parallel to our progress, our energy, and increasing power? That which it has required centuries, in other regions, to effect, is here accomplished in a single life; and the student in history finds the results of all his studies crowded as it might be into the incidents of the day.

A great deal that has been done among us of late, doubtless remains to be undone; but we are accustomed to changes of this nature, and they do not seem to be accompanied by the same danger here as elsewhere. The people have yet to discover that the seeming throes of liberty are nothing but the breath of their masters, the demagogues; and that at the very moment when they are made to appear to have the greatest influence on public affairs, they really exercise the least. Here, in our view, is the great danger to the country—which is governed, in fact, not by its people,

as is pretended, but by factions that are themselves controlled most absolutely by the machinations of the designing. A hundred thousand electors, under the present system of caucuses and conventions, are just as much wielded by command as a hundred thousand soldiers in the field; and the wire-pullers behind the scenes can as securely anticipate the obedience of their agents, as the members of the bureaux in any cabinet in Europe can look with confidence to the compliance of their subordinates. Party is the most potent despot of the times. Its very irresponsibility gives it an energy and weight that overshadows the regular action of government. And thus it is, that we hear men, in their places in the national legislature, boasting of their allegiance to its interests and mandates, instead of referring their duties to the country.

All large commercial towns are, in their nature, national in feeling. The diversity and magnitude of their interests are certain to keep them so; and, as we have already said, New York forms no exception to the rule. She belongs already more to the country than she does to the State, and every day has a tendency to increase this catholic disposition among the votaries of commerce.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DUKE'S EXEQUY.

ARRAS, A. D., 1404.

CLOTHED in sable, crowned with gold,
All his wars and councils ended,
Philip lay, surnamed The Bold:
Passing-bell his quittance tolled,
And the chant of priests ascended.

Mailèd Knights and archers stand,
Thronging in the church of Arras;
Nevermore at his command
Shall they scour the Netherland,
Nevermore the outlaws harass.

Naught is left of his array
Save a barren territory;
Forty years of generous sway
Sped his princely hoards away,
Bartered all his gold for glory.

Forth stept Flemish Margaret then,
Striding toward the silent ashes;
And the eyes of armed men
Fill with startled wonder, when
On the bier her girdle clashes!

Swift she drew it from her waist,
And the purse and keys it carried
On the ducal coffin placed;
Then with proud demeanor faced
Sword and shield of him she married.

"No encumbrance of the dead
Must the living clog for ever;
From thy debts and dues," she said,
"From the liens of thy bed,
We this day our line dissever.

"From thy hand we gain release
Know all present by this token!
Let the dead repose in peacé,
Let the claims upon us cease
When the ties that bound are broken.

"Philip, we have loved thee long,
But, in years of future splendor,
Burgundy shall count among
Bravest deeds of tale and song
This, our widowhood's surrender."

Back the stately Duchess turned,
While the priests and friars chanted,
And the swinging incense burned:
Thus by feudal rite was earned
Greatness for a race undaunted.

EDMOND C. STEDMAN.

A PAIR OF PIGEONS.

A STORY BY AN OLD SOLDIER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

I SHALL begin with a portrait. It is my own—at full length. Observe the *chiaro-oscuro!*

Imagine a Sibley tent, with its little conical stove in the centre, and a long popgun of a pipe running up beside the tent pole, until its head gets out of the tent hole at the top, where it puffs forth a slender whirl of blue smoke, like the whiff of a segar; and from the opening around the pipe a tender light, like a halo, enters the tent, descends, touches gently its canvas sides, and falls in a round disk of sunlight on the floor. Within that disk—but I anticipate.

This Sibley, with a few others and a whole brigade of shelter tents, stands upon a hillside; and in the valley below it you see the half-frozen runnels of a brook winding about till they are lost in a shaggy ravine, from the teeth of which they emerge through a fringe of icicles; the waters break into mist, and, falling still lower down into a rocky hollow, sweep around the boles of the few pine trees left in the valley, and glide out of sight. Around you on every side is an open waste of what was once woodland; hillside after hillside dotted with stumps of trees, yet white from the axe, and farther on, before you, on the edge of the last descending slope, you get momentary glimpses of a broad river, with the wicked outworks of the enemy on the opposite side thereof.

My company is on picket, many miles away; but the surgeon says I can't report for duty yet. 'Cause why? 'Cause I've had the typhoid!

Within the disk of sunlight on the tent floor is a pair of old shoes, with the toes on the ground, and the heels pointing to the place where the smoke goes out. Them's mine. In continuation is a pair of regulation army-blue trousers, reinforced for cavalry, and the reinforcement looking, so to speak, at the same hole to which my shoe heels are pointing. Them's mine. Just above the hind buttons is part of an old pair of sutler suspenders, and above these a faded cavalry jacket, trimmed with tattered yellow worsted braid, a brace of waste frogs to hold up the sword belt, two round, whitish spaces, where my old shoulder blades play like a couple of broken steamboat paddles, and the whole embroidered with the shifting shadows of the smoke above in as many patterns as a brigadier's cloak sleeve. (I'm so sensitive now, that I can feel them shadows.) That's my jacket. And just peeping out of the collar of that jacket is the back of an old head, sheared as close as the shears could cleave to the skull skin. That's my head. In fact, it is me, a soldier of the Army of the Potomac, that's inside of all these things—except my head—lying on my—bed, made of a couple of feed bags stuffed with quartermaster's hay, and writing this communication with a Jew's ever-pointed silver lead pencil, on the top of an old candle box.

But if you was to see me inside of my old uniform, you wouldn't think I belonged to it. It used to be too tight for me—but now? oh my! I could crawl through one of my own regulation legs! A'n't I thin! Why, when I look in my pocket-glass, I find I'm pretty much all ears. My face has caved so with the typhoid, and as for my eyes? why, they a'n't nothing but a couple of holes.

O Emily! Emily! dear saint in heaven! It's all owing to that pair of pigeons! Once I was happy, and had a wife. Once I was happy, and had a boy. Where are they now?

"And if thou should'st ask who this heart has in keeping?
And why every moment is shrouded with care?
And why all my gladness is changed into weeping?
Go ask the cold grave—for my idol is there!"

I'm in one of my moods now, and when I am, I always quote poetry—I often feel

"——— like the wretch, whose fever-weakened joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life,
Impatient of his fit."

It does me good to quote poetry—it sort of soothes me. It's like a pipe. Oh, how a pipe does gild and color a soldier's dreams! But I can't smoke now. 'Cause why? 'Cause I've had the typhoid! But I take to poetry instead. It's milder, and eases off things.

"——— O Octavian!
Where are the times thy ardent nature painted?
When fortune smiled upon thy lusty youth,
And all was sunshine? When the looked-for years
Were gayly decked with fancy's imagery;
While the high blood ran frolic through thy veins,
And boyhood made them sanguine? Let them vanish!
Prosperity's a cheat, Despair is honest,
And will stick by me steadily."

Some people may think, when they read this communication, that it is written by a person who never had any education, except a few scraps of poetry? They're mistaken. I talk this way because I'm not a public man, but a private soldier. There was a time when I used as good language as anybody; but habit is second nature, and now I talk as soldiers do. I once went to college; but a fellah finds, after he's been bucked and gagged, and made a spread-eagle of on a cannon wheel, and stood up on a pork barrel, or made to carry a log on his shoulder for twenty-four hours at a time, that his Greek and Latin slips out of his system like mercury out of a broken barometer.

Why do I say, "them's mine," instead of the appropriate way of doing things? Why, because I've learned, for over two years, a new vocabulary. I prefer it to the old one. It's an easier way of talking, and who cares? I did not like it at first, when the boys used to say: "How are you, *white top?*" I thought they should be more respectful to a few gray hairs. But now I don't mind it; in fact, I don't hear it much. There is many a white top now to keep me company. The army has grown gray very fast since I entered it.

I can say what no man in the Army of the Potomac can say—I entered it as a first lieutenant, and now I'm leaving it as a full private. How did I get this Irish hoist? Principally by being in the way of promotion—for drinking. And why did I drink? To keep away grief, my lads. I entered the service when about one half the regiments were commanded by country schoolmasters, small country storekeepers, country lawyers, and German adventurers. My colonel was of a different type; he was a regular, out-and-out old speculator. He had bought up a lot of country horses; most of them, from appearance, I should say, were the antiquities of some city omnibus establishment, turned out to grass, for they were hoof-hammered up to their knees; and these were interspersed with a variety of shaggy farm colts, with here and there a hard-looking trotter a good deal touched with the spavin. He had offered this choice collection to the Government (having a friend in a former functionary of the War Department), but was told the Government could not buy them, because there were no men to ride them; but if he would raise a cavalry regiment, the horses would be taken as fast as they were mounted. That was the way our colonel got his commission—he commenced his campaign by speculating in horses, and ended it by retiring as a colonel of cavalry. I understood that he made a good thing of it; and know that he never served his country better than when he sent in his resignation. When I entered the service, I was first lieutenant in company H, of that good old colonel's regiment. Like his speculative horses, the army was a sort of miscellaneous affair. New levies coming in, old levies going out, some of them three months' men, and invalids sick of the war. All was disorder, confusion, license! By and by Little Mac straightened things out. I know he straightened me out. I never before felt the heavy hand of discipline. I got into the ranks before I knew the regiment was going to pieces. The old horses dropped off in scores, and I never heard what became of the men. I very soon was ordered to join another company, and found myself among strangers, and in a few months as gray as a badger.

But it's all owing to them pigeons. If it hadn't been for them, I wouldn't have been a drinking man; and if it hadn't been for that, I might have been a brigadier by this time, and had a wife to enjoy my honors, and a house full of children to read of my campaigns.

(*To be continued.*)

TENNESSEE.

Mountain tops with verdure crowned,
Looms where busy wheels resound,
Herds that graze upon the plain,
Harvests rich with yellow grain—
Happy, peaceful, brave and free,
Heaven smiled on Tennessee.

Came rebellion's ruthless hand,
Spread destruction through the land,
Murder, rapine, strife and sin—
Gibbets rose where spires had been;
Stanch and loyal, silent we
Suffered all in Tennessee:

Torches blaze, by robbers borne,
Hearts by wicked tyrants torn,
Exile, famine, tears and pain—
Prayers alone to God remain.
Firm and faithful still stood we,
Though terror reigned in Tennessee.

Sisters, hear us ere we fail!
Hungry children weep and wail;
Shall they fill their fathers' grave,
Whilst your hands remain to save?
Can it Union truly be
If we starve in Tennessee?

Cambridge.

HERESY!

Fashionable female head-gear "has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." St. Paul's saying "much every way" has been taken to heart by fashion and the barbers, and is applied, with ever so many other things, to every lady's head, nowadays. Hair feminine has risen with gold, and become as inflated as the currency: and though "waterfalls" deluge the land, and "rats" and "mice" have taken to the tonsorial edifice, its vast circumference constantly increases and now occupies almost as much space as the primitive hoop. Indeed, it is whispered in well informed circles, and, moreover, corroborated by the testimony of a reliable lady from behind her front, that, next winter, hoops are to rise to a new social position, and be worn on the head, pointing to the zenith as well as *ad Orcum*. Even as it is, fashion, relentless as steel, expects every woman to do her duty and to be the owner, by descent or by purchase, of hair enough to reach from Dan to Beersheba.

Thin young ladies bending under a thicket of fat curls coiffed á la Gargery, present in the sunlight a picturesque but startling variety of hue which suggests unity of price but difference of origin; and pat(e)riotic young women do not hesitate to wear "French-rolls" on their American aerated heads. Even modest Miss Bandoline's round, sunny face appears as the centre and key-note of a system of locks worthy of Dewitt Clinton and fifty Chubbses. My own Amboline (who recovered from a fever hardly a month ago, and, in the intimacies of her family circle, wears nothing upon that charming little pony head of hers but a suggestive crop of short fuzziness) broke out all of a sudden yesterday, with a Niagara of a waterfall, and a Hyperionic side-view, and a couple of a little spirts or horns; showing conclusively that the maxim "from nothing nothing comes" does not apply to that dear, creative, artistic, Xyzetti. She came down stairs yesterday evening with her sister Ambrosia after a protracted interview with that admirable artist, ready for the opera and for my dispassionate criticism,—that is, in male English, for my wildest admiration.

"Aquarius, what lovely waterfalls!" said I, as the two sweet things pivoted simultaneously before my astonished eyes. "By these tresses unconfined, you present a bewitching alternative. Which horn shall I take?"

"Both," said Miss Ambie, (of course meaning "neither") retreating at the same moment in order to assist me—"You are to look, not touch."—"Besides, I wish you wouldn't use such horrid language: 'take a horn,'—and aquariums indeed! As if we had been fishing for that sort of compliments." "Yes" added Ambrosia afar off, with her nose in the air, "and besides, just as if you didn't know how we came by these tresses, as you call them."

"Persevere, my dear young ladies," I replied, somewhat huffily, to this prickly pair, "keep on as you 've begun, and very few people will be able to 'come by' anyway, except in a balloon."

"A *soft* answer turned away wrath," replies Miss Ambie with an impudent, but charming, disregard of consistency and the horrors of horrid language. Magnanimity requires that my victorious answer be buried in oblivion. I bury it, and conclude.

After all, though there is a medium in things—(several in Grand Street) and though a woman is not most attractive when she caps the climax of capillary absurdity, yet Gallio and the rest of the men care for none of these things; so that the evil must be left to right itself like certain newspaper articles. But before leaving this head, would it be unconstitutional to suggest a rod, perch, or poll tax might well be imposed upon this branch of the female subject's liberty tree? Quarry.

EPIGRAM.

Three Judges, by three sovereigns sent,
New York's afflicted bar torment.
One wig the Governor bestows;
The President another chose;
The people's votes the third propose.
Fire, sword, or famine, is a curse,
But each of these law-plagues is worse.

CHARADE.—NO. III.

A ballad of the olden time,
Tells of my *First* the woes and crime,
Tho' shrined by love within a bower,
She fell beneath a rival's power.

Lift up the veil from time's past years.
What lovely vision now appears?
That perfect form and matchless face,
No painter's skill could justly trace.
Yet to the block was doomed her head;
And tearless, who the tale e'er read?

Toll, toll the bell! a spirit's passed!
Upon the world she's looked her last:
Yes, toll the bell, but weep no more,
Life's battle fought, her struggle's o'er.
Fresh handfuls of my *Whole* bring here,
And strew them on the maiden's bier.

ACROSTIC ENIGMA.

Who never loved, the first has never seen,
Nor caught the glimpses of that purple sheen
That comes and goes, life's common graver shades between.

Who hates, the last has ever by his side,
Last which was first, till more than mortal pride
Bade the two sever, and the world in strife divide.

Urged by these two, her fainting steps draw near,
Chased to the brink of death by wo and fear,
Outcast from all the earth, is *this her sentence here?*

Where stainèd light through tall quaint oriels steals,
White incense floats, the solemn organ peals,
Within *this stony vault* with prostrate face she kneels.

Then one with horrors thwarts her struggling prayer,
Fills with all mocking shapes the holy air,
And shows her sinking soul *this pit* of black despair.

And one with whispered cheer her heart upstays,
Points to a crown that casts more dazzling rays
Than sheds *that vision land* which cheats the mariner's gaze.

Pure, through *this rite* from priestly hands, she dies,
"Saved!" drops in spirit echoes from the skies,
While "Margaret! saved!" Faust's doubting voice below replies.

TO FORTUNE.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF METASTASIO.

What wouldst thou, changeful Power, with thorns and rocks
Rough'ning with terrors for my step each path?
That I should tremble at thy stare of wrath,
Or toil to grasp and hold thy flying locks?
Keep thou thy threat'nings for those dastard hearts,
That to thy fleeting, guileful empire bend.
Well could I, though the falling world should rend,
Undaunted gaze upon its crumbling parts.
Not strange nor new to me this war-embrace.
Long have we sternly fought, and yet more strong
Thy rage has made me with its buffeting.
So, from the whirling wheel and smiting mace,
The steel, enduring blows and battering long,
Grows at the last more keen and glittering. M.

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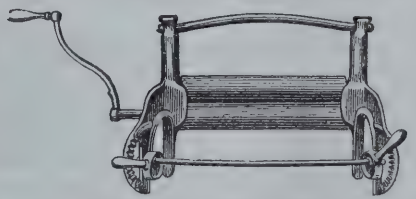

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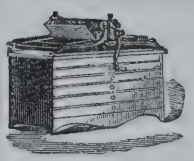

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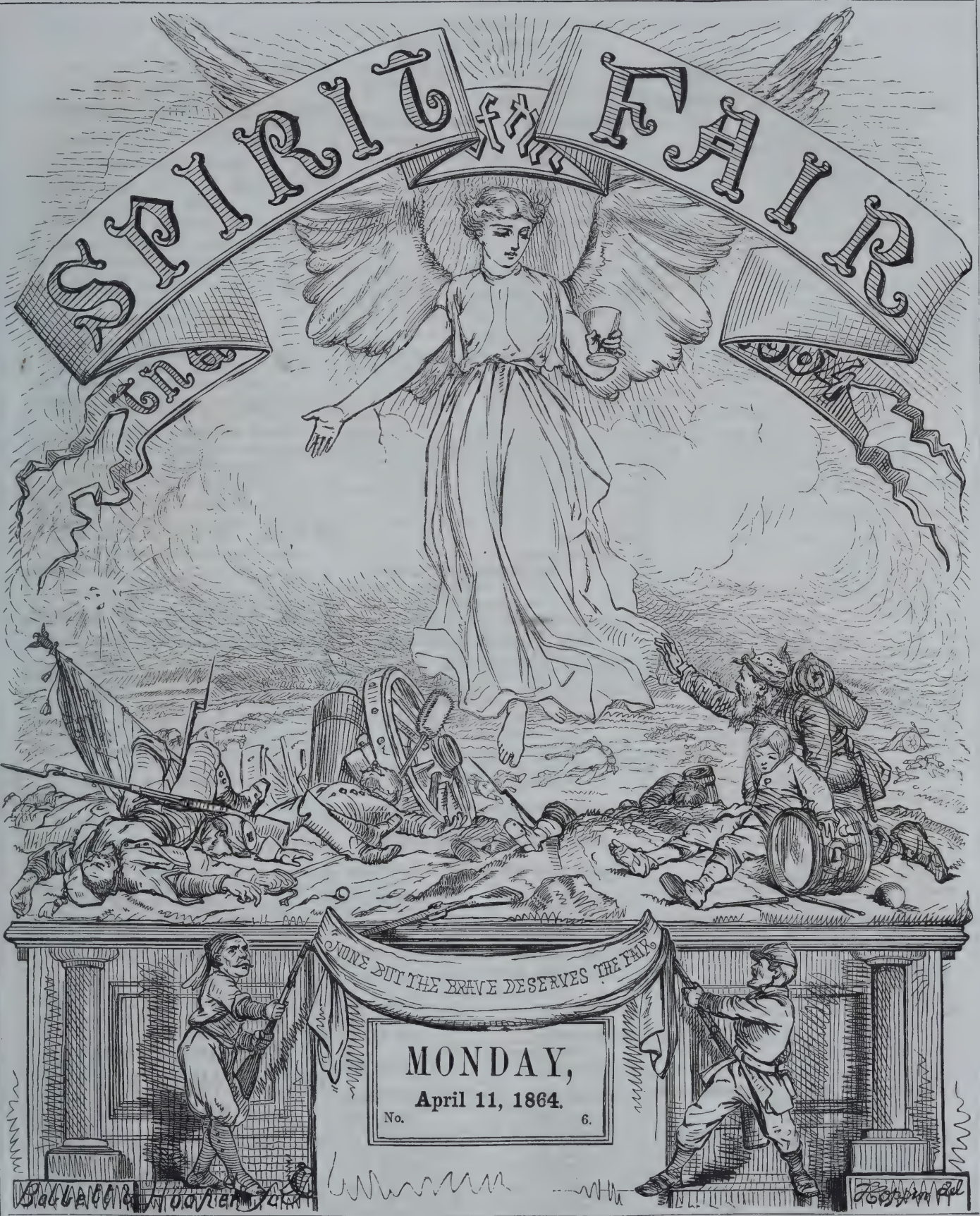

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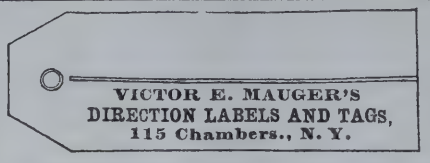

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Room No. 2—Treasurer's Department.
Stall 43—Broadway Tabernacle.
Room No. 1—Lingeries and Trimmings.

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Stall 47—Surgical and Optical Instruments.
Room No. 5—Sewing Machines.
Stall 48—Soda Fountain.
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4—Episcopal Church of Resurrection.
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6—St. Matthew's, Lutheran.
7—Baptist.
8—Buffalo.
9—Owego.
10—New Bedford.
11—7th Precinct Police.
12—Ohio.
13—Staten Island.
14—Welsh Church.
15—Hastings on Hudson.
16—Norwalk.
17—Welsh Church.
18—Westchester.
19—Harlem.
20—Methodist Church.
21—Wholesale Fancy Goods.
22—English Cloths.
23— Do. do.
24—Fancy Goods and Waxwork.
25—Retail Perfumery and Drugs.
26—Presbyterian Church.
27— Do. do.
28—Dutch Reformed.
29—Fancy Goods—"Excelsior."
30—Children's Clothing.
31—Parisian Fancy Goods.

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is reached by the staircase near the Picture Gallery, and is divided into the following Departments:

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" " 9—Library and Book Store.
" " 7 and 8—Old Curiosity Shop.
" " 6—Millinery and Dressmaking.
Rooms beyond—Furniture and Upholstery Department.
74—Ladies' Hair Dressing Department.
73—Mineral Department.
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DOOR TO DINING SALOON.

The floor above is occupied by the Photographic Department.

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ITEMS AND INCIDENTS OF THE FAIR.

The Mineral Department, placed undeservedly in rather an out-of-the-way corner in the second story, to the right as you pass the French Restaurant, is well worth a visit. The specimens of galena (sulphuret of lead) are very fine, particularly one very large one from Galena, Ill., which is beautifully adorned with a covering of iron pyrites. A curious specimen of fossil coral—Cosiniposa—is exhibited, taken from the lower Silurian formation, at Galena, Ill., with its pores partially filled with lead. The whole beautiful collection, valued at $3,000, is presented to the Fair by the owner, Mr. John Reynard.

An interesting relic of by-gone days, is the Haversack used by Charles XII. It is a leathern bag of rude manufacture, the shoulder-strap fastened to it by large iron buckles, and was evidently meant for use rather than ornament. Charles died in 1718; this bag is therefore over 150 years old.

Among the notable curiosities, is a wonderful nugget of gold, of a size but seldom met with. It weighs 195 lbs., and is worth, according to the calculation of Prof. Silliman and others, $40,000, or a little more than $17.09 per oz. Troy.

The parent of that noble instrument, the modern piano, may be seen in the quaint old spinet, 100 years old, manufactured in London. We trust, for the sake of our great grandmothers' ears, that its tone has fearfully deteriorated with age!

Room 10, under the efficient supervision of Mrs. Coit and Mrs. Renwick, contains Architectural and ornamental stone work; stained and enamelled glass articles; fonts and vases. It has also many beautiful articles of Bohemian glass from Schauss, and stained glass from Messrs. Morgan & Hamilton. In the latter category is an exceedingly beautiful enamelled white glass screen from Messrs. Cooper & Belcher. Among the fonts is one from Brandon, Vt., made of blue marble. There are *basso relievo* sculptures of Shakespeare and Lafayette, done in American slate, that show considerable skill and finish. They are from Messrs. Fisher & Brother. In the room, too, are many plaster casts, among them a copy of Rogers' recent work, the "Biter Bit." Around the room are hung four large and valuable tapestries, which have a romantic and chequered history They were made in Spain, several centuries ago, and fell into the possession of a Mexican family. They were bought in Mexico, by Mr. Daniel Coit, and brought to this country, and now grace with their faded colors and wonderful workmanship, this great occasion of a nation's gratitude and charity. These tapestries represent scenes in the life of the doughty knight of the revival of chivalry.

In the Silverware Department, nearly all the large silver pieces have been sold. There still remains a quantity of jewelry, watches, and bijouterie of fine workmanship, but the prospects are that this department will be rapidly emptied of its shining wares. The sales amount to between six and seven thousand dollars. The department is under the direction of Mrs. Parker. This lady also has the general supervision of wholesale fancy goods.

Table 30 displays Children's Clothing, and is under the care of Mrs. Allen. The goods are easily and rapidly sold.

A plan has been devised by which aid will be extended through the Fair to the suffering patriots of East Tennessee. A committee has been appointed to collect and transmit funds and contributions to the loyal people of that region, through whom suitable articles, such as breadstuffs, meats, and clothing purchased at the Fair may be sent to the local Relief Association at Knoxville. Thus a double charity would be served by the same sum, since every dollar expended in suitable goods would go to the soldier through the Fair, and the goods themselves be sent to our starving countrymen and women.

A circular containing full explanations of the plan will be distributed at the different stands.

We are indebted to our friends of the New York daily press for their favorable notices of the Spirit of the Fair; and we have no doubt that the omission, in one or two instances, to give us credit for original articles copied from our columns, was an oversight and not intentional.

The gentleman who left a five dollar greenback on our counter for a copy of the paper, and refused change, will please accept the thanks of a sick and wounded soldier—yet to be.

Our readers have already seen the announcement of the sudden death of Mrs. Kirkland, author of "*A New Home—Who'll Follow!*" By the death of this estimable lady, the Sanitary Fair has lost a warm friend and patron, whose disinterested labors had contributed not a little to its success. Mrs. Kirkland was in the Fair only a few hours previous to her death. The last thing she wrote was an article for our columns. It is now invested with a sad interest, and we shall give it to our readers as the parting message of one who wrote while unconsciously standing on the very boundary between life and death.

PROMISCUOUS CRITICISMS ON THE SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

Old Lady from the Country.—"Lawks, I don't want another copy,—the folks to hum say 'tain't worth readin'."

Young Lady (benignantly).—"Couldn't you, sir, make the paper a little—just a little *lighter*:—something in the conundrum way or small talk?"

Heavy Gentleman from the Club.—"Hem, ha,—pray, are you one of the editors of this sheet? Well, well, I've nothing to complain of—that is *as yet*,—but mind me, if you insult the intelligent taste of your readers by descending to what-do-ye-call-ems,—jokes or women's scandal—I'll—I'll—I'll not, no—I'll not, not buy another copy—not another copy, by jingo!"

Intelligent Reader.—"Excuse me, sir, but do you really mean to say that all these contributions are *original?*"

Editor.—"Entirely so."

Intelligent Reader.—"Then, sir, I think you make a grand mistake in charging so little for your paper. Why a single article from some of these writers would command $500 or $1,000, if offered to a magazine."

Editor.—"You are quite correct, but we have decided that it is much better to put the price of the paper within the means of *all* who visit the Fair."

Pale-faced Young Man.—"Don't you publish anonymous contributions?"

Editor.—"Yes,—when they are good."

P. F. Young Man.—"Then I'd like to know why you didn't print my verses, beginning,

'Lucinda, when I saw thee first
I felt as if my heart would burst!'?"

Editor—"We cannot precisely remember *why* your lines were omitted, but probably because the space was required that day for a poem by Bryant."

P. F. Young Man.—Bryant! Who's he?"

Small Newsboy passing by.—"Dunno who Bryant is! well, you must be a spooney. (*Calls out*) Here's the Spirit of the Fair, only 10 cents.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Those whose departments have not been specially noticed in our columns will please send a *written description* of the same, however brief, to the letter box at the counter of the Spirit of the Fair.

To accommodate those who desire to send the paper to their friends in the country, we will put in wrappers, address, prepay, and mail such copies for fifteen cents each. A book of addresses for this purpose is open at our stand in the Fourteenth street building, next to the main entrance.

We are obliged to refuse daily many hundreds who desire to subscribe for the paper and have it left at their residences. A moment's reflection will show that such an arrangement on our part is almost impracticable.—In the first place we find it very difficult to get volunteer newsboys enough to supply the demand for the paper. Then, the expense of delivery at private residences would seriously detract from the profits—which, the reader must ever remember, are not ours, but the poor soldiers'.

Those, however, who really cannot go or send to the places of subscription for their daily paper, may be able to make arrangements with the Newspaper Dealers to deliver copies at their places of residence. Many we believe are willing to do this for their customers. Mr. Low desires us to say, that subscribers at his store, 823 Broadway, will have their papers delivered at their residences. The "Committee on Newspaper" have worked very hard, and at great personal inconvenience, to make the paper a success, and they ask the generous public to relieve them as far as possible from unnecessary trouble in the *delivery*.

Miss Hone acknowledges the receipt of the following donations for the Fair:

Mrs. Duncan, $50; Mrs. Butler Duncan, $50; subscription for a Doll, dressed by Miss S. Hoyt and Miss Fearing, $151; articles made and sold by Miss M. Richards and Miss Boughton, $25; large number of handsome articles made by Mrs. Callender's scholars, and Mrs. Williams's scholars; also, same from Mrs. J. E. Parsons, Mrs. Sewell, Mrs. G. T. M. Davis, Mrs. Williamson and friends, Mrs. Odell (of Frederickton, N. B.), Mrs. J. Wadsworth, Mrs. Wetmore, Miss A. Wetmore, Miss Mary Hone, Miss Annie Hone, Mrs. R. McKim, Mrs. Bell, Mrs. W. C. Schermerhorn, Mrs. F. G. Foster, Mrs. Oothout, Mrs. DePeyster, Miss Fanny Russell, Miss Edith Pell, Mrs. Montant, Mrs. Goelet, Mrs. Charles Green, Master A. Belmont and many others.

LETTER FROM THOMAS HUGHES.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Fair.

LONDON, *March* 10, 1864.

SIR: Some four days ago I had the pleasure of receiving an invitation from Mr. Evarts to breakfast with him at his hotel—Edwards's, opposite the church of St. George's, Hanover Square, in this city. Your friend has shown sound judgment in his election. Edwards's is one of those thoroughly comfortable, private hotels, of which we have still a few in this country, in which every sensible man would live and die, and so get altogether rid of the plagues of servants, equipages, and the other burdens of highly civilized life, provided always that he possessed the necessary power of drawing cheques. The house did full justice to its well-won reputation on the morning in question. I think that the meal to which we sat down at ten o'clock would have passed muster with Mr. Wendell Holmes himself, had the autocrat of the breakfast table been present; would that he had been! To me the pleasures incidental to delicious broiled salmon, and such like delicacies at that hour of the forenoon, were heightened by the consciousness that I was playing truant, and ought at that moment to have been ensconced in my dingy corner of Lincoln's Inn, and absorbed in the preparation of a Bill of Complaint in Her Majesty's High Court of Chancery. The company was all that could be desired. Mr. Evarts was faced by his son, a fine intelligent boy of 15 or thereabouts—as like an English boy as two peas, by the way: we had two other Americans, the sons of Mr. Adams, the elder straight from the Army of the Potomac, and the remaining six or eight guests were Englishmen, M.P.s, barristers, authors, and the like; all good men and true. So, as you have taught us to say, at breakfast we had a good time—and, after breakfast we had another good time, over a cigar. We English were all anxious to hear Mr. Evarts and Captain Adams on several matters relating to your great struggle; and I think we all came away with some new ideas, and with many of our old ones strengthened and confirmed. But I at least did not get away scatheless, and this, as John Gilpin's biographer says,

"Brings me to
The middle of my song,"

or rather story; and will account to you for this sudden intrusion on you by a perfect stranger.

Well then, as I took up my hat with a sigh, and shaking hearty hands with your accomplished friend, was about to depart for my den, and the daily grind, he called me aside for a moment with, "I want one word with you, Mr. Hughes, before you go. You have heard of our great Fair at New York for the wounded soldiers, and the families of those who have died in the war?" "Of course I have," I replied, "and sympathize heart and soul in your objects. Your soldiers, white and black, are fighting the greatest battle which we have seen or are likely to see, in our time—the world-old battle against principalities and powers, and spiritual wickedness in high places. I only wish I could do more to help you."

"Well," he said, "you can do something, and that's what I want to speak to you about."

"You are too late," said I; "almost every American friend I have over here has been to me already. I have sent books of mine through one, photographs through another, autographs through another, notes of a lot of our distinguished men, which I and my wife have raked together out of our portfolios and letter drawers, very few of which will I fear be legible to any but experts on your side of the Atlantic, and lastly, my own autograph, which will be legible enough, but alas, of small value. The Fair will be swamped with my contributions."

"But have you contributed to the paper?" he asked.

"What paper?" I enquired.

"Oh, you haven't heard of it then? So I thought. A daily paper will be published during the Fair, and my object is to get a few contributions to its columns over here. I reckon on you. *Anything* you have by you will be acceptable, and I am sure you will not grudge it in such a cause."

Grudge it! not I indeed. Of course I at once promised to do what I could, but I felt then, and feel still more now, how little that will be. For, in the first place, I have had no time for years to write anything more than occasional articles for reviews, and newspapers, so that I have *nothing* by me. Then the time was too short to write anything, even if it had been at my disposal, which it was not, being already deeply mortgaged for professional work. Besides, what could I write which would interest your readers? I feel most deeply the force of some passages which I read the other day in Mr. Holmes' last book, that men on your side cannot think, or write, or attend to their ordinary business; that for you, the romance of the past grows pale before the red light of the terrible present; that, in the very agony and bloody sweat of this great sacrifice, any voices but those which come from the midst of it must fall coldly on your ears.

However, the promise was made, and so must be fulfilled, as well as I could manage it. So when I got home that night I overhauled a lot of old papers, to see if anything would turn up bearing even remotely on your struggle. For many years I have watched your history with the deepest interest; have striven to master, as well as one can over here, the tangled web of your political and social life, and have written more articles upon one phase or another of that chequered drama than I should care to remember. Something might still be lying about which had never seen the light yet, and might possibly serve my purpose.

I am afraid that my search was fruitless. The only unpublished MS. I could find, bearing even remotely on your affairs, was the one which I, with much hesitation, enclose. A few words as to its history. Ten years ago Mr. Hawthorne's life of General Pierce was republished over here. I of course instantly bought and devoured it, and having done so, wrote, in some perplexity of mind, what I now send you. The editor to whom I sent the MS. objected to parts, and before I could make any other use of it, rumors came over which induced me to put it quietly aside, and there it has lain from that day to this. My reasons for sending it you now are, first, because I have nothing else to send. Secondly, because though I quite see that it must be useless to you as a whole, yet on-running my eye through it again at the end of all these years, I think there are parts, which, if you should use them, may help your people to understand the point of view from which the average Englishman looks at American politics.

And now let me bid you God speed in your great work; let me tell you—what I fear there are few amongst you who will readily believe, but which is true for all that—that there are thousands amongst us who look upon this great work which has been laid on you, as the one most momentous for good or evil in its issues to the whole world of all that this 19th century has seen, or is likely to see—who believe, with me, that you will neither falter or turn aside till you have brought it to the only right issue, who watch with thankful hearts "the current of circling events," (shall we not rather say the right arm of the God of freedom?) "carrying you farther and farther every hour, out of the influence of the great failing which was born of your wealth, and of the deadly sin which was your fatal inheritance."

I feel that it would be impertinent in an Englishman to do more than express general sympathy with you on such an occasion, and in these pages—I trust that people of all shades of political opinion are joining in this good work—I cannot believe that there is any American who is not proud of the men who have given life or limb in this quarrel, or who will not join in any movement or plan which promised aid and comfort to them, or their families. I trust, indeed I feel considerable confidence, that you will also have proofs of no small sympathy from our side: within my own knowledge there are half a dozen *celebrities* who have been working for the Fair, and many more persons fully as worthy, but whose names do not happen to be so well known.

Indeed, there is one point which in conclusion I should like to urge, which is, that you should look more to what has been written in England on the war by men who have given their names; less to anonymous articles. Taking this test, which I do think is one which should have great weight, you will find that almost the whole weight of English thought has been on the side of freedom. With the exception of Carlyle, what leading man in any branch of literature has spoken out on the other side? On the other hand, the list of those who have publicly recorded their sympathy with the North includes Mill, Goldwin Smith, Lord Houghton, Trollope, Dicey, Russell, Browning, Newman, Cairnes, and many others. Again, in public life you find no man of any real weight advocating the Southern slaveholders' cause. The Tory leaders sit sullenly still; they know that it will not do to play that card; while some of the most respected of our public men outside the Government, and the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Milner Gibson, and, in a more modified form, Lord Russell and the Attorney-General within it, have shown that when the pinch comes, and Englishmen with some responsibility on their shoulders have to declare themselves, they have not forgotten the traditions of their childhood. The time of Easter, and the occupation of a great charitable and national work, such as your Sanitary Commission has in hand, and in aid of which the Fair and this journal have been started, should be favorable to kindly thoughts, and frankly as I confess the many causes of estrangement and bitterness which have arisen between our countries since the war broke out, the lion's share of which ought in fairness to be laid at the door of the nation which has not been in the pangs of a revolution; I do think that even the best and fairest men amongst you have never yet done justice, either to the conduct of our Government, beset as they have been with questions of no common difficulty on all sides, or to the attitude of the thinking portion of our community.

I myself hope to see, in spite of all that reckless men on either side can do to hinder it, a closer and more hearty alliance between my country and yours, as soon as this war is over, than has ever been possible since we parted in last century. Slavery has been the only real cause of our estrangement for the last thirty years; as soon as that has been taken away the laws of gravitation will surely bring us together again. Every lover of his own country, on whichever side of the Atlantic he may chance to have been born, will strive and pray that this may be so, and none more earnestly than I.

Believe me, with renewed wishes for success to the Fair,

Yours very truly, THOMAS HUGHES.

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1864.

A PAIR OF PIGEONS.

A STORY BY AN OLD SOLDIER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

(*Continued.*)

People think, and officers particularly, that there's nothing to a cavalry jacket but braids and buttons. Maybe there isn't. There's a heart under it, and feeling under it, and the old head that pops out of the collar has a brain in it, sometimes crowded with more memories than discipline can ever wipe out.

When my father died (he was head clerk in a large iron-ware house in New York), he left me a few thousand dollars to begin the world with. My mother, bless her dear face that always wore so sweet a smile whenever she looked on me, her only son—I wonder whether she sees me now?—died a few years before him. I put my college learning on the shelf, opened a small store in the hardware line, was busy night and day, got the reputation of being an industrious, thriving man; did thrive, made a little more money, bought an acre and a half of ground on the Hudson river for the future, borrowed some money on bond and mortgage, built myself a snug cottage, married, and took my dear little wife home to a new house all furnished, and all my own. Oh, how we watched the young trees spreading and growing, the shrubs pouting with innumerable buds, the vines climbing, the birds singing in the dewy mornings! Morning by rail cars to business; evening by rail cars to home and happiness. By and by, Emily had a baby. There never was such a baby! It was a glory in the house. It was my morning and evening star!

When Billy grew up and turned his fifth birthday, his uncle, my wife's brother, gave him a pair of pigeons. They were birds of ill omen to us! Fantails—thorough breds!—strutting and crook-a-t-cooing all over the parlor carpets, or flying with loud flipflaps on the pictures, the curtain cornices, or the piano, to please Billy. Then I'd catch them and crowd them into their little box, for we had no other place to put them.

My wife says to me, says she, "William, why don't you have a house built for them? Then they can fly out when they please, and soar all over and around the garden, and look so pretty, billing and cooing on the eaves of the roof; and by and by we'll have a young family of squabs, and it will be so nice!" And Billy's round, blue eyes were fringed with radiant joy, and he rubbed his little chubby hands together, and shouted out in his beautiful voice, "Bully for thoo, mamma!"

"Emily," says I, "how can I build a suitable place for them? It will have to be set up pretty high on something: it can't stand on the ground, for the rats will get at it; and if I put it high up on a pair of poles, it will look so, that everybody will be talking about it. Now the proper place for it is the cockloft of a stable, with an ornamental shelf and pent-house, and then it is a *decoration* for the edifice; but you know I haven't made up my mind to build a stable yet," says I, "and what can we do?"

"Oh, William," says she, with her pretty mouth, "you have been talking for so *many* years," says she, "about building that old stable, and why not build it now? You can keep a horse and a little wagon, and then I can go to market, and take Billy to school, and come for you at the depot, and the man can take you there in the morning, and it will do to carry any light packages you bring up from the city, instead of hiring a teamster; and the gardener can attend to the horse, without any extra expense; and we will have a stall for a cow, and another to put in any visitor's horse when it rains; and altogether it won't cost any more than its services will really be worth. In fact, it will economize as much in some things as the whole worth of the outlay; and even if it don't, you ought to be able to afford it by this time," says she.

I never was a strong man—heart-proof against argument from any one that I loved. Judgment was too apt to beat a retreat before affection. I wouldn't have disappointed Emily for fifty stables. So I consulted a builder.

"Mr. Perley," says he, "what sort of a stable do you think you'd like to have?"

I told him that a quiet, small, unobtrusive wooden edifice, with a picturesque penthouse and ornamental shelf for a pair of pigeons, would be according to my views; and seeing that he smiled, I added—and a stall for a horse, another for a cow, and a room for a light wagon—that was all.

"Mr. Perley," says he, "take my advice, and don't build a wooden stable. While you are about it, build a brick one. It does cost a little more to begin with, but you will save all the extra expense in the end. You don't know how convenient it will be to have a spare stall or two. You will have to build your stable pretty deep for your buggy anyhow, for the shafts take up room; you ought to have a place for a light lumber wagon to carry your truck in, for you don't want to be riding such things in a nice vehicle; and by and by you'll want a neat rockaway for your wife to ride in; and as you are about it, have room enough for all; it's only a trifle more expense, and then you get five good stalls for nothing."

Now nothing is more reasonable than this—if you are going to incur a little expense, it won't cost much to incur a great deal more—so I listened to these siren words, and being at a loss to reply to Emily's persuasions, adopted all of them. Why should I, since the builder had convinced her, stand out about a mere trifle? The walls went up, the roof went on, the penthouse jutted from under the eaves, the pigeons flew forth from the gable like Noah's dove from the ark; the horse was purchased; and instead of a trotting wagon, I selected a neat, stylish rockaway, because Emily said it would be so nice to go to church in.

Things went on smoothly enough for a while, until some of our friends, or rather they were my friends, being in the horse line, discovered that the rockaway was too heavy for Pulaski—for so I had named our new horse. When I told this to Emily, she put on that persuasive smile again, and said, with her bright eyes beaming upon me, "Then I suppose we will have to buy a mate to him? After all, it costs but a little more to keep two horses; one man can attend to two as well as to one; we have plenty of stalls in our stable, which is fortunate; it is only the cost of the first outlay; the rockaway only needed a pole, and then we would be complete."

There it was again—when you are at some expense, it doesn't cost much more to incur a great deal more. So I bought another horse—splendid match he was for Pulaski. I called him Steuben. We were indeed in luck.

There was another thing, however, that had to be bought, that Emily had not thought of. As it is impossible to drive a pair of horses in single harness, a double set had to be purchased. "While you are about it," says Emily, 'get a handsome set; it's poor economy to spend money on an inferior article that will soon wear out, when something durable won't cost a great deal more."

"Emily," says I, "it seems to me that a span of horses and carriage suggest so many brilliant ideas in the art of economy, that if we should keep a coach and four, the family, by judicious expenditure, would be able to live out of the savings."

But my poor wife was hurt by this jocose remark—her face flushed up, the tears started from their source, and trembled reproachfully in the brightest pair of eyes I ever knew. At the time it vexed me. Instead of comforting her, I said something—what it was I have forgotten, but it must have been too sharp, I am afraid. She put her hand to her eyes, and ran toward the house. We were standing at the stable door when this little tiff occurred. I was thinking what I should do to reconcile her, when flap, flap, flap went the double pair of wings over my head. I turned my eyes to the ornamental shelf and picturesque penthouse. O you emblems of innocence! Little do you know what serious expenses you are drawing me into!

I must say Emily treated me with a great deal of magnanimity when I went in to tea. I sat down with a heavy heart, thinking of a large payment on the morrow, for which I was not altogether provided. As for Billy, he was in high glee; he had a new pet, a Guinea pig, and had entirely forgotten his fantails. "Emily," says I, "what shall we do with Billy's new pet?" "Put him in one of the empty stalls," said she, with a smile. As she did not appreciate my joke about a coach and four, I did not smile at hers.

As luck would have it, we had then a succession of rainy Sundays. Either going to, or coming from church, the wind was in our faces, and it blew the rain through the open front of our rockaway, so as to spoil several of Emily's best dresses. "My dear," said she, "don't you think we had better exchange this rockaway for a close carriage? It won't cost much more, and I know it will save my dresses enough to pay for the difference; and Billy has got such a sore throat."

Ah, there it was again! Saving, saving all the time. I am afraid this economy will ruin me in the end. But I bought the carriage.

(*To be continued.*)

THE AMATEUR MEDIUM.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

Lawrence and Dirck and I sat, late at night,
Beside the open hearth, and in the light
Of blazing wood talked of the poets dead—
Whether their spirits ever visited
Their living brothers—haply, stole unsought
Into some rapt, absorbing trance of thought
And won again, through other lips, the bliss
Of rhythmic utterance. "Such an hour as this,"
Said Lawrence, "for his visits well were fit."
Then I: "Let some one take me as I sit,
Make me his voice and bid my passive brain
Follow the footsteps of his alien strain!"
Dirck laughed and said: "I'm ready too: where's Keats?"
We drew the table nearer to our seats,
Placed pen, ink, paper: and a silence fell.
I saw a lurid glow, as some far hell
A moment oped its gates; then golden rays
Shot through, as from a falling star a-blaze,—
Al Araaf 'twas: and in the midst, a form
Trampling beneath its feet the Conqueror Worm.
Around his head the Raven flew: his hand
Lifted the semblance of a magian's wand,
Entwined with cypress. "Write for me," he said,
"Of Substance only: I was falsely led,
In Life, to sing of shadows and of dreams,
The scorned Substantial now more worthy seems."
Lean fingers, lit with white phosphoric flame,
Touched mine, and of itself the poem came:

The Memory of the Steak.

It was in a city olden, by a rapid river flowing,
Where the silent seraphs sauntered, at even and at morn;
Where the bowers made molten music in the breezes, balmy blowing,
And Hate was homeless ever, ever veiled the voice of Scorn.

Then within this city olden, seated in the violet valley,
In a dim Titanic tavern I my hunger huge did sate,
For the heavenly handmaid (nameless now, her name was Sally)
Brought me beefsteak and potatoes on a princely purple plate.

O, that steak like censer steaming, how it dazzles on my dreaming,
Deep in orient onions buried and potatoes in the peel!
Peppered in peculiar beauty, with the glow of gravy gleaming,
Nevermore my pallid palate shall partake of such a meal!

Nevermore—oh, word of sorrow! If a shilling I could borrow,
I would seek that city olden and the dim Titanic door:
But the mournful mutton waiteth for my dinner on the morrow,
And the steak is but a shadow, to be lifted Nevermore!

Scarce could my mind from that weird spell escape,
When in the dusk arose a radiant shape;
His eyes were stars of morning, and around
His youthful brow mimosa leaves were wound:
Above his head the skylark, singing, soared,
And from beneath a rainbow; cataracts poured
Afar, their soundless beauty. Then I knew
Him, whose pure soul was made of fire and dew.
The sea had given him back: he looked on me
With eyes where pain was drowned in ecstasy,
And, bending forward, kissed by brow, and said:
"Death still is Life: write as I were not dead!"
I wrote: but, ah! my downcast eyes were dim
And clouds made faint the light that streamed from him:

The Wind of Night.

When the moon is lying
In the deeps of the dusky sky,
And echo chants, replying
To the owl's melodious cry,
Then I feel, pulsating
Through the starry, dim profound,
The wind of night creating
Music sweeter far than sound.

Breath of Night's weird being,
Touch the soft grass where I lie:
Bid me read, far-seeing,
Secrets hidden in the faded sky,—
Fly the spell that urges,
When the sun sees earth all bare,
And above the ocean-surges,
Like a Mœnad, shake my fiery hair!

I, a leaf to moulder
With the wrecks that autumn piles,
Till my heart is colder
Than the rocks of the unpeopled isles,—
Breath of Night, restore me
To the life that once was mine,
Breathe thy spirit o'er me
Till my being's dream becomes divine!

A LETTER FROM MRS. MUDDLE.

Mrs. Muddle presents her compliments to the Editor of this paper, and begs to say, I am very glad indeed she was not appointed upon any of your committees, for I do not countenance gambling nor swindling nor arson nor imprisonment of treason nor manslaughter nor a salt battery with intent to kill nor grand larceny nor cold-blooded murder nor grab-bags nor *raffling* nor *crimes of any kind whatever* with her compliments. Help the soldiers indeed! Why don't you make havelocks then? Mrs. Muddle asks you Sir what the soldiers are fighting for I should like to know. Answer her that. To Mrs. Muddle's mind it is perfectly clear that it is the people called Bobolinks or Bobolinkoners or Bobolinkonists who have in Mrs. Muddle's mind for what can be clearer caused the war in which brother is slaying brother which I cannot abide to think of it.

Beside *what does the Bible say?* Probably you do not know Sir nor any of your committees poor things though I see you have a Gray chairman which ought to know better and a White Secretary which I am glad you have something white about your insanitary affair. Mrs. Muddle presents more compliments and is not in the least surprised that the *reverend clergy* had to protest you publicly and your *plots* and *conspiracies* against the laws of God and man which makes me shudder to think of and what a yawning abcess of guilt she has escaped. Mrs. Muddle asks when Judas sent back Ham to Solomon what does the Bible say. Now mark her words and see what comes of Bobolinkonism for when I asked my husband Jabez Muddle the very same question he answered "saved your bacon" which it is no wonder that an irreligious man like that has given a thousand dollars *out of his children's mouths* to support your misanthropical fair and when I said as much to him Jabez Muddle said not given my dear but only lint and things. No Sir Mrs. Muddle begs to say that it said thou art the man and if not Bishop Hopkins or Deacon Benjamin were at his office No. 4, 11, 44, will give you chapter and verse.

Mrs. Muddle thinks it is dreadful when people whom nobody ever saw are permitted to get up civil wars and things especially when all the high-toned and chivalrous gentlemen from the sunny but unhappy S——th say that they are like fathers to their involuntary servants and I do not doubt it and what a privilege for our poor Irish people to have owners to look after them and dispose of their babies properly which it is a crying shame they introduce into the world entirely naked as it were and without any provision whatever except something in the milky way which as Jabez says is a very thin whey indeed as it were which Mrs. Muddle has no doubt of with my compliments. So as for helping such doings as these Mrs. Muddle wishes to have nothing at all to do with it and how could you expect me to?

Ringdove Villa,
Thursday after Easter.

[The original of the following autograph note from Leigh Hunt has been presented to the Sanitary Fair by Benjamin Moran, Esq., Secretary of Legation at London, and will be sold with the other valuable autographs which have been acquired by the Managers of the Fair. It possesses a peculiar value from the fact that it has never been published before:]

Hammersmith, 20 *min. to* 2.

Dear C. B.:—It has suddenly rushed into my head that I have monstrously forgotten the thing you asked me yesterday. I was very busy at the moment your question came, and hence the monstrosity. The jest is Canning's, upon an expedition that was sent to the Helder, and, I think, ran thus, but am not sure to the very letter, nor know where to get at it. Howevei, I think the lines may be reckoned upon:

"The Earl of Chatham, with sword drawn,
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strahan;
Sir Richard, longing to be at 'em,
Stood waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

Chatham was brother to Pitt, and this was one of the unfortunate campaigns in which the leaders recriminated on one another. The Earl was the principal in command, and turned out to be a nobody—albeit he was brother to the famous Minister, and son to the still more famous Minister, the *great* Earl of Chatham. Ever affectionately yours,

Leigh Hunt.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA, 1863.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (NOW LORD HOUGHTON).

We only know that in the sultry weather
Men toiled for us as in the steaming-room,
And in our minds we hardly set together
The bondsman's penance and the freeman's loom.

We never thought the jealous God would store
For us ill deeds of time-forgotten graves;
Nor heeded that one day the Mayflower bore
A freight of pilgrims, and another slaves.

First on the bold upholders of the wrong,
And last on us the heavy-laden years
Avenge the cruel triumphs of the strong,
Trampled affections and derided tears.

Labor degraded from her high behest
Cries "Ye shall know I am the living breath
And not the curse of men. Ye shall have pest—
The pest of famine and the pest of death."

Oh happy distant hours that shall restore
Honor to work and pleasure to repose,
Hasten your steps just heard above the roar
Of angry passions and the crash of foes.

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

A Tribute to the Fair, comprising a collection of *Vers de Société*. Published in aid of the Sanitary Commission.

This is the title of a new volume of Poems, which will be found for sale at several of the tables during the continuance of the Fair. The author's name does not appear on the title page, neither does he assume a *nom de plume*, but modestly lays his gift on the great altar of this public charity, leaving it to stand or fall, according to its own merits or defects. It is difficult for the critic under such circumstances to attack this literary offering, even if disposed so to do, for the proverbial prohibition with regard to gift horses is applicable to this winged Pegasus; which the author permits to wander from his private *Mews* into the battle field, to bear away some sick or wounded soldier. This poetic steed, however, is anything but a war horse. He is a very dainty, ambling palfrey, who does not distinguish himself by vigorous leaps into the regions of ideality, but is just such an animal as an inexperienced young lady might covet to bear her safely over the soft tan of the private riding school to the sound of low-toned music. It is probable that in permitting these verses to see the light the author did not expect for his volume a much larger sphere of action. Its principal attraction lies in the association which the reader will have with the author, who, notwithstanding his modest retirement behind the scenes, will be pretty generally recognised as *un homme galant* in New York society, not less appreciated by those who know him for his honest heart than for his cultivated tastes.

The mechanical part of the volume is creditable to printer and binder: Appleton & Co. never publish anything unworthy of their reputation in these respects. The contents consist of a series of metrical effusions—mostly off-hand—suggested by events and incidents in the social experience of the author. These are all made tributary to the beauty and loveliness of the other sex. There is a degree of painstaking apparent in many of the poems; others seem to have been cast off, on the spur of the moment, under the impression that the ladies' albums for which they were written would be their final resting place. Many of the allusions are of a personal character, yet are in all instances conveyed with delicacy, whilst the description of certain ladies who have from time to time attained a supremacy in society, are well given, and are readily recognised. The versification is smooth, and the composition spirited, while occasionally a poem like that of "The Bird Singing above Niagara," rises beyond simple melody, and

evinces spirituality and power. The "Sleigh Ride" and "The Midsummer Fête" are lively descriptions of two events, which will be pleasurably recalled by the gay parties who participated in them. The "Newport Belle" is as sparkling as a glass of champagne with the bead on, and the "Verses to Sally" are not a bad reminder of that exquisite song in the "Miller's Daughter."

Considering the circumstances of its advent, this volume will be very acceptable to the ladies. It is a book for the boudoir; something for the intellectual lips of beauty to sip at as she lies extended on her French fauteuil in her elegant robe de matin. In this view, these *vers de société* will be a success, and may be compared to those delicate creations of the loom which Paul de Kock describes as a happy combination, "Ou la soie et l'argent sont *mariés* avec art." T.

TO THE FIRST SNOW-DROP.

BY EPES SARGENT.

Emblem of purity, gracefully lifting,
Petals of beauty 'mid wintry snows drifting,
Brave little snow-drop, so fair and so hardy,
First flower to welcome the Spring chill and tardy;

Frost cannot wither thee, cold cannot frighten,
Patiently tarrying till skies may brighten!
Snow-piercer, cloud-gazer, wind-scorner, eye-cheerer,
Bring, bring to this heart thy dear message yet nearer!

When age or sorrow is darkly impending,
Snows of adversity thickly descending,
Then springing out of them, checked by no blasting,
Let there bloom thoughts of the life everlasting!

Coming like snow-drops, amid our endurance,
Bringing to each weary heart the assurance
To joy's frozen waste Spring draws nigher and nigher,
And Death is the way to life higher and higher.

Jan. 1864.

CHARADE. No. IV.

In festal robe of brightest green,
And crowned with flowers, my *First* is seen.
On yonder plain, a joyous throng,
My coming hail with dance and song:
As down the woodland path you stray
Gay breezes in your temples play,
And ev'ry breath that wafts the gale,
Bears perfume from my blossoms pale.

In dark recess of forest wild,
Where ne'er a ray of sun hath smiled,
And sometimes in a city's bound,
My *Second*, sooth to say, is found.
The Holy Book of one doth speak,
Where impious king his wrath did wreak
On fearless saint, who 'scaped all harm,
From trust in the Almighty arm.

'Neath the boughs of my *First* where it blooms in the vale,
Stands a Knight of the cross with helmet of mail;
Tall and noble his form, his eye dim with sorrow,
For Palestine's shores he must sail ere the morrow.
For my *Whole* he awaiteth; list! a light step is near.
Thro' the dusk gleams a robe, see the loved one appear.
Her fair form how closely he clasps to his heart,
"Farewell! my soul's idol, this eve we must part."

HEINE'S LORÉLEI.

Probably no man would have been more indignant than Heine at the idea of writing anything with a moral. Yet his ballad is of the very essence of allegory, a most transparent allegory too. A lovely woman, charming music, two of earth's greatest temptations, the ordinary duties of life neglected, and the shipwreck of the entranced one on the unheeded rock. But what shall be our preventive? Must we, as some would have us, disfigure or shut up all the fair women and quench all the sweet melody? Nay, rather let the watchful mariner, like wise Ulysses, bind himself to the mast when he approaches the dangerous waters.

Carl Benson.

I know not what it bodeth
That I so sad should be;
An old-time story loadeth
My mind continually.

The air is cool, and it darkles,
And quietly flows the Rhine;
The mountain summit sparkles
In the evening sun-shine.

A fair, fair maid reclineth
All wondrous over there;
Her golden garment shineth,
She combs her golden hair.

She combs it with comb all golden,
And ever a song sings she,
A song of a wondrous olden,
Right powerful melody.

In his skiff the boatman flying
Drinks it with wild delight;
He sees not the ledge low lying,
He looks but up to the height;

Till, I think, the waves without pity
O'er skiff and boatman run,
And this is what by her ditty
The Lorélei hath done.

WASHINGTON AND NAPOLEON—A FRAGMENT.

Such is the title of a neatly got-up pamphlet for sale at our bookstall. Though no name is affixed to this *brochure*, we are not "telling tales out of school" in assigning its authorship to Prof. Lieber. Dr. Lieber has been too long and too favorably known to the public to need any special commendation from us. If his classic and recondite allusions are sometimes "caviare to the general," we like him none the worse for it. When there is so much shallowness and sciolism about, and ignorance imposing itself on the public for knowledge, we agree with Tayler Lewis, that "even a sprinkling of bookworms and pedants may be of advantage." Not that we would apply either of these epithets to Dr. L., whose talent is not prevented by his much learning from being of a highly practical order, as has been shown on many occasions, and especially of late in his connection with that useful and patriotic body, the Loyal Publication Society of which he is now the respected President.

The contrast between Washington and Napoleon—the worshipper of duty and the worshipper of glory—has ever been a favorite subject of schoolboy composition, college declamation and popular oratory. To handle a theme so trite in such wise as to make it interesting, proves high artistic talent, as well as superior critical discrimination, both which qualities are exemplified in Dr. Lieber's sketch.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED.

(To be continued daily.)

ARTICLES RECEIVED AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET BUILDING.

Vase wax flowers, Mrs. E. K. Spencer.
Fancy articles, Mrs. R. P. Spencer.
Self-heating smoothing irons, Bliss & Drake.
Ladies' furs, Daniel H. Lawrence, $100.
Perfumery, &c., La Société Hygieine, per Victor E. Manger.
Curiosity.
Fancy articles, Mrs. Harriet Evans, Del. Co., N. Y.
Assorted articles, Paterson, N. J.
Thread, needles, &c., J. H. Jenkinson.
Tidy, Mrs. Robbins.
Japanese fancy article, Mrs. M. S. Turrill, Oswego, N. Y.
Christian lyrics, Geo. Leach.
Fancy articles, Mrs. Little.
Groceries, G. G. Yoelin.
Stationery, Baker & Godwin, $125.
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Boot jacks and scales, W. F. Shattuck & Co.
Fancy articles.
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Caps, &c., J. Small.
Hats, Cha's Fox.
Children's furs, J. Sarner & Co.
Furs, hats and caps, H. M. Silverman, $105.
Navy caps, Roll & Hein.
Furs and caps, L. J. & I. Phillips, $322.50.
Hats and caps, Rau & Goltgereau.
Perfumery, J. Wesnouski.
Fancy articles, Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Coe, Washington Heights, $196.
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Pamphlets, &c., Nicholas Muller.
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8 pieces matting, Hastings & Weed, $203.50.
Case of books, Geo. W. Carleton, $250.
Groceries, Mrs. J. F. Cole, $100.59.
Ginger wine, Leslie & Co.
Sword, anvil, steel traps, and soap cup holder, Geo. P. Schieffiin.
Fancy articles, Misses Anderson, Harlem.
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Youths' P. L. boots, Lorin Brooks & Son.
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Mahogany vase inlaid, Cha's Reiff.
Clothes wringers, Putnam Manufacturing Co.
500 bottles refined oil, Weed & Co., $125.
Gents' under garments, P. & H. Lewis, $267.
Fancy articles, Mrs. L. Wheeler and Mrs. A. F. Dow.
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Books, August Brentano.
Extra smith's bellows, J. Michales, jr.
100 views of Central America, Wm. Faust.
House furnishing articles, E. Ketcham & Co., $300.
Stationery, Berolzheimer, Illfelder & Co., $100.
Stationery articles, B. & P. Lawrence, $253.25.
1 bale hops, Mrs. Mary M. Foote.
Neckties, P. F. Smith & Fowler, Cooperstown, N. Y., $110.
Bleached damask table covers, James Duncan & Co., $175.
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Wall paper, Pinchot, Warren & Co.
Assorted articles, the ladies of Owego, N. Y.
5 bbls. ale, Koehler Brothers.
Books, Howe & Perry, $100.
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Furnishing goods, Smith & Blake, $106.45.
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Curiosities, R. J. Walsh, Brooklyn.
Toy books, McLoughlin Brothers, $150.
Stationery, W. A. Wheeler.
Fancy articles, ladies Port Kent, N. Y.
Iron bath tubs, Harkness Boyd.
2 Shetland ponies, Jno. Jay, $300.
Pig's tail whistle, W. B. Power.
Boys' clothing, Isaac V. Brokan, $100.
Fancy goods, Utica Lunatic Asylum, $145.
Books, Trübner & Co., London.
Oil painting, Henry W. Barney, $250.
Medicine chest, Thos. Ritter.
Books, D. Appleton & Co.
Books, Little, Brown & Co.
Curiosities, Geo. W. Gibbs, California.
Curiosities, Ogden Haggerty, $200.
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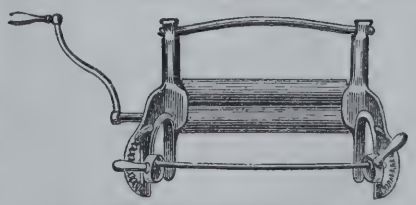

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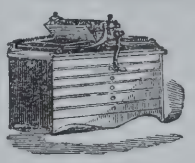

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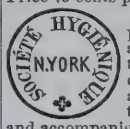

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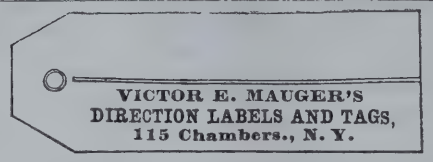

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AMONG the relics in the OLD CURIOSITY SHOP, is an extra copy of the "N. Y. Gazette," dated August, 1763, containing an ordinance of the city fathers, which possesses a melancholy interest to us who have fallen upon these "evil times." It runneth thus: "Forasmuch as through the Avarice of those who usually supply this City with Provisions, the Prices of all Manner of Victuals, daily brought to Market for the Sustentation of its Inhabitants, are grown excessively great, and not only ruinous to Families of the poorer Sort, but intolerable even to People of better Estate. In order, therefore, to remedy this great and growing evil, and to fix and establish between Buyer and Seller reasonable Prices of Victuals hereafter to be brought to Market, and to regulate the Sale thereof," &c., certain stringent rules were ordained which, if enforced, must have filled the bosoms of our worthy granddams with delight. Beef, the worthy burghers decreed —with an "eye single" to the public good and their own inward comfort, which hath ever characterized the race, should not exceed three-pence a pound in winter, and four-pence in summer, which is as if one should order in Fulton market, a delicious sirloin for dinner at about six or eight cents a pound. Pork and mutton were fixed at three-pence ha'-penny to four-pence ha-penny, and lamb at six-pence. Butter—stand aghast, O extortioners, who demand six shillings for a pound of "prime!"—was established at from nine to twelve-pence, according to season. Those were truly "good old times," when the tender sensibilities of merciless speculators were not too sacred to be sternly dealt with "pro bono publico."

THE RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT, which has contributed greatly to the comfort and well being of all connected with the FAIR, stands itself in need of assistance by contributions in turn. Either supplies or funds for their purchase would be most welcome: we may almost say they are indispensable. Is the public aware that it has eaten and drunk like Gargantua in these late days, and that if its appetite grows, a famine is likely to result, unless the stores are replenished?

It must be remembered that in this Department the consumption is constant, and the supplies ought to flow in as steady a stream. For most of the articles used cash is paid, and very few donations have been made of material suitable for use in the Restaurant.

The Department aims to do its best to repeat the miracle of feeding the multitudes, and at the same time adding to the receipts of the FAIR; and the public can aid in both objects by timely contributions.

ELIOT'S INDIAN BIBLE.—A copy of this rare and interesting book, belonging to the library of the American Bible Union, is among the literary curiosities on exhibition at the FAIR.

The volume is opened at the page containing the word, "wutappesittukgussúnnowetunkguoh" ("kneeling down to him," Mark i. 40), quoted in Appleton's Cyclopædia, vol. vii., p. 90, as the longest word in the book; a good illustration of Cotton Mather's dry jest, that "the words of this language seem to have been *growing* ever since the confusion of tongues."

An amusing anecdote is told of this translation; and though familiar doubtless to some of our readers, it may serve as an introduction to two others, which we have never seen in print. The translator, when he came to Judges v. 28, was at a loss for a proper rendering of the word "*lattice*." He described it to the Indians, as well as he was able, and got from them the Indian word which they thought most nearly expressed what he described. He afterward found that he had made the reader say: "The mother of Sisera looked out at the window, and cried through the *eel-pot*."

A missionary to one of our Western Indian tribes, some years since, gave us the following illustration of the embarassment sometimes occasioned by the poverty of a savage tongue. He was preaching through an interpreter, and quoted the words, "Behold the Lamb of God!" The interpreter interrupted him, and begged him to substitute some other thought; "for," said he, "the language of this tribe has no single word for 'lamb,' and they can only say, *big sheep's little one*."

A distinguished missionary in the East translated the Bible into the language of the people among whom he was laboring. He some time after began to pay his addresses to a lady connected with the Mission, who was a widow. When this became known, he observed a marked change in the demeanor of an intelligent native preacher, who appeared very sad and melancholy. The missionary insisted on knowing the cause. After much hesitation he at length said: "Alas, teacher, I fear all is not well. The Bible says, 'He shall deliver thee from the snare of the widow;' and I hear that you are falling into it." The astonished missionary found, that in translating Psalm xci. 3, "He shall deliver thee from the snare of the *fowler*, he had inadvertently used the nearly related one for *widow*.

A LIBERAL PURCHASER.—A valuable shawl bought at one of the tables on Thursday, by Mr. George E. Barlow, was presented again to the Fair by the purchaser the next day. If the articles for sale can only be got rid of by receiving them back again together with the prices, we shall be a never-ending enterprise of charity. It is hoped all buyers will not go and do likewise, or we shall be driven to make an Irish bull report of a Fair at which nothing was sold and everything brought its price.

NEW JERSEY DEPARTMENT.

THIS tasteful department, under the Presidency of Mrs. Theo. Frelinghuysen, contains two general divisions, and a number of smaller compartments. One division is called the Alhambra, and the other is dedicated to the four seasons. In the first stall of the Alhambra is a collection of autographs of distinguished persons, among which may be mentioned Lamartine, Laboulayé, Comte de Gasparin, Monod, and other celebrated Frenchmen; Lord Brougham, Kinglake, and others, of English celebrity; and Motley, Corwin, and many distinguished generals and civilians of America. Besides these are three photographs, with autographs, of Rossini, Meyerbeer, and Laboulayé. The prices of these, of course, range according to the celebrity of the author. In the next stall is a handsome collection of ladies' work, among which we noticed a very pretty mouchoir-case, a pincushion adorned with raised flowers, cunningly formed from alum, beautiful but frail; a "lovely" tidy, worked in worsted on tinsel canvas, valued at $12, and a fine assortment of cloaks, of various shapes and sizes and workmanship, at prices ranging from $10 to $20.

The second division is subdivided into four compartments, called respectively Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Taking them in the natural order, we begin our cursory review with Spring, which is under the special charge of the ladies of Orange. The first object which will attract the parental eye—to say nothing of the prying peepers of childhood—is the large "baby house" at the back of the stall. The possession of such an endless source of enjoyment would save a vast amount of trouble in the house, and make the child, as it ought to be, indeed, "a well-spring of pleasure." An "enchanting" doll's bedstead, with mattresses, comforters, pillows, &c., complete, and a toy-ship, handsome enough to take Master Hal off his feet with delight, with various other "baby things," are intended to carry out the idea of life's happy spring-time, when play is the principal business. The visitor cannot fail, however, to note the elegant afghans and other worsted work, and the beautiful silk patchwork quilt, valued at $125, here exhibited.

HOBOKEN takes care of Summer. This table, in addition to the handsome articles contributed by the Hoboken ladies, is indebted to Miss Dayton, the patriotic daughter of our Minister at the French Court, for a number of very elegant specimens of Parisian taste. Delicately embroidered slippers, charming little humming-birds for the hair, gloves, exquisite cameos, formed by the action of the waters at Vichy, French bronzes,

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by AUGUSTUS R. MACDONOUGH, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N.Y.

&c., &c., are some of her beautiful contributions. Besides these, a very handsome cloth table-cover, simply and tastefully worked in worsted, and some well-executed bouquets of wax flowers, are all among many beautiful things that we can mention.

Paterson and other Towns.—The articles especially appropriate to Autumn are here represented, in the way of pine-cone picture frames, a very curious and tasteful rustic frame, made of strips of rough bark, inclosing a collection of autumnal leaves, a large assortment of baskets, toilet-boxes, &c., formed of cones, nuts, &c. In addition is a pretty toy bedroom set, made of *rice* glued to a pasteboard foundation, and painted in imitation of coral; also a very handsome embroidered chair, and a large collection of worsted sofa-cushions in sufficiently diversified styles to suit all tastes.

Morristown and Madison have special charge of the stall devoted to Winter, and their assortment appropriately consists of warm, comfortable-looking afghans in splendid variety, and other articles in worsted work, suggestive of cozy ease in the long winter evenings. The finest afghan, valued at $200, is presented by a number of Newark ladies. The prices of these tasteful specimens of feminine industry range from $5 up to $200, thus bringing them within the reach of all sorts of purses. A number of brilliant sofa-cushions greet the eye at the further end of the stall, and some very handsome carriage rugs, both useful and ornamental, hang from the table in front. One of these especially is much admired; and no one seems to think the price—$65—should be one whit less than it is placed at.

The Tent is plentifully adorned with articles beautiful, costly, and useful. A writing-desk, the perfection of cunning handicraft, is the most complete thing of the kind we have yet seen. Three large and splendid afghans, two of them the work of several ladies, and the third the patriotic labor of a single pair of hands, owned by a lady resident at Bergen Point, belong to this stall, though one, bought for $250, by Mr. Bonner, of the *Ledger*, has wandered off to a lonely and conspicuous position by the door leading to the machinery room, where it attracts great attention. Two valuable books also adorn this compartment, one an "Algology," or collection of sea-weed, presented by Mr. Durant, and valued at $1,000, an exquisite and always interesting ornament for parlor or library; the other a collection of steel-engraved portraits, with autographs, of distinguished generals and civilians of the day, very handsomely bound, and presented by Mrs. George Bramhall. A beautiful model, about two and a half feet long, of the great twenty-inch Rodman gun, all mounted and ready for action, is on exhibition, and $1 subscriptions are taken, with the design of presenting it to Ex-Mayor Van Vorst, of Jersey City. This model was cast at Fort Pitt Foundry, Pittsburg, Pa., and presented to the Fair by Mr. Chas. Knap. Among the other multifarious articles to be found here are, a very elegant glove-box, a wine-case, a silver tea-set, a large stock of gentlemen's furnishing goods, slippers, smoking-caps, tidies, etc., etc. A most interesting relic of heroic days, kept carefully hid from desecrating eyes, is the identical flag of the gallant *Bon Homme Richard*, Com. John Paul Jones's famous privateer. After the loss of this vessel, it was transferred to the *Alliance*. It is exhibited by the daughter of a lieutenant who served on the latter ship.

In the stall devoted to Elizabeth City, children's clothing is the chief attraction. Here are displayed, in bewildering profusion, those tasteful and delicate articles, in which doting mammas delight to array their precious little hopefuls. Here are elegantly worked dresses, sacques, blankets, hoods, caps, under-garments, &c., &c., enough to set up ever and ever so many babies through all the various stages of infancy. An exquisite baby-carriage blanket of blue silk, lined with the same material in white, attracts much attention. It is valued at $20—a cheap bargain. It is the general remark of all ladies who visit this stall that the articles exhibited are remarkably well made. They certainly make a very fine and most attractive appearance.

Rahway.—Among the more noticeable articles at this table are several very exquisite "phantom bouquets," whose lace-like texture seems almost too ethereal to endure the gaze of plebeian eyes. One of them, of particular beauty and perfectness, is gracefully wreathed around a small ebony cross. An elegant silk mouchoir-case, adorned with flowers of rare device, valued at $50, is shown with just pride. A pair of handsome shell vases, and a miscellaneous assortment of useful and ornamental articles, make up a fine collection, and finish the "Alhambra" division of the New Jersey department.

AUTOGRAPHIC.

Mrs. J. C. Bancroft Davis wrote to Mrs. Adams, the wife of our min ister in England, for a contribution of autographs for the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair. That lady applied to our English friends, and has sent a very large and interesting collection, which includes notes, letters, or written sentiments by the Royal family, the statesmen, authors, and military celebrities, as well as many eminent persons of high social position and character in the kingdom. Some of these are very curious and characteristic. There is a charming letter from Mrs. Norton, one of a very suggestive character from Charles Matthews, Lady Bulwer's application to Patmore in regard to her first novel, and notes from Dickens, Milman, Lord Mahon, Lyell, Buckland, Cobden, Bright, Tom Brown, Thackeray, Charles Reade, Thomas Hughes, etc., etc., in a word, a remarkably complete series of autographic memorials of living English celebrities. A catalogue has been printed, and the autographs beautifully arranged in an elegant morocco case. It is proposed to obtain one hundred subscribers, at $10 each, and on or about the 20th of April to call a meeting of the subscribers and dispose of the collection as they may determine. A catalogue and subscription paper may be found at the Curiosity Shop, in charge of Mrs. Robert Gracie, or by personal application to J. C. Bancroft Davis, Esq., No. 11 Pine street.

Autograph Leaves of Our Country's Authors.

This is a collection of Poems and Prose Pieces of American authors, in their own handwriting, multiplied by the lithographic art. It opens with the "Star Spangled Banner," in the handwriting and with the signature of Key, and closes with "Home, Sweet Home," in the handwriting with signature of Payne. It includes the manuscript of the address of the President at Gettysburg, and embraces choice selections from ninety distinguished American authors. Specimen pages of this interesting work, with subscription paper to secure copies, may be found at the Bookstore and Curiosity Shop of the Fair. The number of copies is limited, the price is $6—the day of publication, April 19th.

Woman's Central Association of Relief, 10 Cooper Union.

Our present magnificent enterprise finds in the above-named association a sister of charity less conspicuous, but quite as useful. It is the Woman's Branch of the Sanitary Commission for this State and its immediate neighborhood. In the whirl of excitement created by the Fair, its constant, quiet, and effective labors run some risk of being overlooked. The want of public interest in it is even now felt, more than the want of funds. Such silent unresting influence as it exerts is, after all of the most permanent and valuable kind, and we believe our readers will thank us for drawing attention to its works and needs.

St. Louis intends to follow in the train of the other great cities which have held Fairs in aid of the Sanitary Commission, and will open its enterprise on the 17th of May. Donations of every kind, whether in goods or money, will be acceptable. They should be addressed to James E. Yeatman, St. Louis, Mission, marked (M.V. S. F.) Mississippi Valley Sanitary Fair, and notice should also be sent to Major Alfred Mackay, No. 10, Lindell Hotel, St. Louis.

A Fair for the soldiers will also be held in Baltimore on the 17th of this month. Let our own charity, which has so grandly begun at home, not be content with staying there, but go forth to make a royal progress through all the land, with the open hand of aid to these enterprises.

Back Numbers of the Spirit of the Fair for sale at our counter. The demand for the early numbers increases so rapidly, that we presume the majority of readers are by this time aware that the matter is worth preservation in a serial form.

Correction.—The Welsh Table, No. 17, has no connection whatever with any *Church*. Welsh citizens from all churches have contributed.

HOW I CAME TO BE A NURSE.—No. 3.

The 19th Indiana.

Finally, the summons from the army came, and ten or twelve good women started for the Washington General Hospital. No one knows, who did not watch the thing from the beginning, how much opposition, how much ill-will, how much unfeeling want of thought, these women nurses endured. Hardly a surgeon whom I can think of received or treated them with even common courtesy. Government had decided that women should be employed, and the army surgeons—unable, therefore, to close the hospitals against them—determined to make their lives so unbearable that they should be forced in self-defence to leave. It seemed a matter of cool calculation, just how much ill-mannered opposition would be requisite to break up the system.

Some of the bravest women I have ever known were among this first company of army nurses. They saw at once the position of affairs, the attitude assumed by the surgeons, and the wall against which they were expected to break and scatter; and they set themselves to undermine the whole thing.

None of them were "strong-minded." Some of them were women of the truest refinement and culture; and day after day, they quietly and patiently worked, doing, by order of the surgeon, things which not one of those gentlemen would have dared to ask of a woman whose male relative stood able and ready to defend her, and report him. I have seen small white hands scrubbing floors, washing windows, and performing all menial offices. I have known women, delicately cared for at home, half fed in hospitals, hard worked, day and night, and given, when sleep must be had, a wretched closet just large enough for a camp bed to stand in. I have known surgeons who purposely and ingeniously arranged these inconveniences with the avowed intention of driving away all women from their hospitals.

These annoyances could not have been endured by the nurses, but for the knowledge that they were pioneers; who were, if possible, to gain standing ground for others—who must create the position they wished to occupy. This, and the infinite satisfaction of seeing from day to day sick and dying men comforted in their weary and dark hours—comforted as they never would have been but for these brave women—was enough to carry them through all, and even more than they endured.

At last, the wall against which they were to break, began to totter; the surgeons were most unwilling to see it fall, but the knowledge that the faithful, gentle care of the women nurses had saved the lives of many of their patients, and that a small rate of mortality, or remarkable recoveries in their hospitals, reflected credit immediately, however undeserved, upon *themselves*, decided them to give way, here and there, and to make only a show of resistance. They could not do without the women nurses—they knew it, and the women knew that they knew it, and so there came to be a tacit understanding about it. I think of one hospital now, where great indignities were put upon the women, and where, since the commencement of the war, some of the same faithful nurses have toiled, living down the daily annoyances, and working now, happy and assured at last, though the fight for it was hard, and gray hairs are their lines of battle.

One of the first extemporized hospitals of the war was in the top story of the Patent Office, where the 19th Indiana regiment was brought, nearly every man of them. The great, unfinished lumber room was set aside for their use, and rough tables—I can't call them beds—were knocked together from pieces of the scaffolding. These beds were so high that it was impossible to reach them, and we had to make them up with brooms, sweeping off the mattresses, and jerking the sheets as smooth as we could. About six men could be accommodated on one table; these ran the whole length of the long room, while on the stacks of marble slabs, which were some day to be the floor, we spread mattresses, and put the sickest men. As the number increased, camp-beds were set up between the glass cases in the outer room, and we alternated—typhoid fever, cog-wheels and patent churns—typhoid fever, balloons and mouse-traps (how *many* ways of catching mice there are!)—typhoid fever, locomotives, water-wheels, clocks,—and a general nightmare of machinery.

Here, for weeks, went on a sort of hospital pic-nic. We scrambled through with what we had to do. The floors were covered with lime dust, shavings, nails, and carpenters' scraps. We had the rubbish taken up with shovels, and stacked in barrels at one end of the ward. The men were crowded in upon us; the whole regiment soaked with a malignant, malarial fever, from exposure, night after night, to drenching rains, without tents. There was so much of this murderous blundering, want of prevision and provision, in the first few months of the war—and is *now*, for that matter.

Gradually, out of the confusion came some system and order. Climbing up to the top of the Patent Office with each loaf of bread, was found not to be an amusing occupation, and an arrangement of pullies was made out of one of the windows, and any time through the day, barrels of water, baskets of vegetables and great pieces of army beef, might be seen crawling slowly up the marble face of the building.

Here, for weeks, we worked among these men, cooking for them, feeding them, washing them, sliding them along on their tables, while we climbed up on something and made up their beds with brooms, putting the same powders down their throats with the same spoon, all up and down what seemed half a mile of uneven floor;—coaxing back to life some of the most unpromising,—watching the youngest and best die.

I remember rushing about from apothecary to apothecary, in the lower part of the city, one Sunday afternoon, to get, in a great hurry, mustard, to help bring life into a poor Irishman, who called me Betty, in his delirium, and, to our surprise, got well, went home, and at once married the Betty we had saved him for.

By-and-by the Regiment got through with the fever, improvements came into the long ward, cots took the place of the tables, and matting covered the little hills of the floor. The hospital for the 19th Indiana became the "U. S. General Hospital at the Patent Office," and the "volunteers for emergencies" took up their saucepans and retired.

LINES BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!"

We were gathered around the couch of our soldier,
And his mother had taken his thin, wasted hand;
She said, "Tell us some of your strangest adventures
On those bloody fields in the far Southern land.

"Say, how look the foemen when first they come on?
And what sort of sound do they call a death-rattle?
And how do they bury our brave who are killed?
And does the sun shine on the day of a battle?"

When the soldier replied: "When the long fight is over,
And you only can tell by the distant gun-fire
That the foe against whom we have struggled so fiercely
Is slowly and sullenly forced to retire.

"Then you see that the tie which binds soldiers together
Is as strong as the strongest we feel in this life.
Does not the true heart that stands by you in danger
Share the love you would give to your child or your wife?

"Ah, many, many a time have I seen the stern old soldier
Examine by the setting sun the faces of the dead.
He was calling in hoarse tones, or shaking by the shoulder
Some comrade whose soul to a better world had fled.

"And when he finds all he can do is in vain,
That his friend must be placed on the roll-call to-morrow
As 'killed,' he perhaps sheds a few tears of sorrow,
Perhaps—for a warrior his grief must restrain.

"And he takes the dead man's blanket that he had often shared,
Or if that has been lost in the fight, he takes his own;
He waits till he can find a spade, the first that can be spared,
And goes out in the night to bury his friend alone.

"To be buried alone, alone—
Even that is an honor rarely shown;
In a common grave
Lie many brave
We have no means of knowing;
Their hopes and fears are forever hid
In the cold ground—some ill-carved box-lid
Their regiment only showing."

"And why should this be so?" Then we all cried out indignant—
"Are not our soldiers heroes, though they die far off, alone?
Don't they deserve at least what the murderer gets among us?"
But our boy raised his head and more cheerful was his tone.

"Were we for every comrade gone
To raise a fitting funereal stone,
Were we to stop for memory's tears
The work, the grief, would last for years.
When the sun which shines on battles red
Sees peaceful lands and treason dead,
Then let them build the stately pile,
Let funereal dirges fill each aisle.
Then tell the tale from sire to son,
By whose rich blood this soil was won,
This be our record. This alone
Is worth a *pyramid* of stone.
Heroes of whom the world is proud
Will calmly sleep in blanket shroud."

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1864.

A PAIR OF PIGEONS.

A STORY BY AN OLD SOLDIER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

(*Continued.*)

I HAD now the reputation of growing very wealthy. And an extraordinary stroke of good luck made me believe it myself.

Some years before, I had taken, in lieu of a bad debt, some worthless lands in an uninhabited part of the country. And when I had almost forgotten them, it happened, in the course of events, that the magic wand which so often transmutes the gross material soil into gold—the railroad—touched my property. It sprang up from its ragged thistles at once into a valuable estate! It was pegged and lined and mapped, under the surveyor's hands, beautifully laid out on stone, and arose from the lithographic press a glorified village! I was a hardware Crœsus. When I came home at evening, to my entranced vision the double pair of wings seemed to bear aloft into the tinted skies two birds of paradise.

At this time my gardener revolted on account of the double duties imposed upon him. I promptly discarded him, and, out of about forty Scotch gardeners who had answered my advertisement, employed one who had not been in the service of the Duke of Devonshire. I also hired a professional coachman, equipped him in blue-and-silver livery, clapped an argent braid around a shinier hat than ever I had worn, put it on his head, and set himself up on a carriage throne of white wolfskin. One of my horses fell sick; I bought another, and turned the invalid out to grass, like a gentleman. The loud flipflaps of the pigeons sounded in my ears like the plaudits of approaching success. And there were younger wings, too, hanging over the shelf under the picturesque penthouse. I enjoyed it all. I bought Billy a pony. I was negotiating for a beautiful saddle horse for Emily to ride, not just then, but by and by—when the great globe gave one more roll over, and ushered in eighteen hundred and fifty-seven!

During the two preceding years I had not paid that strict attention to my business that was customary. Indeed, I had been rather reckless in selling to parties who at other times I should have avoided. Still I thought, if all things turn out well in these good times, I shall be the richer for it; and if I meet with any losses, my glorified village will bear me out. On the other hand, I had sold none of my lots, because the growing income from my business enabled me to hold them for better prices. So between the two I was buoyed up beyond my height, and between the two I fell to the ground. The crisis came. The best notes that I held, like the semblance of money in the Arabian Nights tale, turned to withered leaves in my drawer, and, to meet my engagements, my beautiful village fell under the auction hammer, without yielding enough to bridge over the deficiencies in my business. There was, to be sure, stock enough left in my store to pay all, and still leave something to begin the world anew with, in a small way; but how could I break the truth to Emily? And besides, I yet had hopes. Fortune's wheel had once suddenly turned in my favor; it might as suddenly turn again.

Nobody dreamed that I was straitened in my means. I had met all my obligations at sight, and asked no favors. My business continued as usual—dull it was true, but then, it was a dull season for all.

Firm after firm had cracked and tumbled to pieces. Why do they call them so? Mine as yet showed no flaw even to the piercing eye of mercantile suspicion; but there were my beautiful carriage, and silver-mounted coachman, the semblances of prosperity, eating me up. Every time I ventured near the stable the flap of those fateful birds' wings was like a cut across my heart. Ah, there I had a little bit of a dark secret! I could tell it all in five words to Emily, and be relieved. But the folly was, I didn't in time. I preferred it to break forth of itself, and bring ruin on us all, when it was too late to retrieve myself.

Well, my silver-mounted coachman, my fine span of horses, soon rolled off what little money I had left. Still I had maintained a reputation for being sound to the core, times were beginning to look better, business was breezing up, many formidable rivals had gone by the board and were out of my way, my credit was unlimited, some sudden flow of success might send me careering on my way into the very sunshine of prosperity. I began already to see the rosy dawn of that future, when the little mortgage that had been hanging over my property from the time I had built my house, and which I had intended to pay off before I built that stable, was called in. I could easily have paid it off, but for that pair of pigeons. They had led me into an expenditure of money more than would have satisfied it twice over. The loud flapping of their wings now sounded in my ears like the approach of doom.

I did not want to tell this to Emily, the day I received the summons; but when I heard the approaching sound of her carriage wheels on the garden gravel, and saw the silver livery coming to the porch, it made my heart ache. She stepped out of the carriage, radiant in beauty, gloved and braceleted, with a little gilt prayer-book in her hand, and a rich sable cape on her shoulders, that made her the envy of the church on that Ash Wednesday. Then the carriage was put up, the horses stalled, and the pony dispatched to bring Master Billy from school.

Now, if I had been a strong man, and not a weak one, even then I might have spoken. We were all alone, the burden was at my heart, five words would have rolled the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre. Instead of which I smothered my feelings, by drinking brandy and water out of a cut-glass tumbler of the richest pattern. I drink sutler's whiskey now, out of a tin cup,—when I can get it.

That night Emily, in tripping up stairs, caught her slipper in a detached stair rod, and fell heavily. That night, I drove furiously for the doctor. That night,—but why repeat all the distressed agonies of her situation? Married women can appreciate them. Young people do not, cannot comprehend them.

So, while my business troubles were mournfully beating their final tattoo, poor Emily was lingering, day after day, on a bed of sorrow. One evening I took her poor, thin hand in mine, and told her all about it. She was too feeble to rally against the shock. She put her languid fingers to her eyes—they were soon strung with tears—then laid them, all wet, in mine, turned her sad, pale lips toward me, gave me a kiss that was all a sob, and dropped back upon her pillow. It wrung my heart to bear her repeat faintly, "Forgive, forgive, forgive me, dear William!"

Day by day that dear face grew thinner and paler. Day after day those dear lips smiled faintly as I approached the bedside. Day after day those thin arms were wound around my head and neck with the feeble strength of unalterable affection. Then that affectionate clasp faltered, the voice grew fainter, the smile passed away.

When Billy and I, in our splendid carriage, rode to the cemetery, following a solemn vehicle which bore her who had never thought in her bloom and beauty that she would be its solitary passenger, it seemed as though the sound of those fatal wings ac-

companied us all the way. And the dropping of the gravel, at the close of the service, recalled the ominous sound.

Well, I sent Billy to boarding school, and he did not long survive his mother. I think in some schools they pay too little attention to sick boys under their charge. They took poor Billy out of his room when he was sick with the scarlet fever, and carried him to the house of one of the under teachers, where, I am afraid, he was much neglected. I do not wish to say it was so, for I may be wrong about it, but I think so.

And thus I was alone again. Even then I might have saved myself; but what was myself? I was nothing! I was a human being, detached from all other human beings; like a wounded vidette, slowly bleeding to death, when the pickets are driven in, and he hears the battle rolling off miles away from his post.

Ah, I heard them say, he is rich, and will soon get another wife to console him, To console me? Rich? The auctioneer's flag soon told the truth.

Away went house and grounds, stables and horses, carriage and livery. Only the pigeons were not sold. They went for nothing, although they had cost me more than all the rest of the property.

Then I took steadily to drinking. People said it had been the cause of my ruin. How little they knew! It was the consequence that followed my ruin. I did not take to the bottle till everything else was played out.

Well, what little was left after the sale, was soon spent. The war broke out. I joined my old colonel's cavalry regiment, bought me a good horse with the few dollars I had left, and entered the employ of Uncle Sam. It wasn't long before I was in a scrape, and as soon as I got out of one I was in another. They used to say my little sprees slid as easily into big ones as the joints of a telescope slip into each other.

It was all fun at first; but one day I was brought up suddenly. General McClellan was in command of the Army of the Potomac. Where I had been, or what I had been doing, I couldn't remember; but I woke up under arrest, my sword was gone, and a sentinel was at the tent door. I was soon after before a court martial for stealing an old woman's bed-curtains in Virginia. What I ever wanted with her old bed-curtains, or why I had abused her shamefully, I could not imagine; but they proved it on me. So I was found guilty, had my straps stripped from my shoulders in front of the regiment, and was marched off the ground to the music of a familiar air which I have since heard pretty often. As it was, I could not go back to civil life, for my disgrace had been in the newspapers; so I enlisted as a full private. Who cares? A private has no responsibility! He is not obliged to keep himself sober—that is his superior officer's duty.

And here I am. I began as a cavalry officer under the gallant little Mac, and now I'm only a private case of typhoid under the gallant George Meade. Never mind, I'll be better by and by, and may yet die for my country, under the old flag. That would be glorious! I don't want to live any longer. Carry me, boys, into the hottest fire, and let me stop a bullet, or maybe a piece of shell. I don't want to be among the survivors when this cruel war is over.

It's getting shivery cold, and the candles our darkey brought in are flaring too much to write. I think I hear the boys coming back from picket, for there's a sharp trot of cavalry on the frozen ground. Yes, there they are, dismounting at the picket-line, and at their old duty. How I wish I could get a turn at it as one of the stable police, as I have often. That's right, boys! Make fast your horses to the picket line by the halter strap. Now unbridle and unsaddle, and carry your traps to the tressler. Down go bridle and saddle, and I hear the soft, pudgy sound of the blankets as the boys fold them over the leather to keep off the rain. Now for a half-hour's grooming; at it, boys, and rub 'em down well, for they've had a long road to travel this day. That's over now, and here they are. Hallo, Jack! Hallo, old Brierwood! Any news from the front! Rebs all quiet, heh? Hallo, there's taps!

R-r-r-rat-tat-tat,
R-r-r-rat-tat-tat,
R-r-r-rat-tat-tat, etc.

Lights out!

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT ME A MEERSCHAUM.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Well was it named *écume de mer*
The gracious earth so light and fair;
Mysterious cross of foam and clay,
From both it stole the best away;
If clay, 'tis such as sense might doubt of,
The same Jove made the Naiads out of,
If foam, then such as crowns the glow
Of beakers brimmed with Veuve Clicquot,
And here combined they sure must be
The birth of some enchanted sea,
Shaped to immortal form, the type
And very Venus of a pipe!

For Fancy that: but since they say
We Yankees think it wrong to play,
And love a moral bench to squirm on
Harder than flint, I add a sermon.
Whene'er I fill it with the weed
From Lethe wharf, whose potent seed
Nicotia, child of Bacchus's age,
Heir of his cheer but not his rage,
In misty Indian summer bore
From Dreamland to Virginia's shore,
I'll think; so fill the costliest bowl,
And strange alembic of the soul,
With herbs far-sought that shall distill
Not fumes to slacken thought and will,
But gracious essences that nerve
To wait, to dare, to strive, to serve.

While curls the smoke in eddies soft,
Wreathing fantastic shapes aloft,
That give and take, though chance-designed,
The impress of the dreamer's mind,
And in a mild enchantment blends
The fireside thoughts of musing friends,
I'll think; so let the vapors bred
By passion in the heart or head,
Pass off and upward into space,
With bright farewells of tender grace,
Remembered in some happier time
To blend their beauty with my rhyme.

While slowly through its candid grain
The color deepens, as the brain
That burns in mortals leaves its trace
Of bale or blessing in the face,
I'll think; so let the virtue rare
Of life consuming make me fair,
So may its temperate fires imbue
My soul and sense with riper hue,
So 'gainst our earthly ills profuse
Steep me in some nepenthe-juice;

And if my years must part with all
That whiteness which men greenness call,
And the gods wisdom, if I must
Doubt where I grandly took on trust,
Grant me, Experience, this alone,—
Turn me to meerschaum, not to stone;
Smoothe, grim Medusa, half thy frown,
Making me slowly, gently brown!

And while the ardor shrinks away
To hide itself in ashes gray;
When Eld's Ash Wednesday comes about
To strew my head from fires burnt out;
I'll think, as inward Life retreats,
And careful spares his wasting heats,
While one spark stays to light the eye
With a last flash of memory,
So may it be, till wholly gone,
But deeper in my heart withdrawn,
With kindling touch to make it glow
For the kind friend of long ago!

OUR WORLD HAS LOVE.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (NOW LORD HOUGHTON).

There are yet brighter suns in worlds above,
And blazing gems in worlds below;
Our world has love and only love,
For living warmth and jewel glow.
God's love is sunlight to the good,
And woman's pure as diamond's sheen:
And friendship's mystic brotherhood,
In twilight's beauty lies between.

EXILE.

THE LEECH'S, *March* —, 1864.

MY intended, my Amboline, has been working herself up into a high state of dress-making exaltation, during the past week, preparatory to certain solemnities in which she is soon to take a prominent part; so I was not much astonished, yesterday, to see her enter the room, erect, excited—with resolution in her eye, and half a dozen needles in her mouth. I took a base advantage of this latter fact, and before she could open her lips I invaded the enemy's country forthwith:

"That's a dangerous habit, Ambie dear—pause, young woman! Your little hands were never made to put useless needles into your mouth with."

"I think I smell cigars—you." This was all the reply I got.

In such cases it's in vain to mince matters. So I ate the pie of humility in silent slices. And I had my reward at once: she immediately placed herself in an appropriate yet graceful position, pleasantly combining proximity with affection.

"Listen now," said she, her words threading their way through the needle straight to the point, without any idle circumlocution. "I haven't one minute to talk: I don't want you to, but you really must. Run away out of town, for four days; only four, my lamb."

"Bah!" pleaded the lamb, "What for? The idea of sending any one out of town in March."

"Well, then, it's all settled—good-by." And thereupon, after something else, she fled up stairs. (I mean, of course, after taking the needles out of her mouth.)

There was nothing left for me to do but to obey. So I bade farewell to my trunk, and walked myself off up Broadway to the station, meeting a dusty, dusky crowd of amateurs accompanying with great gusto Grafulla's band of (March) wind instruments. Just as I passed the sacred edifice where the midnight mass of stock-jobbers may be heard at their devotions—the weary and the rest all rising, I am told, at the first call to sing What's-his-name and Select's beautiful Visionary's hymn (short metre) beginning

"Of greenbacks I see mountains," &c.

just as I passed this temple, who should I see, but my venerable friend Bearing, the President of the Gasville and Smashuppa Air-line Railroad, who, as everybody knows, lately put up on the Hudson river that sweet trap which he calls "The Margin," (a touching tribute to the money virtues of his late wife, whose name was Margaret).

"Bad fall in Harlem," said he, with a delighted air.

"Last year?" I inquired.

"No, now."

"Now? Why, it isn't fairly spring yet."

"No; but then, this is leap-year, you know."

We laughed—I, from sympathy only. I didn't know what he meant: these practical men jump at conclusions so.

"Pretty thing, that gold corner," he resumed after a moment.

"Well, rather," said I, innocently, "green and gold make a good contrast."

He dropped his jaw, and went off like a shot.

Absolutely nothing of interest in the cars, except that a torpid young gentleman next me opened his mouth once, and dropped this pearl; "Bumpy scenery, sir, isn't it?"

Singularly enough, on arriving I found my trunk and bag had come on in the same train, and were "standing prancing there," stranded on the platform, as innocently as if it was not their usual habit to float off to inaccessible parts of space. (I feel it in my bones, that next summer these two pieces will take their revenge and wag off playfully somewhere, never to return.) And as luck would have it, Adam, the gardener, was there too, as ugly as ever. That face of his is as good as a Bridgewater treatise. No fortuitous concourse of atoms ever produced that phiz. It exhibits marks of design as plainly as it does of the smallpox. In fact it is *all* plan, no finish. When his countenance opens upon you with its wide staring eyes, and its endless mouth like an old torn button hole, surrounded, not enclosed, by a tract of commonplace beard, you think of that other vista which opened upon poor Jonah when he first made the acquaintance of that disagreeable spermaceti whale, just before going down into his lordship's larder. (Not a very profitable investment for the whale, that Jonah turned out.) Adam is a good fellow, however, much better natured than the rest of the quarrelsome people who live at "Sword's point," and it won't do in his case to let the end try the man. Last winter he became suddenly infatuated with a very thin woman, as thin as varnish, and married her on the spot, where they now live. It subsequently appeared that, to take Adam, she gave old Doctor Wharf the slip, though he had stuck to her like a leech for ever so many years. Dr. W., as the last week's issue of the "Swordsman" truly said, "is one of the greatest oculists and aurists, almost, perhaps, in this country. His is the only natural system: *no instruments or medicine put down the throat* to cure ringing in the ears. And we speak from personal experience when we say that his Elixir of Balsam of Fir is the best hair regenerator we know of."

Adam lifted my trunk into the buggy with a tender hand, ingeniously inserted his long legs into the vacant spaces, and in half an hour I was here lighting a cigar, and then wandering about the place, wondering what to do with myself. It was stupid work to pelt the rock with wave offerings of clamshells and seaweed, to take fruitless strolls in the orchard, whistling the "apple chorus," to watch Adam's aforesaid wife Em, drive off the hens scratching among the peas. Surely man was not made to live alone, in the country. Nor am I, often, in March, thank fortune. Besides, we know who finds occupation for idle hands.

What was found for me I will tell in my next:

O, Ambie darling! Distance don't lend enchantment to your view, and if it did, it doesn't pay;—but I must stop here. No getting away *from that.*

QUARRY.

FALLING stars are discords in the music of the spheres.

THE profile gives the character more clearly than the full face, as a sideway view of a star presents it more distinctly than a direct one.

SOPHIA; OR, THE REIGN OF WOMAN.

SOLD AT THE METROPOLITAN FAIR FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

HERE we have a third gay and gallant *Scribbeleer* coming forward to render assistance to our great charity. This minstrel brings with him some eight hundred or a thousand lines, headed by a Proem—a full regiment of verse equipped in Hudibrastic measure—divided into seven cantos; each canto commanded by an Argument. The banner they march under is the bird sacred to the strong-minded Minerva, the spinster goddess, who read all the Olympian magazines, was fully up to Mars himself in army matters, and who would have headed a Sanitary Commission had such things existed under the Pagan dispensation. In casting our eye over the ranks, we noticed some good, strong, serviceable lines, hard hitters, evidently, and ordered them out for inspection. Here are some of them:

"The maids, too, in their 'teens' loathe reading,
And sigh in vain, for special pleading,
For innocently in their sight,
A lover is a woman's right,—
Thus woman's rights, like all things new,
Grew out of nothing else to do."

"A thought that once can burst its shell,
Will soon find legs to run as well."

"Oh, Scribblers, goslings of the quill,
Relieve the world by keeping still,
Or try to rise on well-greased wings
And take a bird's-eye view of things."

"While man, afraid of Madam Grundy,
Cast down his eyes and blushed—which shows
That everything by custom goes—
Ah! truly, 'tis a moral code
That trims itself with every mode."

L'Envoi, at the close, is a warning to critics.

"Both Newton and his dog as well
Beheld an apple as it fell,
And in its fall, grave Newton saw
His long-sought gravitation law;
While subtle Pompey only found
A rotten apple on the ground."

At the risk of being as subtle as Pompey, we will point to a speck on the apple before us. Our bard brings his garlands of myrtle, but he slyly hides a sharp bodkin in them. He means mischief. He sings the reign of woman, but he sings it as a failure. In Canto VII. she is forced to abdicate, and man resumes his sway. The minstrel is evidently disposed to narrow down woman's rights to the right of a lover, and holds to the exploded theory, that all her ways should be family ways, and all her paths be peace. We need not protest against this narrow view. This FAIR itself is a crushing refutation of the antiquated notion. But we will forgive the author the sins he has offered so gracefully for the benefit of the cause, and take leave of him with the warning, that if he adheres to his heretical doctrines, he may become indeed "the Muses's pride," like Pope, but will never attain Pope's higher dignity, of being "the ladies' plaything."

PARVENU AND SHODDY.

THE words are too indifferently applied to things far apart. It would be confounding all nicety of censure not to distinguish between terms so distinct in meaning. There is a choice in epithets of dispraise, as there is a subtle aptness to be regarded in compliment.

Parvenu shows in some lights a shade of approval, while shoddy always scornfully accuses of wrong. Parvenuism is the normal state of our country, and necessary fruit of the great Declaration. Shoddyism is the local flowering of a noxious seed, common to all people and times, under the heat of revolution. The French invented the first name—*parvenir* is to get on, and getting on is the life of America, and is what we were put on this continent to do. English trading craft found out the last term—its other name there is devil's dust, and smacks of its father.

That which was at first a reproach in the name of parvenu, has come with the change of times and standards to be nearly a praise. The man who made his way by force of character or grasp of circumstances up among the haughty noblesse of France was half respected. His reality contrasted with their sham, and they showed fear at his near approach by the very brand with which they marked him as one apart from them. The *émigrés* learned how weak and late the attempt was. Lieutenant Bonaparte was one day cooling his heels in the Directory's antechamber, when Ouvrard, then banker and millionnaire, passed by. Seeing him in the same place as he returned three hours hours after, the rich man said, "il parviendra"—he will get on. Some ten years later, the Emperor Napoleon ruined and banished Ouvrard, detected in frauds as a contractor. He had got on, and the parvenu had his revenge upon the shoddy. This second Emperor is parvenu and shoddy both.

We said that parvenuism is the normal state of America. For it is under the sanction of that "all men are born free and equal," that our countrymen conquer the accidents of station and fortune, and win the substance of both. Manners suffer in the struggle, but merit of some kind at least is there, and may ripen in the third generation into grace and culture. There is no real sting in the phrase in this longitude; only the same sense we put in the words "self-made man" qualifying a character very likely limited, certainly crude, yet strong in creative power. When, therefore, I hear one of our curled darlings fling the epithet in derision at some plain successful worker, I think he has not reflected on the inexorable logic of facts which binds us all in this Republic either to join the panting race, or to yield the palm to those who court the sweat and dust. No man here inherits sure prosperity. Restless workers scarcely honor cool observers, and worth, however rough, little deserves or heeds their sneers. Such sarcasm suits Southern lips better than ours.

But shoddyism has no such natural root in our body politic. It is that shirking of work and swindling of gain which is hateful to our national common sense. Esau protested against shoddyism when invented by the original Jacob. King John Lackland, of England, was a shoddy of high degree—the poor stuff in him showing its native dirt through all the usurper's purple. It is the moral meanness of this thing that we have a right to scorn. Its baseness turns all the stolen diamonds it wears to paste. Houses and lands can never ennoble it, nor a seat in Congress give it dignity. Should its corrupt bulk not decay before the next generation, its descendants will be more burdened with its dishonor, than blessed with its riches. It is the same prosperous profligacy that has provoked the wrath of satire in all ages. Let us flog these fellows, as the Spartans scourged their drunken slaves, as a warning to their children. The shafts of ridicule may pierce their way where "the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks." M.

SERENADE.

Good night, good night,
The weary stars are winking,
Aurora wills not that their eyes
Should vie with her less tender dyes;
While to the world she roses brings,
Poppies at each of them she flings:
Good night, good night.
The poison juice they're drinking.

Farewell, farewell,
The glowing God advances,
Soon will he kiss thy forehead fair
And touch with brighter gold thy hair,
While I in shadow, cold at heart,
Beneath thy window stand apart.
Farewell, farewell;
I hate his ardent glances.

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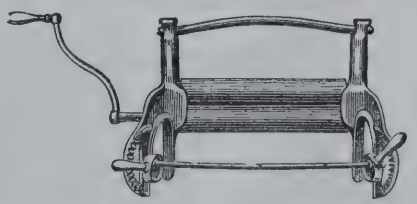

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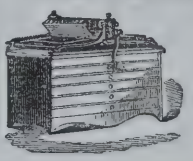

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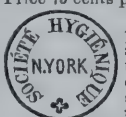

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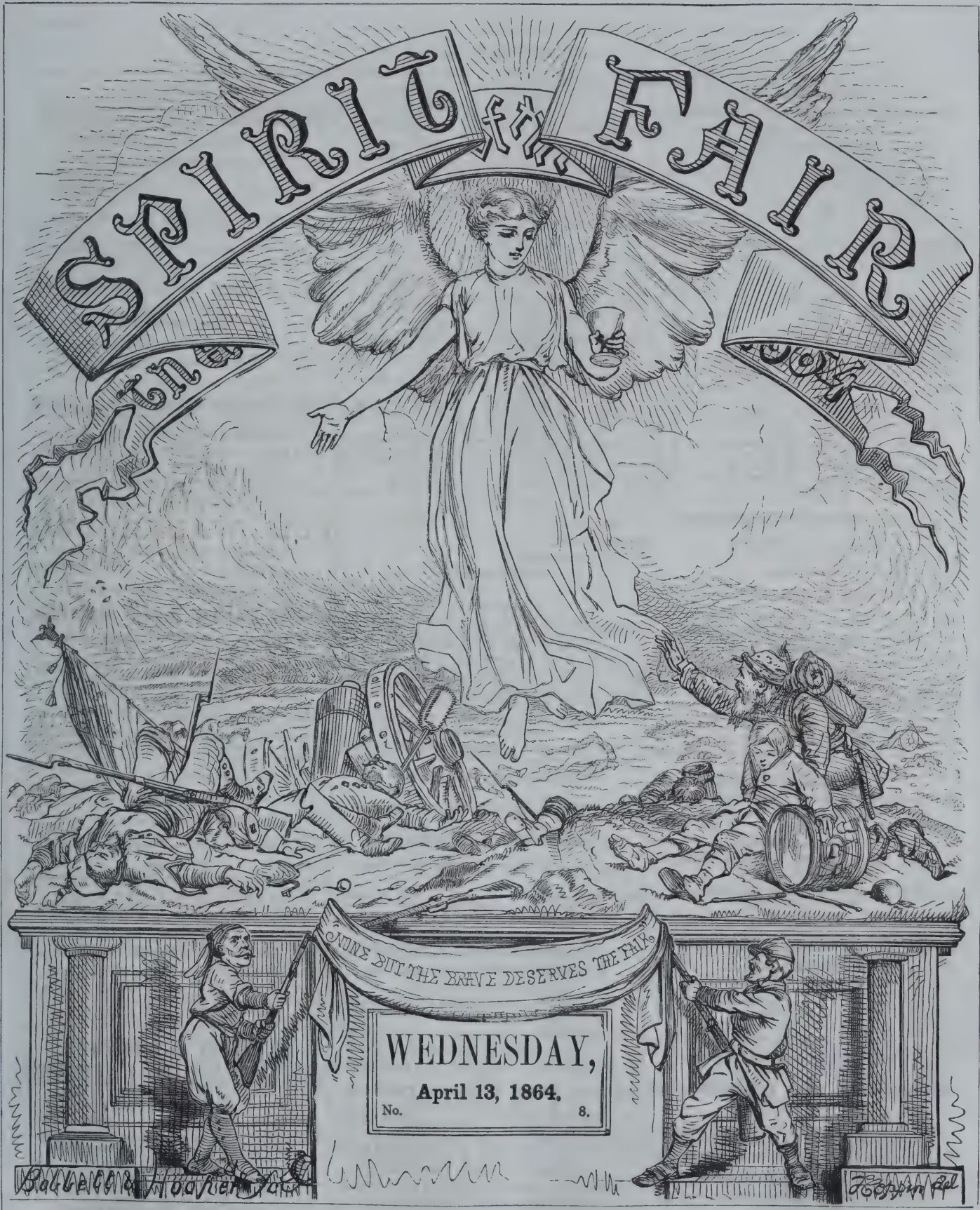

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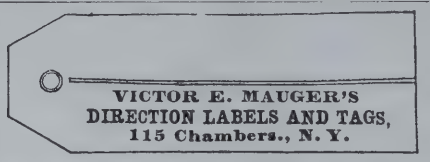

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Have the good fortune to announce that they have received, and have now in Store, a complete assortment of
NEW GOODS,
Being made to order
FOR THEIR OWN SALES,
Through Messrs. BARLOW, PAYNE & Co.,
Manufacturers' Agents, London,
Adapted to the wants of gentlemen of taste, who appreciate style and quality in Clothing, and which they are willing to make up to order in their usual well-known style of excellence at popular prices.
57 *Walker Street, New York.*

A WORD TO OUR READERS.

With newspapers whose existence is measured by years, it is customary to mark each annual birthday with a congratulatory address to Patrons. Our little ephemeron, expecting to drop its gauzy wings, and exhale its vital spark into the elements within the compass of a few bright days, must count its life by periods proportioned to that brief span. A week ago, yesterday, it burst from the chrysalis, and perchance another week may find it nowhere. Seven days, therefore, must stand for its little year, and the dawn of a new week be greeted as the anniversary of its birth. Nor need our bigger sisters of the press smile at the ambition to bring its transitory career into a golden round. What is their year, forsooth, compared with the years of a newspaper in Saturn!

Friends, Patrons, Readers! We congratulate you, ourselves, and the world generally, on the success of our little messenger. Fed on the freshest honeydew of Parnassus, and floating on the balmy air of popular acceptance, it has lived a week! We may now consider its existence assured for the full term of its assigned duration. So long as the Fair itself lasts, will our miniature daily hover over it, a bright embodied emanation of its essence, the Spirit of the Fair.

And here we may be permitted to complain gently of the non-appearance, thus far, of a compliment on which we had securely reckoned. Our friends, remembering the short time we have to live, and that, in respect both to contributions and compliments, it must be now or never, will pardon us for seeming to "fish" for our own praises. We really have expected some handsomely turned encomiums on our bantling's name. Have our readers failed to perceive in its pretty *équivoque* the intended recognition of the most delicate and vital element of the grand beneficence of which it is the humble organ? What is this whole vast movement for the bodily relief and the heart-solace of our stricken heroes, but a breath from the soul of Her who is preëminently the Fair; most fair because most good, the true *Kalokagathon* on earth! And how more aptly could we baptize this record of her mighty love-work, the record which, as we fondly trust, is to be laid up as a memorial in thousands of families, and handed down as an heirloom to future generations, than as The Spirit of the Fair! With this suggestion, which we take to be nearly equal to a hint, we trust our deservings in this particular to a grateful public.

Cheerily, then, to the toils of another week! The experience of the one just past bids us not be weary in well-doing, for we shall reap a glorious harvest for our brave boys if we faint not. And that our noble matrons and maidens may not faint, we entreat the fine brains to which we are already so largely indebted, and others of like calibre, to spin on with an emulous persistency of labor. The demands of the exhibition and sales-rooms on nerves and feet unused to such fatigues, are prodigious; and our Spirit should be the good Fairy to lighten with pleasant devices the unaccustomed task.

May we be allowed to suggest also that it is not so much wise words as witty ones that are needed; as also that "brevity is the soul of wit." Our gentle workers have not time for a solid meal of thought.

> "The bubbles that swim
> On the beaker's brim,"

are the true type of contributions for the Spirit of the Fair.

The New Bedford Marine Table is under the charge of three ladies of New Bedford, whose generous and untiring labors, amidst many difficulties and discouragements, are deserving of special notice. Last January these ladies—Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Dr. Sisson—began their patriotic task of collecting material to furnish a table at the Metropolitan Fair, and, though receiving but little favor from those who ought to have rejoiced to aid them in their laudable endeavors, they succeeded in preparing a table which does them high credit, and has brought already a handsome sum into the Treasury of the Fair.

The collection of articles is appropriate to the marine character of the town represented, consisting chiefly of sea-shells in great variety. Many of these are tastefully arranged, and set in handsome shell frames. Of the latter the assortment is very fine. It would be difficult to find a more elegant piece of workmanship than the bouquets of bird feathers, in shell frames, whose soft and delicate colors have a most charming effect. A beautiful Voluta shell—of which there are two—was bought by Mr. D. J. Steward, of this city, for $25. Besides the shells, there are a number of curious and interesting objects exhibited, among which we notice a beautiful little whale boat, with coils of rope, harpoons, lances, sheath-knife, &c., all complete—the work of Capt. L. N. Howland, of New Bedford, an old whaler; a Feejee Island bark blanket; several bows from the Solomon Islands, coast of New Guinea, with a bundle of poisoned arrows; and a precious piece of New England's "blarney stone," certified to as genuine, by a Trustee of the Pilgrim Society, and valued at $25. A fine "sea-piece," by Mr. Bradford, a New Bedford artist, was sold for $100. The sum realized thus far amounts to $600, with every prospect of obtaining several hundred more—which is certainly a sufficient justification for the benevolent perseverance of the fair collectors of this unique assortment.

Stall No. 36 is devoted to cordwainers' handicraft. Above the stall are inscribed the names of distinguished cobblers of the past, the list headed of course by St. Crispin, the patron of shoemakers, and followed by Boehme, Sachs, Fox, and Sherman, all illustrious practitioners of the "gentle craft." A large assortment of the finer qualities of boots and shoes are offered for sale, among which one cannot fail to note the bridal shoes and slippers, contributed by Middleton & Co., valued at $10. A great variety of "worked" slippers, in tasteful patterns, attract the eyes of elderly gentlemen, who are fond of cozy comfort after the labors of the day. The principal contributors are Geo. T. Glaze; J. Hunt; Middleton & Co., 831 Broadway; Cantrell, 813 Broadway; Fisk & Goldsmith; and Gorham, 371 Canal; who present some very handsome fancy shoes.

Stall No. 37, presided over by Mrs. F. F. Thompson, displays some very fine specimens of saddlery. A pair of horse blankets, valued at $100, presented by Harmer, Hayes, & Co., and a splendid military saddle and equipments, held at $250, given by Betts, Nichols, & Co., 349 Broadway, are the most costly articles exhibited. In addition, there are harnesses, elegant riding-whips, a handsome side-saddle, and large travelling trunks or "arks," ranging in price from $16 to $35.

What may we not expect from the Metropolis, when "out-of-town" has done so nobly, as the annexed letter shows?

Office Chief Engineer,
Binghampton, *April* 4, 1864.

Wm. H. Wickham, Esq., Chairman San. Comm. N. Y. F. D.

Dear Sir: In accordance with a circular received from you some time since, we hereby transmit a draft for $2,125.56, being the avails of a Fair and Festival held by the Binghampton Fire Department in aid of the Metropolitan Fair now being held in your city for the benefit of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. Please present the enclosed draft, with the best wishes of the Binghampton Fire Department.

Respectfully yours,
F. A. Morgan, Chairman San. Com. B. F. D.
M. Clay Preston, Treasurer San. Com. B. F. D.

Mr. J. Bingham, of Hudson City, a venerable gentleman who once filled the place of Marshal at the Bunker Hill Monument Fair, contributes a pair of crutches to the Metropolitan Fair, accompanying the gift with these modest and apt words—"Although of no great value, their sale may help to heal a wound—or lift up a bruised heart. Our soldiers need all we can give, were it a million times as much as this mite, in aid of your treasury."

The ladies in charge of the Floral Temple, acknowledge with thanks the liberality of Mr. J. Buchanan, the well-known florist of 17th street, in presenting to their department a number of beautiful bouquets, valued at fifty-five dollars.

The collection in the Book room has been increased by the generous gift from Mr. Marié, of a large number of copies of the graceful volume of *Vers de Société*, published by him for the benefit of the Fair.

Francis and Loutrel have contributed to the Fair a magnificent Ledger and Journal, extra size, bound in full russia, very heavy boards, gilt tooling. The panels are set with calf and turkey morocco, tooled in the most elegant and artistic style. The paper is thick and of the finest manufacture. Each page is ornamented with heavy and appropriate ruling. The value of this contribution to the Fair is $150. For sale in the Stationery Department.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Augustus R. Macdonough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N.Y.

The mutilated green-back dollar bill whose history was given in the first number of this paper, has been purchased by a lady of this city for one hundred dollars.

The *naïve* and popular lithograph, representing a little girl selling miniature American flags, with the motto, "*Every little helps*," for sale at the Art Gallery, was drawn on stone and presented to the Fair by Ernest Tuckerman.

The Emperor of China is an involuntary contributor to the Fair, the hangings and robes in the Old Curiosity Shop being *loot* from palaces belonging to that august personage. The magnificent square robe was torn from his state bed, and the green robe was taken from the celebrated Summer Palace, which was plundered by the French and English soldiery. These articles are valued at $500 each.

Table No. 29, simply marked Excelsior, well deserves an independent place and a special mention. It is filled with contributions from some twenty ladies and gentlemen, brought together by no more formal organization than patriotic purpose and devotion to the cause of charity furnish. A cross, beautifully enwreathed with spectral flowers and ferns, and some prettily painted vases, are conspicuous among a great variety of tasteful articles upon this stand. But the most interesting contribution is a photographic album, prepared by Wm. Henry Arnoux, in which the likenesses are from original negatives taken by Brady, the binding being done in a masterly style of tooling by Mathews, and the cardboard presented by Smith & Peters.

The original plan of this album, now being carried out, was to have on each left-hand page a photograph, and on the right, facing it, the autograph of some distinguished officer. The place of honor is given to General Scott, and Generals McClellan, Grant, Fremont, Banks, and others, follow. Admirals Farragut and Dupont lead the navy list.

Perhaps the last page in the volume is the most eloquent. It contains a small vignette of General Anderson, presented by himself, with a photographic view of Fort Sumter as it was at the first bombardment in 1861, signed with his autograph. His shattered health prevents any prolonged mental effort.

The mounting of this page is by Williams & Stevens. The album is valued at $500.

The following are some of the autographic inscriptions in this rare volume:

"N. Y., *March* 11, 1864.

"For the purpose of establishing the Government under which we live, and which has brought us so much prosperity, our fathers endured seven years of hardship and sacrifices. Where is the man worthy of all it has given us who will not, if need be, endure as many, to preserve and perpetuate it? John A. Dix."

"Is there any sacrifice too great an offering to save our glorious country, whether of opinion, of prejudice, or of life itself?

"A. Pleasanton, Maj.-Gen.

"New York, *March* 30, 1864."

"Renewed, regenerated, disenthralled, shall this beloved land rise from the sin and sorrow of to-day, all glorious in her liberty, and radiant in her resurrection. Irvin McDowell.

"*March* 25, 1864."

"I urgently recommend that the noble efforts that have been made to secure the comfort of our soldiers be continued, and extended in behalf of their families, especially those of the officers and men who have given their lives for their country. Geo. B. McClellan, Maj.-Gen.

"*March* 18, 1864."

Any "thing of beauty" perishing in an hour, yet leaving a lasting fragrance of good will and kind purpose, naturally finds its way to the shrine of flowers, which is the central ornament of the Fair rooms; and of such a nature are both the subject and the sentiment of the following notelet.

Hudson City, N. Y., *April* 9, 1864.

Fair Ladies:—Will you please accept for your Floral Temple this splendid butterfly. Last Fall it was a large green worm, about four inches long. I found it weaving its cocoon on our gate, and when it was all hidden in its silken prison we took it into the house, and cut a window in its prison wall, through which to watch the changing chrysalis. Last Thursday it came out of its snug hiding place, robed in beauty like the flowers. Now, ladies, will you take my pretty pet, and let it live out its brief life among the sweet blossoms in your bower? It may be that some naturalist will pay a trifle for my bright winged beauty. Hoping it may be so, I bring with me the little house it built. Should it contribute aught to the attractiveness of your fairy temple, or if the proceeds of its sale shall add even a trifle to some brave soldier's comfort, my heart would be as happy as my butterfly is beautiful.

Yours respectfully,

Eddie W. Kilbourne.

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP.

[advertisement.]

When tired of Afghans, with cushions when furious,
Just stop in to see what *we* have got curious.
We don't speak of worsteds with envy or pique,
We have china the rarest and gems most antique.
We have Chinese pagodas and idols and vases,
And hats *à la mode* in all its queer phases.
We've a temple of Mammon, for each Japanese,
As well as ourselves, worships wealth on his knees;
We have shells, birds, and beasts; we have reptiles and fishes;
The finest of gems, and the quaintest of dishes,
Brocades that were worn in our grandmothers' day,
The court dress and robes of Chief Justice Jay,
And most lovely flowers, unrivalled by Flora;
And relics of Franklin, the great Arctic Explorer.
And all who are proud of our own noble Kane,
Most sadly can gaze on *his* boat flag again.
Then as we wish the attraction to vary,
There's a portrait, original, of Scotland's fair Mary.
We have autographs, photographs, pictures most rare;
We beg you to buy for the good of the Fair.
We've a Mandarin's dress in work most exquisite;
We hope all will feel tempted to pay us a visit.
If we have succeeded in winning attention,
Our time and our labor is not worth the mention;
We work for our country, without fee or guerdon,
Though often we feel—a *horseshoe* a *burden*.

METROPOLITAN FAIR FOR THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

AUCTION NOTICE.

Heads of departments wishing to make sales by auction, will please hand in their invoices two days before sale, to either of the following auctioneers, or to the Secretary of this Committee. Each department will arrange with the gentlemen whom they may elect to make their sales, in regard to the reception and delivery of their goods.

All goods, wares, and merchandise will be received and accounted for by those employed, who will furnish their own clerks and attend to their own advertising.

The following are the names and places of business of the gentlemen tendering their services, in the order they were received:

Daniel A. Mathews, 66 Nassau street.
Edward Schenck, 60 Liberty street.
George Welles Nichols, 113 Pearl street.
Henry D. Miner, 37 Nassau street.
Daniel H. Burdett, 109 Wall street.
Henry Molton, 235 Broadway.
J. H. Draper, 36 Pine street.
Edward Sintzenich, 155 Broadway.
J. E. Halsey, 10 Barclay street.
Walter M. Lloyd, 15 Nassau street.
E. T. Wills, 47 Murray street.
John H. Austen, 340 Broadway.
Thomas J. Miller, 74 Broadway.
Alfred L. Curtis, 23 Murray street.

All goods sold for this Commission are free from United States duties, as well as the District License.

E. D. Ludlow, Chairman of the Committee of Auctioneers.
Henry D. Miner, Secretary.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

"CHEER up my man! and we'll carry you through."—This was what the Surgeon said.

It was a cruel shattering wound of the thigh. I knew it was a doubtful case. There was not much around me to make cheer. Only one dim light in the ward, and that swaying in the wind that found its way through the chinks, two poor fellows muttering in a fever, not far off; and in the cot next me a drummer boy—dead. The hospital people didn't know it as yet, but I did: just before dark he had given a lunge forward as if he would have grasped at something out of reach, and there lay his hand stiffened—just where it fell. Until dark, I watched his eyelids—open stark wide, and never a wink.

It threatened a change of weather; at least, the nurse laid some extra covering at the foot of each of the cots; and pat—pat—pat, I heard her steps go down the wards.

Then I dreamed:—It was the old house, red with white trimmings, and a lilac bush at the door. Within, there is a bright fire on the hearth. Polly (that's wife) is seated at the table sewing. The two girls, Nelly and "Little Maid" (so we call her) are perched on stools near their mother, busy at their patch-work; (they made a deal of patch-work, those little ones!)

It seemed to me, "Little Maid" said presently, "See Andy, mother!" And Polly looks at Andy—which was our shag-terrier, and a rare ratter to be sure—and says "Take it from him, child, quick!"

And the maid takes from the dog a long strip of brown cloth, with little sprigs scattered up and down, which I remember was a part of an old dress in which I had often seen Polly; she wore it the first day we went into the red-house home, and now she is making some patch-quilt of it;—always busy, that little woman!

The children are stitching upon diamond-shaped pieces, which, though I had never much eye for colors, or for figures, I see plainly are parts of baby dresses which they wore years before. The little ones, from time to time, hold up a row of those diamond shapes to show their mother what brave work they have done, and Andy thereupon cocks his eye and pricks up his ears, as if he were a party to their needle triumphs. All the while there is a low restless prattle between Nelly and the "Little Maid," but somehow I do not catch the meaning of it, only Polly (I hear her tones full and clear) says once and again—"Well stitched, Little Maid!" or "there's a good girl, Nelly!"

Andy stirs, sniffs the air with his eye on the door; 'tis only a neighbor's step, some good woman who has come for a half-hour's chat; and in this way I hear that the "Little Maid" has come to the fifth page in her spelling, and that the patch-work they are so busily stitching upon is to be sent away for the soldiers, and that the scarlet fever is in the village. Whereupon Polly says, "I wouldn't have John (that's my name) know it for the world!"

And the neighbor asks "how is John?"

"Quite well," says Polly, "and coming home, God willing, in May."

Whereupon "Little Maid" and Nelly, with one voice as it were—"I'm so glad!"

At this I, who had said nothing thus far, and was not seen, felt stirred to speak.

"Bless your dear hearts!" said I, but had got no further when Andy, knowing the voice I suppose, sprang on me; sprang upon my poor leg—such a twinge as it gave me—and I woke.

It was not the old home I was in at all; only the pain was real; the solitary lamp swayed in the wind; the dead drummer's hand lay idle, no more waking up for him.

The nurse, good soul, spread a coverlet over me—the same which had been lying at my feet since dark. The warmth was very quieting to me, and I fell away shortly into dozing and then to dreaming again.

In the red-house once more, but this time they know I am there and the little ones nestle about me—so fondly! God bless their little hearts! And Polly in her quiet way, stepping softly and lifting her finger, checks their noisy mirth—"Not so rough, Little Maid! you will disturb Papa!"

I am sick then; possibly the old wound is unhealed; indeed I see cloths lying upon the little stand at the bed-side, such as were lying in the hospital yesterday. Polly folds them—Polly arranges them; she lifts a warning finger as "Little Maid" begins to riot again, she hangs a screen before the fire to keep the light from my eyes—is it my soldier coat? The little ones are probing the pockets and admiring the buttons.

But strangely enough, it seems to me that Polly is wearing the same dress which before she had been cutting into pieces, and the children—though they must have outgrown them by two years or more—wear the same baby gowns which I had seen them stitching into these diamond shapes.

But though I see all this and can hear Andy as he paces across the room, and the rap of his knuckle joint on the floor as he gives his fore-shoulder a lively scratch—I can say nothing. The waiting faces seem to expect no word from me. This worries me; and I make a grasp at the familiar dress of Polly as she passes to get some explanation.

"Quiet, John, *quiet!*"

It is not Polly who speaks the last word, it is the nurse: I am awake again, and have a fierce clutch upon the coverlet which the nurse would take away, now that morning has fairly come.

As she lifts it—as Heaven is true—I see the brown stripes of my wife's dress with the fairy green sprigs:—I see the diamond shapes of the baby dresses which my children had stitched!

I renew my clutch, "Leave it good woman, it's my own, I saw them make it; my wife's dress, I know the colors."

The woman slips away and presently comes back whispering with the Surgeon. "If he's crazed, the game is up with him," says he.

But I'm not crazed, my pulse will tell him that; but a great cheer has come to me from that little glimpse of home, and the fragment of it that came to me by God's mercy, that night.

I shall be strong enough to travel in May, and will keep Polly's word good.

Nelly!—Little Maid! look for me when the lilacs are in bud! And don't be frightened by a crutch.

SONG OF FREEDOM.

(*To a German air.*)

BY C. T. BROOKS.

Deep devotion—
Warm emotion
Fill and fire and fuse all souls,
While from patriot bosoms welling,
One loud song of freedom swelling,
Through the listening concave rolls.

Swell the chorus!
Heaven smiles o'er us,
Freedom's banner leads the van;
Upward, hearts! and footsteps, forward!
Here's no traitor—here's no coward!
Upward, onward, man by man!

Sainted sires!
Freedom's fires,
Lit by you, still flame on high;
On our hills and hearthstones gleaming
From our hearts and faces beaming,
Never—never shall they die!

Lo! high o'er us,
Far before us,
All the skies in splendor stand!
Bloody-red the moon is glowing,
Freedom's wind is freshly blowing
O'er a cleansed and ransomed land.

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1864.

NEW YORK.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

(*Continued.*)

That some extravagant notions, in which interest has thrown its mists before the reason of our people, exist, is, we think undeniable; and we concede that the two recently promulgated figments of the equilibrium and the rights of persons over the property and Territory of the United States, have a character of feebleness and obvious delusion that would excite our wonder, did we not have so many occasions to observe and comment on the frailty of human judgment when warped by motives of this nature. To us it would seem, that the people of any particular State have just the same claim to use the ships of war, and forts, and public buildings of the United States, as they have, unpermitted by the sovereign power, to occupy any of its lands. That which is the property of the public is no more the property of individuals, in law or reason, than the estate of any one man is the estate of his neighbor. Carry out the doctrine in spirit, and it would lead to general confusion, and a state of things so impracticable as to disorganize society. If the people are thus intrinsically masters and owners of all around them, why are they not the proprietors of the banks and other corporations created by themselves? They made the government, if you will, though in a very limited capacity; and they made these corporations, much more directly and unequivocally; and, admitting the truth of this copartnership principle, in which every man is so far a member of the firm that he may take his share of the assets, we cannot see that he is not equally entitled to lay his hands on all the other progeny of the popular will. In a word, the doctrine would seem to be not only weak, but absurd; and we find a difficulty in believing that any cool-headed and reflecting man can feel the necessity for refuting it.

But other dangers undeniably beset the country, that have no connection with this question of Slavery. However repugnant it may be to the pride of human nature, or the favorite doctrines of the day, there can be little question that the greatest sources of apprehension of future evil to the people of this country, are to be looked for in the abuses which have their origin in the infirmities and characteristics of human nature. In a word, the people have great cause to distrust themselves; and the numerous and serious innovations they are making on all sides, on not only the most venerable principles in favor with men, but on the divine law, must cause every reflecting man to forebode a state of things, far more serious than even that which would arise from a separation of the States into isolated parts.

The particular form in which this imminent danger is now, for the first time seriously since the establishment of the Government, beginning to exhibit itself, is through the combinations of the designing to obtain a mercenary corps of voters, insignificant as to numbers, but formidable by their union, to hold the balance of power, and to effect their purposes by practising on the wilful, blind, wayward, and, we might almost add, fatal obstinacy of the two great political parties of the country. Here, in our view, is the danger that the nation has most to apprehend. The result is as plain as it is lamentable. In effect, it throws the political power of the entire Republic into the hands of the intriguer, the demagogue, and the knave. Honest men are not practised on by such combinations; but, with a fatality that would seem to be the very sport of demons, there they stand, drawn up in formidable array, in nearly equal lines of open and deriding hostility, leading those who no longer conceive it necessary to even affect the semblance of respect to many of the plainest and most important of the principles of social integrity that have ever been received among men.

Any one familiar with the condition of Europe must know, that under the pressure of society in that quarter of the world, and toward which we are fast tending by a rapid accumulation of numbers, the present institutions of America, exercised under the prevalent opinions of the day, could not endure a twelvemonth. That which is now seen in France rendering real political liberty a mere stalking-horse for the furtherance of the projects of the boldest adventurers, would inevitably be seen here; the bayonet alone would be relied on for the preservation of the nearest and dearest of human rights. There could and would be no other security for the peace of society, and that circle of power which, rising in the masses, ends in the sceptre of the single despot, would once more be made as it might be in derision of all our efforts to be free.

If the existence of nations resembled that of individuals, it would not be difficult to foretell the consequences of this state of things; but communities may be said to have no lives, and are ever to be found occupying their places, and using the means assigned to them by Providence, whether free or enslaved, prosperous or the reverse. No one can foretell the future of this great country, in consequence of the extent and number of its outlets, each a provision of Providence to put a check on revolutions and violence.

The elements of a monarchy do not exist among us; the habits of the entire country are opposed to the reception of such a form of government. Nor do we know, bad as our condition is rapidly getting to be, strong as are the tendencies to social dissolution, and to the abuses which demand force to subdue, that anything would be gained by the adoption of any substitute for the present polity of the country to be found in Europe. The abuses there are possibly worse than our own, and the only question would seem to be as to the degree of suffering and wrong to which men are compelled to submit through the infirmities of their own nature. There is one great advantage in the monarchical principle, when subdued by liberal institutions, as in the case of the government of that nation from which we are derived, which it would seem a republic cannot possess. We allude to the transmission of a nominal executive power that spares the turmoil, expense, and struggles of an election, and which answers all the purposes of the real authorities of the State in designating those who are to exercise the functions of rulers for the time being. It has often been predicted that the periodical elections of the chief magistrate of this country will, at no distant day, destroy the institutions. It would be idle to deny that the danger manifestly increases with the expedients of factions; and that there are very grave grounds for apprehending the worst consequences from this source of evil. As it now is, the working of the system has already produced a total departure from the original intention of the Government; a scheme, probably, that was radically defective when adopted, and which contained the seeds of its own ruin. Recourse to electors has become an idle form, ponderous and awkward, and in some of its features uselessly hazardous. We are in the habit of comparing the cost of government in this country with that of other nations in the Old World. Beyond a question, the Americans enjoy great advantages in this important particular, owing to their exemption from sources of expenses that weigh so heavily

on those who rely for the peace of society solely on the strong hand. But confining the investigation simply to the cost of Executives it may well be questioned if we have not adopted the most expensive mode at present known among civilized nations. We entertain very little doubt that the cost of a presidential election fully equals the expenditures of the empire of Great Britain, liberal as they are known to be, for the maintenance of the dignity of its chief magistracy. Nor is this the worst of it; for while much of the civil list of a monarch is usefully employed in cherishing the arts, and in fostering industry, to say nothing of its boons to the dependent and meritorious in the shape of pensions, not a dollar of the millions that are wasted every fourth year among ourselves in the struggles of parties, can be said to be applied to a purpose that has not a greater tendency to evil than to good. The simple publication of documents, perhaps, may form some exception to these abuses; but even they are so much filled with falsehoods, fallacies, audacious historical misstatements, exaggerations, and every other abuse, naturally connected with such struggles, that we are compelled to yield them our respect and credulity with large allowances for caution and truth. Were this the place, and did our limits permit, we would gladly pursue this subject; for so completely has the hurrah of popular sway looked down everything like real freedom in the discussion of such a topic as to render the voice of dissent almost unknown to us. But our purpose is merely to show what probable effects are to flow from the abuses of the institutions on the growth of the great commercial mart of which we are writing.

(*To be continued.*)

GEMS FROM THE NEW AND ADMIRED OPERA OF RAFFLELETTO.

(The music of the overture expresses chaos and universal woe. The exulting shouts of demons are heard engaged in "debauching the public conscience and corrupting the public virtue." The voices of the head d—vils are recognized as those of Mrs. ———, Miss ———, and ——— ———, and ———, ———, Esquires. A few faint puffs of expiring virtue are indicated by the cornet-à-piston).

(*Time*, the day on which the celebrated Protest appears).

(Enter Deacon Aminidabino Sleekini, coming from the B-ok-rs Board and reading the morning paper).

RECITATIVO.

Che! Lottery! Gambling! Chances at a Charity! O Cielo! Jingo! But ye streets of William and of Wall, paths of honor, honesty and law, never shall the gold or greenbacks eke I find in you, be stained by such vile uses. Chances! Lotteries! O precious Erie! Harlem coy! and thou, most steady Central; whither tends the time? (*Reads.*) Thanks, gentle Reverends! 'gainst the serious sins how gladly doth this heart see ye arrayed! (*Enter a poor woman asking for a penny to feed "six small children."*) Go to the D—vil! (*Reads.*) Alas! A Grab bag! Oh infamy! A Fishing Pond! "Chances" to help the sick and dying soldiers! Nay, nay. By heaven, never; so help me, Genius of the B-ok-rs Board!

Some sins are venial, so the Doctors say
But this debauching Raffle,—well-a-day!
The Fair is foul; I will not be its prey.

Aria Basso, *clericalmente e nasaloso.*

What a pity 'tis tainted with sin!
What a pity it leads to the Pit!
'Tis here that corruption comes in,
And virtue falls dead in a fit—
In a fit, fit, fit,
Ri–too–ral–loo;
And virtue falls dead in a fit.

Scene changes. Drawing Room at No.—— Twenty —— Street.

Enrico and Clara.

Aria tenore, *con hatinhando.*

Come fly with me, dearest girl,
Take my arm to the wonderful Fair;
'Tis all a no end of a whirl
In Fourteenth Street and sweet Union Square,

Soprano, *longingtogoamente.*

Enrico! how great is your power!
But I cannot consent to such sin!
The Fair may be bright as a flower,
But oh! there's a serpent within—
Within–in–in
Tol–de–rol–lol–la,
But oh! there's a serpent within.

Aria tenore, *solemcholico.*

Clara! ne'er shall you be shocked or
Pained; so free your heart from doubt,
For a Seventy-reverend Doctor
Power has pulled the serpent out.

Duettino, *giocosomente.*

Let virtue shout,
Tittery-tee!
The demon rout,
Behold it flee.
And we are free,
Both you and I.
And Sleekini,
To go and buy,
Rum–ti–iddity.
Rum–ti–ti!
Gioia! Gioia!
We can buy.

(Enter Deacon Sleekini.)

Trio.

Gone the serpent that debauches,
Lo! corruption disappears,
Let us wave triumphal torches,
Let us wag victorious ears.
(Enrico) Long ears!
(Clara) Dear ears!
(Deacon Sleekini) *Our* ears!
(Tutti) Let us wag victorious ears!

(They go in. *Tableau.* They buy *subscription* tickets to the Artists' Album. Triumphal march:)

Jacky shall have a new ribbon
And Jacky shall go to the Fair.

Scene closes.

George William Curtis.

(*From American Civilization.—In press.*)

AMERICA AND HER COMMENTATORS.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

It has long been an accepted proposition, that the peculiar interest, importance, and moral significance of the United States in the family of nations, rests exclusively on a practical realization of the "greatest good of the greatest number;" in other words, Europe has represented the idea of culture and of society—America of material prosperity, the paradise of the masses, the one place on earth where nourishment and shelter can be had most certainly in exchange for labor: hence the manners of the country have been invariably criticized, and physical resources magnified; and hence, too, the cant whereby a few general facts are made to overshadow countless special details of life, of character, and of civilization. Never was there a populous land whose inhabitants were so uniformly judged *en masse*, or one about which the truth has been more generalized and less discriminated. We find it quite easy to imagine the far different conclu-

sions to which an observant and perspicacious student of life in America might arrive, with ample opportunities and sympathetic insight. To such a mind, the individual of adequate endowments, born and bred or long resident here, would offer traits and triumphs of character or experience, directly resulting from the political, social, and natural circumstances of the country, which, to say the least, would impress him with the originality and possible superiority thereof in a psychological or ethnological view. To group, define, or analyze these peculiarities, would require not only an artist's insight and skill, but a much broader range than a traveller's hasty journal or a reviewer's flippant commentary. There is one branch of the subject, however, to which every thinking observer is irresistibly led—the remarkable diversities of tone and tact, of vigor and adaptation, of personal conviction and individual careers, which the life of the prairies and the mart, and the plantation, the seaboard, and the interior, the scholar of the East, the hunter of the West, the agriculturist of the South, and the manufacturer of the North, mould, foster, and train; the rare and rich social combination thence eliminated; the occasional force and beauty, bravery and influence thus developed in a way and on a scale unknown to Europe: such possibilities and local tendencies being furthermore infinitely modified and tempered, intensified or diffused, by the extraordinary degree of personal freedom and range of speculation and belief, experiment and inquiry—religious, scientific, political, and economical;—perhaps not the least striking evidence whereof is to be found in the modification of national traits observed in foreigners who become Americanized—the sensitive and capricious native of Southern Europe, often attaining a self-reliance and progressive energy; the English solidity of character becoming "touched to finer issues" by attrition with a more liberal social life and a less humid climate; and even Gallic vivacity reaching an unwonted practical and judicious equilibrium: for it is a curious fact, that the student of character can nowhere detect in solution so many of the influences of all climes and the idiosyncrasies of all nations, as in this grand rendezvous and arena—obnoxious, indeed, to the evils that attend extravagance, superfluity, incongruity, the wilfulness and the wantonness of gregarious prosperity; but none the less radiant and real with the hope and the health of abundant human elements, and the abeyance of caste, despotism, and conformity; so that, more and more, the great lesson of moral independence comes home to personal conviction. From early learning to work and think for themselves, and to feel for others, our people grow in the intimate conviction that here and now, if nowhere else in God's universe, men and women can, by the just exercise of their will and the wise use of their opportunities, live according to their individual wants, capacities, and belief; rise above circumstances; assert their individuality; cultivate their powers in faith and freedom; enjoy their gifts; and become, however situated, true and benign exemplars of manhood and womanhood. And in all these natural and civic agencies that excite and eliminate and intensify, ay, and often prematurely wear out and unwisely concentrate the energies and the life of humanity here, we behold an arena, a series of influences, a means and medium of experience and experiment, designed by Infinite Wisdom for a special purpose in the vast economy of the world: and before this conviction the pigmies of political prejudice and the venal critics of the hour sink into contempt.

In a broad view and with reference to humanity, as such, it is Opportunity that distinguishes and consecrates American institutions, nationality, nature, and life. No microscopic or egotistical interpretation can do justice to the country. A narrow heart, a conventional standard, are alike inapplicable to test communities, customs, resources, as here distributed and organized. Berkeley as a Christian, Washington as a patriotic, and De Tocqueville as a political philosopher, recognized Opportunity as the great and benign distinction of America. The very word implies the possible and probable abuses, the periods of social transition, the incongruities, hazards, and defects inevitable to such a condition. Commerce, science, and freedom are the elements of our prosperity and character; and it is no Utopian creed, that, by the laws of modern civilization, they work together for good; but the dilettante and the epicurean, the rigid conservative, the exacting man of society, and the selfish man of the world, find their cherished instincts often offended, where the generous and wise, the noble and earnest soul is lost in "an idea dearer than self," when, with disinterested acumen and sympathy, regarding the spectacle of national development and personal success.

To the eye of a historical and ethical philosopher, no possible argument in favor of liberal institutions can be more impressive than the insane presumption which has led men of education and knowledge of the world to stir up and lead an insurrection to secure, in this age and on this continent, the perpetuity and political sanctity of Human Slavery. So desperate a moral experiment argues the irrationality as well as the inhumanity of "property in man" with trumpet-tongued emphasis. And this solemn lesson is enforced by the new revelation, brought about by civil war, of the actual influence of Slavery upon character. The ignorance and recklessness of the "poor whites" became fanatical under the excitement to passion and greed, which the leaders fostered to betray and brutalize the "landless resolutes." Under no other circumstances, by no conceivable means, except through the unnatural and inhuman conditions of such a social disorganization, could a white population, in the nineteenth century, on a flourishing continent and under an actually free Government, be cajoled and maddened into hate, unprovoked by the slightest personal wrong, and exhibiting itself in blasphemy, theft, drunkenness, poisoning, base and cruel tricks, barbarities wholly unknown to modern civilized warfare: such as bayoneting the wounded, wantonly shooting prisoners, desecrating the dead to convert their bones into ghastly trophies, and leaving behind them, in every abandoned camp, letters malign in sentiment, vulgar in tone, and monstrous in orthography—patent evidences of the possible coexistence of the lowest barbarism and ostensible civilization, and the moral necessity of anticipating by war the suicidal crisis of a fatally diseased local society.

When the English replied to John Adams's defence of the American Constitution, their chief argument against it was, that, in war, the Executive had not adequate power. This supreme test has now been applied in a desperate civil conflict. An educated people have sustained the Government in extending its constitutional authority to meet the national exigency, without the least disturbance of that sense of public security and private rights essential to the integrity of our institutions. Nor is this all. The war for the Union has, in a few months, done more to solve the problem of free and slave labor, to do away with the superstitious dread of servile insurrection in case of partial freedom, to expose the fallacies of pro-slavery economists, to demonstrate the identity of prosperous industry with freedom, to mutually enlighten different populations, to make clear the line of demarcation between the patriot and the politician, to nationalize local sentiment, to make apparent the absolute resources of the country and the normal character of the people, and thus to vindicate free institutions, than all the partisan dissensions and peaceful speculation since the Declaration of Independence. Moreover, the war has developed original inventive talent in ordnance and camp equipage, afforded precisely the discipline our people so "disinclined to subordination" needed, won our self-indulgent young men from luxury to self-denial, evoked the generous instincts of the mercantile classes, called out the benign efficiency of woman, confirmed the popular faith, fused classes, made heroes, unmasked the selfish and treacherous, purified the social atmosphere, and, through disaster and hope deferred, conducted the nation to the highest and most Christian self-assertion and victory. The history of the Sanitary Commission, the improvements in military science, the letters of the rank and file of the Union army preserved in the local journals, the typographical revelations, personal prowess, vast extent of operations, new means and appliances, and momentous results, will afford the future historian not only unique materials, but fresh and surprising evidence of the elements of American civilization as exhibited through the fiery ordeal of civil war.

TO A DISCONTENTED BACHELOR.

To change your boarding house is vain:
You change the place but keep the pain.
You'll learn at length, from one of Eve's fair daughters,
A *better half* alone gives better *quarters*.

G. F. D.

THE PRIMEVAL POLL-TAX.

(*Contributed by a Sexton in Good Society.*)

When the Empress Eugénie gets a new bonnet, a shock is felt throughout the United States in the souls of the women, and in the pockets of the men. An irresistible wave of change pours over city and country. The height and the force of it may be gauged at any milliner's shop, as easily as Prof. Bache measured the wave of the earthquake of Simoda when it reached our Pacific coast. It sweeps over all ages and conditions; over

"The tall, the wise, the reverend heads,"

as certainly as over little young giddy pates. Strong-minded women, earnest women, women with eighteen accomplishments, even women with a mission, gather like their less gifted sisters around the apostles from the Grande Nation who come over here to spread the orthodox patterns, and enlarge the area of their profits. These envoys meet with no infidels. A female freethinker in fashionable doctrines is as rare as the Phœnix:—never more than one living at a time. Very few, indeed, are so lost as to fall from style and become castaways in clothes. It is so hard to bear up against the scrutinizing, pitying, sneering eyes of their fellow-dressers.

To avoid a sorrow so crushing, great efforts are often made and great anxiety and anguish of spirit endured. Indeed, there must be moments suggestive of martyrdom in the lives of ladies whose taste exceeds their pin-money—I mean the fatal moment, when forced by lapse of credit, they must present the bills to the cashier that nature, or their own charms, has provided for them. Shakespeare's allusion to the deplorable state of a mind watching the approach of this distressing crisis must haunt their memories as a prophecy—and as a doom:

"Between the buying of a beauteous thing
And the cash payment, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

When the first Christian missionaries came among the heathen, a whole people often abandoned the old faith and overthrew their idols. Historians speak of it as miraculous; but a miracle very like it happens at least twice a year before our eyes. Can anything be more sudden and complete than the conversions made by the priestess of the great French Goddess *La Mode?* The bonnet idolized yesterday is offered up without a sigh if it refuses to adopt the new shape; cast into the flames, or thrown to wild Biddies to be worn to pieces.

I have seen foolish male persons affect to smile at this weakness of the sex; they will find out some day or other that they cannot afford their smile. For those who preach the fashion must live of the fashion; and you men

"With sisters dear"— and
"With mothers and wives,"

must certainly pay this tax whereby they live. You derive no benefit from the outlay; you are never consulted in the matter; it is clearly taxation without representation, the very thing against which your ancestors took up arms!—but here resistance is useless; the yoke is on your necks. You are condemned eternally to slavery: the base slavery of paying, as Ancient Pistol feelingly terms it.

This curse was entailed upon man at the Fall. The serpent was a French M'lle., and it was not an apple with which it tempted Eve, but a new bonnet *vert-pomme.* And for her sin and his weak connivance, Man is irrevocably doomed to earn by the sweat of his brows a fantastic covering for those of his woman kind.

OLD SAWS WITH NEW READINGS.—No. II.

LET THOSE LAUGH WHO WIN.

By no means. Setting aside the rudeness to the unlucky, real success is too serious and too hard won to exult over. Let me bear more meekly such honors and fortune as may fall to me. If deserved, they have been struggled for, and are then best welcomed with silent pride, and not noisy boasting.

Even if life were all a game, and tricks only counted, such winning laughing would be unseemly. Is not gentlemanhood justly offended when Consol, reeking with his Wall-street gain, riots with rough mirth through all the avenues? Long-eared Midas found his treasures no laughing matter, and the stealthy smile of the miser over his hoards has more of fear and warning than joy in it. Sudden prosperity owes too much to chance for exultation over that which another turn of the wheel may whirl away, while the weary toil that builds gradual fortunes too often dries up the sources of enjoyment. The winners of riches have rather need to be very grave upon the manner of keeping them.

Shall I expand into an absurd grin over the prize that comes to me in the long-courted and coyly yielded hand of Calist? May she not justly snatch it away again, when the rapture which should only sparkle in the eye, or glow in the blush, is vulgarized by a chuckle? Some prescience would surely tell her that the boisterous lover who laughs in winning must sink into the ungentle husband at home, or the rollicking haunter of clubs and taverns. Even hearty Henry the Fifth, with his plain "and uncoined constancy," became gravely courteous in winning, though he was gay enough in wooing royal Katharine.

The ancients knew a wiser way: their prosperity drew after it a shadow of apprehension. That prince of Samos rather trembled than smiled at the unhoped-for fortune that brought him back the ring he had thrown into the waves to propitiate Fate.

We would be startled at the levity of a bishop who should giggle in enduing his new lawn, or at the cabinet minister in convulsions of delight on receiving his portfolio. Fancy a coronation oath with a laughing chorus for its amen! Even our unhappy victims of popular favor, our successful candidates, have too much to do in wiping off the stains of the course and counting the cost of victory, to give rein to mirth. An Alderman may find it fit to wake the echoes of the Pewter Mug with guffaws because he has tricked his rivals out of a place in the Ring; but very few would choose to exchange their smile of contempt for his base jollity. If fair success should suggest no mirth, still less should the counterfeit honors filched through intrigue. Evil gains indeed bring remorse with their very triumph. It was with no outburst of gaiety that Macbeth clutched the usurped crown—and Louis Napoleon's compressed lips on that December night shut in something quite different from merriment.

Besides, winners who grasp the solid profit may be well content to leave the consolation of laughter to the losers. They need no such superfluous satisfaction. Let matters be better equalized. To these the gain, to those the fun. Perhaps the laugh may be a little bitter. It is doubtful whether philosophers in rags are wholly sincere in their ridicule of the fortunate. But it is all they have. The skinflint of Horace was wise enough to let the derision of the people have full swing, while he solaced himself with the reality of his money bags at home. Let us laugh who are poor, for honest mirth brings sunshine with it, though you who are rich may prefer the gleam of your coins. Only have a care that they are fairly distributed, whether fairly or unfairly won. For there is a terrible laughter of the miserable, which may translate itself into grim deeds, such as made Paris red while Marat thundered in the poor men's clubs. M.

CHARADE.

Tied to the tail of a fiery dragon,
He is bold who rides with my first,
That stays not for rest, nor food, nor flagon,
But shrieks and speeds, like a thing accurst,
Straight through the rivers and mountains, and hollows,
While my first with a quiver and rattle follows.

Plunged in the depths of sunless chasms,
He is bold who my last would seek,
'Mid poisonous deaths and pale phantasms,
Through caves that with slime and vapor reek;
Where the gem and crystal veil their sheen,
And echoing cataracts rush unseen.

Pllowed in folds of a hopeless vision,
He is bold who would grasp my whole.
Where it glows in the clouds with tints elysian,
In the wild flower's cup, or the mushroom's scroll—
Who would steal it from beauty's lip or palm,
From the seashell's curl, or the sunset's calm.

HORACE.—*Odes* I. 38.

I LOVE not, pretty page, such orient splendor,
Nor flowery crowns, that linden slips enclose;
Cease so to search the nook that shall surrender
The lingering, late-fading rose.
Deck not, with aids that dim its beauty proper,
Curious in care, the myrtle, whose slight twine
Graces both thee, the page, and me, the toper,
Under the bowery vine.

I like not, boy, these Persian shows,
Nor wreaths with linden-seivers plaited.
Give o'er to hunt what nook the rose
May haunt, belated.
Deck the plain myrtle with nought more,
Nor strive to better what so well is;
It fits us, as I drink, you pour,
'Neath the dense trellis.

Come, waiter, away with Delmonico's flash,
And bouquets tied together with tinfoil and filagree;
Nor hunt up Reid's hothouse, to ask for what cash
He to force me a bunch of late tea roses will agree.
To wear aught but a plain Panama I'd be loth.
We'll not trouble our heads with pomades or the barber,
Our natural locks look becoming on both,
While you let the corks fly, and I drink, in my arbor. M.

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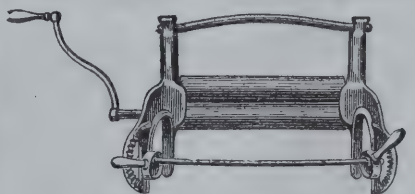

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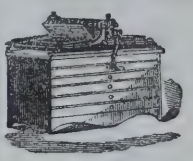

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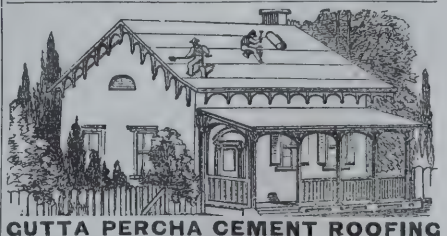

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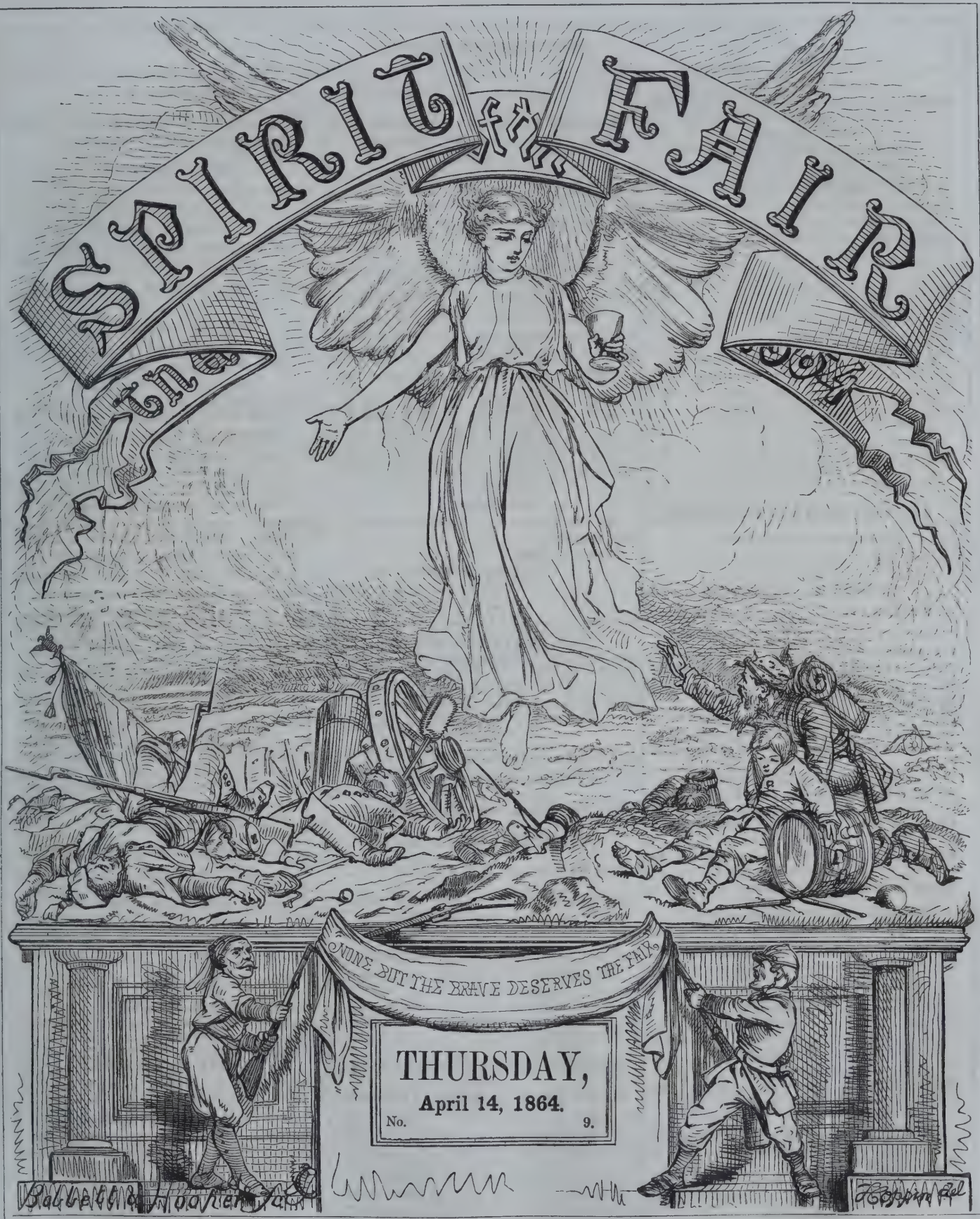

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No. 9.

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THE GHOSTS AT UNION SQUARE.

It is a curious fact that one of the most remarkable objects of interest connected with the Metropolitan Fair, has thus far attracted but little notice. The phenomena lately introduced in our city theatres, and called "Ghosts," are nightly reproduced in the fountain of Union Square. A person standing on the south side of the fountain and looking north will behold, sometimes one and sometimes a whole procession of male and female ghosts rising from the centre of the fountain and walking to the edge of the basin where they disappear. Sometimes he will see one or more ghosts returning and again plunging into the jet whence comes the water.

The ghosts do not walk upon the water, but wade through it, and the female ghosts appear to do so with great difficulty. Hence these ghosts have all the appearance of mermaids and mermen, or perhaps they may be the veritable ghosts of mermaids and mermen, which of course gives them a double interest.

The explanation is as follows:—There is on exhibition at the Fair buildings one of Dr. Smith's celebrated "air lights," which is directed upon the fountain every night by means of a parabolical silver reflector four feet in diameter. The light is produced by the combustion of lime by the concentrated jets of several blowpipes, in which common gas and air only are used. This light, by the way, has been generously loaned and maintained at considerable expense by the Smith Air-Light Company.

The spray of the fountain is so brilliantly illuminated that every object or person passing between it and the light casts a shadow on the cloud of spray, which is seen only on the opposite side, the person meanwhile being invisible.

If a man walks from the building toward the fountain, his head is first seen, and his body gradually rises from the water until he reaches the basin. He must then turn either to the right or left to pass around it, when, of course his shadow passes to the edge of the basin and disappears. The reason why the ghosts appear to be wading, is that the mound of earth around the fountain intercepts the shadow of the lower part of the body.

The effect is altogether unintentional, and was discovered on Thursday night, by an official connected with the Fair.

On Saturday night, a most astounding apparition appeared. A ghost armed with a mighty sword (a veritable Excalibur) rose up, beckoned to the crowd to come to him in the water; but as they would not approach, he threatened them, but tried in vain to advance. He gave vent to his rage by a pantomimic display of how he would cut every one to pieces, if successful in catching them. Many other remarkable spectres appeared, but we have not room to describe them.

No extra charge is made for seeing the ghosts, and visitors may return to the buildings (also without extra charge) after having satisfied their curiosity.

AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION OF THE METROPOLITAN FAIR.

The collection of Autographs for sale at the Fair has thus far not received the attention which its great value ought to secure. The small space allotted to it at the table in the Picture Gallery is not sufficient to allow the display of these treasures. Probably no collection was ever before offered for sale in this country that contained so many choice and rare autograph and ological papers. A catalogue was made of those received in season for insertion, but each day brings new treasures. A box just received from Mr. Judd, U. S. Minister at Berlin, contains a collection made and contributed by the ladies of the Legation. Many distinguished ladies and celebrated men of Prussia have sent choice tokens to evince their interest in the good cause. Beautiful letters of Goethe, Schiller, Schelling, Niebuhr, half a dozen long letters of Humboldt, one to Ary Scheffer, with autograph of the latter—a note written and signed by Frederick the Great, besides many others of the highest interest, attest the great value of this generous contribution. In the catalogue will be found a splendid collection of the Bonaparte family, Marshals of the Empire, memorials of the Republic, &c.,—kings, queens, dukes, nobles, and illustrious persons of Europe and America, past and present, are numerously represented. A fine letter of John Hancock, with three signatures in full, will be of great interest to collectors. It is an important historical letter of instructions written by him as president of a committee. Catalogues of the autographs may be had at the table, and collectors are invited to examine them. It is earnestly hoped that those who have parted with these valuable and cherished memorials, to aid in our good cause, may not be disappointed in the result. We trust that all who can do so will interest their friends who prize autographs in this collection so generously given to the Metropolitan Fair. A very curious valuable letter of Beau Brummell, written after his exile, describing the passage of a monkey across the Channel, which it seems he had purchased for a "lady of quality;" a love letter of Lafayette; a charming chatty one of Mary Russell Mitford; are among the treasury. Kings we sell cheap, authors such as Walter Scott, dear. A letter from that "fine-tempered man," as Horace Smith calls him to Irving, should find a place in some American album. Tom Moore, he who wrote everything else and "If I speak to thee in Friendship's Name," &c., &c., is well represented.

Willis has contributed an interesting letter of D'Orsay, and one of his own not less interesting. Willis is so popular a writer, that we forget he has put his ear to the "confessional of posterity," and has tried long enough to take down from the shelves of a book store an old edition of himself. He has given a manuscript of one of his early poems, and one of the verses, too, of "Lady Jane." Willis is at once popular and famous. The autographs of Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, of Jeff. Davis and Hardee, are all for sale, at much lower prices than they sold themselves for, and it is proper they should be sold and resold. Let them travel round, and never find a resting place, if so we can baffle treason.

The musical autographs, comprising Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Verdi, Von Weber and others, are very valuable. Three modern French composers send each a bar of music and their names. As for patriots, we have everything, from Garibaldi, from Pierio, from Ricasoli, from Lord Houghton, Tom Hughes, John Bright, Cobden, and many others, to prove that our cause does not stand in danger of dying, if sympathy, prayers, and earnest words can save it.

LETTER TO MR. BIERSTADT.

Dear Mr. Bierstadt, *admirable painter and true patriot:* Listen! We do so want to hear the Indians, and the wigwams, and the wampum, and the shuffle dance, and the medicine jig, and to hear the war whoop, and to be scalped; wouldn't you be so very good as to have the windows opened in your beautiful skin palace, so that we could see and yet live. We will sacrifice our lives, if it be necessary; but, if not, please let in a little oxygen for our sakes.

All the Ladies of your acquaintance.

A LETTER FROM THE FAIR.

April 5th, 11 *o'clock*, P. M.

"What of the Fair?" you ask me, dear L——, "what of the Fair?" After this evening's experience, I should answer in the words of Master Charlie, on entering his mamma's preserve closet: "jam! jam! jam!" but give yourself over to me, and you shall see what my eyes showed me. You cannot look long at the great moving crowd, which reminded me of the story of the court beauty, who, in a tremendous press, requested the gentleman next her to "take his finger *out of her ear*." "Assuredly, madam, as soon as there is a possibility of my withdrawing it." No, we will stand aside and first glance at the Booths—this is our privilege.

How many fair young faces—at first all seem alike—animated, blooming, enchanting; but, study them a moment, and you will mark a difference—even beneath this headgear, which I detest.

> "Give me an air, give me a face,
> Which makes simplicity a grace;
> Robes loosely flowing, *locks* as free,
> Such sweet neglect more pleaseth me,
> Than all the adulteries of art,
> Which take the eye, but not the heart."

I absolutely can't imagine how the fair look when deprived of their

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Augustus R. Macdonough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N.Y.

extinguishers; do they wear them at home? I am a bachelor in lodgings, and don't know. But just listen to this lovely creature, "pouring the sacred oil on that fellow's head!" he looks stolid, but he wavers as she speaks—"you do not like the cushion, sir? I am so sorry, as it is an evidence of my bad taste: *I* made it." [Man relaxes.] "Had I known you preferred blue, I should have selected that color." [Man fumbles in his pocket.] "But a patriot should remember all his country's colors are beautiful." [Man purchases, and asks for an afghan.] Don't flatter yourself, my friend, that the young lady is admiring you: she thinks only of her sick soldier far away, where she may not nurse him.

Now stop here a moment. That is a handsome face, but alas! she knows it; she knows it better than you and I do, for she thinks more about it.

Give place! give place! who is this between these two policemen?—a woman, pretty too—well-dressed—save her insignia, two large placards ornamenting her breast and back, inscribed *Pickpocket*, fastened by a wire round the neck. Poor thing; I wish she were a man. The police know her, and take this means of letting the unwary crowd know her also. She'll not come here again.

Who's that? an Executive Committeeman; upon my word he looks exhausted; followed by one, two, three,—oh! I can't begin to count his followers, they are the besieging corps, women accustomed to carry their point. Capitulate at once, Mr. Executive; there's no use holding out. SPIRIT OF THE FAIR! SPIRIT OF THE FAIR! this lad cries the paper in canonical fashion, the real newsboy twang; but he evidently did not come from the Newsboys' Home. That's right, my man; make them buy it. I don't need it; I have eaten, drank, dreamed, and been thoroughly imbued with the SPIRIT OF THE FAIR, for three months past.

Let us edge our way into the Picture Gallery; were the air here half as good as the pictures, we would willingly stay till morning. As we stroll up the room we ask each other if Bierstadt is most patriot or painter; certainly he has drunk in inspiration from the free breath of the mountains. Look at this exquisite little sketch of the valley; I intend to bid for that at the auction. Not that I expect to get it; eheu! eheu! my purse and I are always at variance. There is something in those little words "Pro patria" that makes me ashamed of being a citizen at large. And Eastman Johnson,—how wonderfully he has subdued the features to the soul of that little darkey.

But heavens! Johnson, not even for thee can we remain here longer. What an atmosphere! I must rush into the street for a breath. Expect me in the twinkling of an eye. E.

THE ROMAN TABLE.—Among the many beautiful works of art which adorn this table, none is more interesting than the superb book of engravings from Canova, valued at five hundred dollars, which has been given by Miss Cushman to the FAIR, on condition that the purchaser shall present it to the "School of Design for Women."

A subscription book has been opened at the Roman table, to assist the generous donor in carrying out this act of twofold benevolence. Subscriptions large or small will be received.

THE ladies in charge of the Perfumery Department (Stand No. 24, Fourteenth street), have disposed of nearly all their stock. They solicit contributions for their counters of extracts, cologne, scents, salts, perfumery of all varieties, and soaps. Even small supplies, if sent to Mrs. Dr. Buch, at Stand No. 24, will prove opportune and acceptable.

AT STALL No. 39 may be found a most curious and interesting collection, exhibiting some of the many uses to which india rubber may be applied. Not satisfied with the merely utilitarian position it once occupied, the genius of Caoutchouc aspires to an alliance with the most delicate mechanism, and to the regions of the ornamental. The reasonableness of this aspiration the articles shown at this table give ample witness to. The most striking exemplification of what may be done with "hard rubber," is given in the elegant watch and chain, the first—but we opine not the last—made of this universal material. It has all the beauty of the finest enamel. The watch was sold for $150. Among the useful things,—not the least, by any means, in these war times,—is the soldier's filter, a slender india rubber tube, having at one end a filter of composition. It is only necessary to place the filter in the nearest "mud puddle," and a draught of pure water may be obtained to refresh the thirsty soldier. Every one who has a friend in the army should sent him one of these, which he may easily carry in his pocket. A suction knob, for opening refractory drawers, is a most useful article "to have in the house." A writing table of india rubber coated with emery is an excellent, unbreakable substitute for the ordinary fragile "slate." A strap with handles for exercising the chest has received little attention, but is worthy of it, especially from people of narrow, consumptive chests. We are informed, by the highest authority, that "the merciful man is merciful to his beast;" we should say then that all who drive horses on Broadway, who want to be thought of that gentle class, should provide their steeds with rubber-padded shoes, which prevent slipping on the smoothest pavements. One of these is exhibited, which has been in use for four weeks, and gave great satisfaction. A number of very handsome piano covers, red, green, and maroon, with straw-colored borders, and valued at fifteen dollars, and a travelling bathing tub, which may be folded into very small space, and inflated to a good sized tub at pleasure, are also exhibited. A large assortment of smaller articles, such as pen and pencil cases, ladies' combs, brushes, hand-glass frames, &c., &c., all very cheap and pretty, make this an attractive table for those who want a lasting *souvenir* of the great Fair, but can't afford very expensive investments.

WE take pleasure in calling especial attention to the fact that Mr. Peter Marié has presented to the FAIR 900 copies of the *Vers de Société*, of which he is both author and publisher.

THE THREAD AND NEEDLE DEPARTMENT, just on the left of the entrance to the West Room, is well worthy of a visit. Besides a great variety of handsome fancy articles, from the cheapest up to the most expensive styles, this department contains a very extensive assortment of spool cotton, manufactured by a Portsmouth company, which is rapidly coming into general favor, on account of its superior fineness and strength. We learn from Miss Cary, who has charge of this Department, that the sales of this article have been so rapid that she has been obliged to have the stock replenished several times since the opening of the FAIR. Miss Cary desires to acknowledge the receipt of the following contributions: three pairs of slippers, from Miss Warren; one crochet shawl, valued at $20, from Mrs. J. K. Paulding; one Fate Lady, valued at $8, from the same, and three needle cases, valued at $6, from Miss Gertrude Paulding.

LADY WOODRUFF, presented to the METROPOLITAN FAIR by Mr. R. Bonner, of the *Ledger*, will by sold at auction at 1 o'clock, P. M., on Thursday, 14th inst., in 15th st., near 7th Avenue.

METROPOLITAN FAIR FOR THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

AUCTION NOTICE.

HEADS of departments wishing to make sales by auction, will please hand in their invoices two days before sale, to either of the following auctioneers, or to the Secretary of this Committee. Each department will arrange with the gentlemen whom they may elect to make their sales, in regard to the reception and delivery of their goods.

All goods, wares, and merchandise will be received and accounted for by those employed, who will furnish their own clerks and attend to their own advertising.

The following are the names and places of business of the gentlemen tendering their services, in the order they were received:

DANIEL A. MATHEWS, 66 Nassau street.
EDWARD SCHENCK, 60 Liberty street.
GEORGE WELLES NICHOLS, 113 Pearl street.
HENRY D. MINER, 37 Nassau street.
DANIEL H. BURDETT, 109 Wall street.
HENRY MOLTON, 235 Broadway.
J. H. DRAPER, 36 Pine street.
EDWARD SINTZENICH, 155 Broadway.
J. E. HALSEY, 10 Barclay street.
WALTER M. LLOYD, 15 Nassau street.
E. T. WILLS, 47 Murray street.
JOHN H. AUSTEN, 340 Broadway.
THOMAS J. MILLER, 74 Broadway.
ALFRED L. CURTIS, 23 Murray street.

All goods sold by this Commission are free from United States duties, as well as the District License.

E. H. LUDLOW, Chairman of the Committee of Auctioneers.
HENRY D. MINER, Secretary.

HEADS of departments and subordinate departments, requiring the services of an auctioneer, will please send notice in writing to the Executive Committee Room two days before sale.

E. H. LUDLOW, Chairman Auction Committee.

THE DEVOTIONAL POETRY OF DR. WATTS.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

I HAVE liked Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns ever since the time, when scarcely three years old, I was made to repeat, with his book in my hand, and with such gestures as were prescribed to me, the psalm beginning with the words:—

"Come sound his praise abroad
And hymns of glory sing."

The critics, in general, have shown but stinted favor to Dr. Watts's devotional poetry. Dr. Johnson pronounced it unsatisfactory, though he admits that Dr. Watts "has done better than anybody else, what nobody had done well." Southey, from whom I expected something different, in that meagre memoir of Dr. Watts—meagre, yet interesting, so far as relates to his theological opinions, which seem principally to have engaged Southey's attention, alludes to Johnson's opinion, yet takes no pains to controvert it. He indeed questions Johnson's decision against devotional poetry in general; but takes no pains to show, as he might easily have done, that Watts's book contained a great many very beautiful things.

I maintain, for my part, that Dr. Watts has done admirably well what he undertook to do, and the proof, if I wanted any other than the pleasure with which I always read him, I find in the strong hold which his devotional verses have taken on the hearts of men in all conditions of life, and, I think, all varieties of religious belief. No compilation of hymns for the public worship of any denomination is ever made without borrowing largely from Dr. Watts. He has been in his grave for considerably more than a century, yet have his psalms and hymns lost none of the favor which they had when they were first adopted by religious assemblies for public worship, and I believe are even now, generally speaking, in greater esteem than ever, notwithstanding that such poets as Doddridge, Cowper, Charles Wesley, Barbauld, and Heber have written devotional verses of very great merit since his time.

The secret of this popularity lies, as it seems to me, in the union of strong feeling with great poetic merit. In what he wrote there are occasional transgressions against good taste, as in his versification of Solomon's Song. There are slovenly lines, and even stanzas, but there is always great fervor and profound earnestness. No poet has ever expressed religious emotions with greater energy. He faints and languishes for the divine presence; he deplores the waywardness of the human heart; he exults in the divine favor; he is awed by the divine majesty; he looks with transport on the works of the divine hand; he dwells with delight on the vision of a better life beyond the grave; and all these moods of mind find full expression in his verse. Many of his hymns seem to have been dashed out in the excitement of the moment, as if the feeling which had taken possession of him could not be satisfied without expressing itself in poetic forms. His versions of the Hebrew psalms are as remarkable for this as the compositions which he called hymns. He seems to have first filled his mind with the imagery of the ancient bard, and, catching inspiration from him, flung his thoughts upon the page in a form suited to the more mild and perfect dispensation of Christianity.

Some of Dr. Watts's devotional verses show that he possessed imagination in a high degree. What a beautiful picture, for example, is set before us in the hymn beginning

"There is a land of pure delight."

In this hymn, which is too familiar to all readers to be transcribed here, we have the green fields of immortal life with their unwithering flowers lying in perpetual light; the narrow river of death, dividing it from the present state of being; and the timorous crowd of mortals on the hither bank shivering and shuddering at the thought of passing through those cold waters. I remember that once, on a fine Sunday evening in the latter part of April, coming out of the harbor of Havana, in a steamer moving uneasily on the tossing waves of the Gulf Stream, which here rushed against the reefs of the northern coast of Cuba—I had been driven to my berth by a strong premonition of sea-sickness—a party of Americans on deck struck up this hymn, and when they had ended sang the scarcely less beautiful one beginning with

"When I can read my title clear,"

and ending with the stanza,

"There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of endless rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

As they sang, it almost seemed as if the sea felt the influence of the gentle strain and grew smoother, and the waves murmured more softly before the prow that divided them.

I once heard a distinguished literary gentleman instance the following couplet from one of Watts's hymns, as conveying to the mind images which could only occur to a poet of no common genius:—

"Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer."

I was able to match them, or nearly so, with a couplet from his version of the one hundred and twenty-first psalm:—

"No sun shall smite thy head by day,
Nor the pale moon, with sickly ray,
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
Dart his malignant fire so far."

How pathetic is this expostulation in the one hundred and second psalm:—

"Spare us, O, Lord! aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon!
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon?"

How magnificently is the one hundredth psalm versified, closing with this grand stanza:—

"We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise,
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise."

I might refer to many other examples of like excellence in these poems; but I will mention only one more, the charming little funeral hymn, the eighteenth of the full book, beginning that:—

"Hear what a voice from heaven proclaims,
For all the pious dead,
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.
"They die in Jesus and are blest," &c.

I know very well that poetry of a very moderate degree of merit not unfrequently obtains great popularity on account of its religious character, but I do not recollect an instance in which it has held that popularity long. The devotional verses of Watts have stood the test of time, and it seemed to me due to him that some of the characteristic merits by which they are recommended to the general mind should be pointed out.

March 17th, 1864.

VICTORY.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

THE foe is retreating, the field is clear,
My thoughts fly like lightning, my steps stay here;
I'm bleeding to faintness, no help is near—
What ho! comrades, what ho!

The battle was deadly, the shots fell thick;
We leaped from our trenches and charged them quick;
I knew not my wound, till my heart grew sick;
So there, comrades, so there!

We charged the right column, that broke and fled;
Poured powder for powder, and lead for lead,
So they must surrender, what matter who's dead?
Who cares, comrades, who cares?

My soul goes abroad on the wings of the slain,
A triumph thrills through me that quiets the pain;
If it were yet to do, I would do it again—
Farewell, comrades, farewell!

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1864.

NEW YORK.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

(*Continued.*)

We certainly think that even the looseness of law, legislation, and justice, that is so widely spreading itself over the land, is not exactly unsuited to sustain the rapid settlement of a country. No doubt men accomplish more in the earlier stages of society when perfectly unfettered, than when brought under the control of those principles and regulations which alone can render society permanently secure or happy. In this sense even the abuses to which we have slightly alluded may be tolerated, which it would be impossible to endure when the class of the needy become formidable from its numbers, and they who had no other stake in society than their naked assistance, could combine to transfer the fruits of the labors of the more industrious and successful to themselves by a simple recurrence to the use of the ballot box. We do not say that such is to be the fate of this country, for the great results that seem to be dependent on its settlement raise a hope that the hand of Providence may yet guide us in safety through the period of delusion, and the reign of political fallacies, which is fast drawing around us. Evil is so much mixed with good in all the interests of life, that it would be bold to pretend to predict consequences of such magnitude in the history of any nation. But we feel persuaded that radical changes must speedily come, either from the powerful but invisible control of that Being who effects his own purposes in his own wise ways, or the time is much nearer than is ordinarily supposed when the very existence of the political institutions of this country are to be brought to the test of the severest practical experiment. The downward tendency can hardly proceed much further with the smallest necessary security to the rights of civilized men. When a legislative body can be brought solemnly to decide by its vote that because the principles of law leave them the control of the rules for the descent of property, therefore, whenever a landlord may happen to die, his tenant shall have the privilege of converting his leasehold estate into a fee on which the debt is secured in the shape of mortgage, there is little left in the way of security to the affluent and unrepresented. They must unite their means to prevent destruction; and woe to that land which gives so plausible an excuse to the rich and intelligent for combining their means to overturn the liberties of a nation, as is to be found in abuses like those just named. We very well know that the idea is prevalent among us of the irresistible power of popular sway; but he has lived in vain who has seen the course of events in other nations for the last half century, and has not made the discovery that men in political matters become the servants of money as certainly and almost as actively as the spirits of the lamp were made to do the bidding of Aladdin. To us, it would seem that the future of this country holds out but three possible solutions of the tendencies of the present time—viz. the bayonet, a return to the true principles of the original government, or the sway of money. For the first it may be too soon; the pressure of society is scarcely sufficient to elevate a successful soldier to the height of despotism, though the ladder has been raised more than once against the citadel of the Constitution by adventurers of this character, through the folly and heedless impulses of the masses. Fifty years hence, and a condition of society will probably exist among us that would effectually have carried out the principle of despotic rule which is beginning to show itself in the bud amongst us, and which is nothing more than the shadowing out of coming events.

Notwithstanding all these obvious tendencies and the manifest dangers that beset the real liberties of the country, we do not see that any material influence will be brought by them to bear upon the fortunes and ascendancy of the particular place of which we are writing. Even political despotism in this age would necessarily respect the ordinary rights of commerce, and quite probably the greater security that would be given to property, the increased dignity and authority of the courts of justice, and the visible control of a vigilant and efficient government might rather have a tendency to build up than to check the progress of the capital of any country.

Civil war, in our view, can alone produce any material checks to the prosperity of these towns of Manhattan. Against the malign influence of so great a source of evil no one can with discretion venture to predict the consequences. But we do not think that it enters into the spirit of the true American character, so remarkable for its mildness and disposition to mercy, in carrying out the powers of government, to permit such a struggle as would be likely to produce long-continued, or very withering local distress. Compromises in some form or other would be resorted to, to restore the course of the commerce of the country; and although it might be, and probably would be, that this could only be accomplished in the midst of the triumph of disorder, irresponsibility, and the derangement of most that is necessary to permanent security and quiet, a set of laws would arise for the control of the affairs of the towns that would exercise their sway, without any appeal to regularly constituted authority, beyond that of the law of necessity. At this very moment, when we have all the machinery of an efficient government around us, and one has a right to look to the courts for the protection of his rights, a thousand dollars of debt are secured and paid in a place like that of New York, by the sole influence of commercial opinion, where one dollar is secured and paid by the process of law. Trade issues its own edicts, and they are ordinarily found to be too powerful for resistance, wherever there are the concentrated means of rendering them formidable by the magnitude of the interests they control.

We see, then, nothing in the future that is very likely seriously to disturb the continued growth and increasing ascendancy of the great mart of the country. A trading people will pursue its interests under any conceivable or tolerable condition of things. It would require a generation or two, indeed, to obliterate, or even sensibly to diminish the habits and opinions now in existence among the people; and it must ever be remembered that society pursues its regular course more or less successfully, according to circumstances, even in the midst of revolution, war, and rapine. A battle is fought to-day, and a month hence it becomes difficult to discover its traces, over which the plough has already passed, and among which the husbandman is resuming his toil, as he replaces his fences, and clears away his fallen trees after the passage of the whirlwind. It follows from these views, and this course of reasoning, which might be greatly extended and much more satisfactorily developed, that political changes have less direct influence on the ordinary march of society than is commonly supposed. The spirit of the age is and must be respected by rulers of every shade of character; and the fourth estate, as opinion is commonly termed, enters largely into the ordinary action of every form of government or combination of social organization that the accidents of history have produced, or the sagacity and

wants of men have more ambitiously paraded before the eyes of their fellow creatures. When we couple with these facts the certainty that there are undercurrents which enable ordinary society, trade, and all the other active and daily recurring interests of life, to manage their own affairs more or less in their own way, it is not easy to foresee any material consequences to the progress of a place like this at the mouth of the Hudson, that can trace their rise to the future course of political events in the country. We do not anticipate any apparent dissolution of the ordinary ties of society, for we know that nations will bear burdens of this nature for a long period of time, without struggling or making the effort necessary to remove them; and that it is only when they are felt to be intolerable to the great body of the people that one may confidently hope for redress and reformation. Petty wrongs are never repaired by the masses; they sometimes vindicate their rights by means of the strong arm, when seriously required to do so, but in general the wrong is endured, and the victim immolated without awakening attention or leaving any regrets among those who escape its immediate consequences.

(*To be continued.*)

THE FUTURE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY DR. OSGOOD.

To us Americans, there is something very impressive and hopeful in the present aspects and prospects of the Beautiful and its representative Arts. We do not, of course, believe that we are now for the first time opening the fairy land of the Muses, or that any new faculties have been bestowed upon the mind of this nineteenth century, or that we are to add any new arts to the ancient cycle. Yet it is evident that among us the elements of beauty are subject to new conditions, and may be expected to manifest peculiar developments.

Our democratic institutions and ideas are preparing a larger community to appreciate and enjoy things beautiful than has ever been known in history; and compared with the small population that delighted in the masterpieces of Greek Art, the number of well-educated people among us, who are capable of being schooled in the principles of taste, is vast. In our schools, private and public, numbers of youth, mostly of a somewhat susceptible nature, are learning the rudiments of music and drawing; and already we have encouraging signs of the development not only of taste, but of talent for the fine arts, and every year is bringing out some new genuine song, or painting, or sculpture. We must remember, moreover, that we are not only a numerous, but an intense people; and the quality of the American mind opens us to the arts most characteristic of our age, or such as most appeal to interior sentiment, like music, architecture, painting, or sculpture and such effects of landscape gardening as go with these arts. Perhaps we as a nation care more for hearing than seeing, and of the two gates called Beautiful that open into the temple of life, the eye and ear, the latter is most frequented, and we are more fond of eloquence and music, than of the plastic arts that speak to the eye. But this very fact is to secure the catholicity of our taste, by bringing us habitually together under conditions that favor all the beautiful arts. If we meet to hear music or eloquence, we need the halls, parks, and churches, where the ear may be served with the help of the eye, and alike rested and charmed by due alternation of delight. Allow what Agassiz says to be true, that the ear is the nobler and more interior sense, and is as characteristic of intensity as the eye is characteristic of extensiveness; it follows from this very fact, that it needs and craves the broad range and wholesome play of the visual sense, as any one who has heard music or eloquence one hour knows full well by the delight he takes in a glance at a landscape or a picture. Our Central Park is ample proof of the alliance between the two classes of the arts, and thousands of our people are learning every pleasant week how charming it is both to hear and see to their hearts' content, and to bless sculptor, architect, landscape gardener as well as musician for their pleasure.

As we live into our true social, civil and religious relations, and carry with us the great loyalties of the hearth, the banner, and the altar, into our tastes and enjoyments, we shall be surprised at the richness and enthusiasm of our national life and the refinement and elegance of our popular pleasures. This FAIR is itself a cheering sign of the greatness of our future in relation to the beautiful, for over the immense gathering of commodities, trades, professions, interests and people, the spirit of beauty presides, and animates and assimilates the whole. All the arts called beautiful here preside over the articles, under a priesthood in keeping with their character. Here woman has her due place, and her priesthood is one that the grimmest iconoclast will not deny. If such results appear almost spontaneously in this time of war and alarm, in a new and unformed country, what shall we see and hear of the beautiful arts, when a century more has passed, and the whole continent obeys the same elementary liberty and law, and brings the spirit of beauty into the service of its convictions of all that is good and true in nationality, humanity, and religion?

THE COLONEL'S SHIELD.

BY MRS. R. H. STODDARD.

I.

YOUR picture, slung about my neck,
The day we went afield,
Swung out before the trench;
It caught the eye of rank and file,
Who said, "The Colonel's Shield."

II.

I thrust it back, and with my men
(Our General rode ahead)
We stormed the great redoubt,
As if it were an easy thing,
But rows of us fell dead!

III.

Your picture hanging on my neck,
Up with my men I rushed;
We made an awful charge:
And then my horse, "The Lady Bess,"
Dropped, and—my leg was crushed!

IV.

The blood of battle in my veins—
(A blue-coat dragged me out),
But I remembered you;
I kissed your picture—did you know?
And yelled, "For the redoubt."

V.

The Twenty-Fourth, my scarred old dogs,
Growled back, "He'll put us through;
We'll take him in our arms:
Our picture there—the girl he loves,
Shall see what we can do."

VI.

The foe was silenced—so were we.
I lay upon the field,
Among the Twenty-Fourth;
Your picture, shattered on my breast,
Had proved "The Colonel's Shield."

THEY who, from another world, can watch the course of those they loved in this, must drink Lethe, if they would leave Cocytus untasted!

CROWDS.

The very word has a stifling, unpleasant sound. It brings with it associations of bad air, bad manners, and a very bad chance of seeing anything that one wishes to see. But the worst of all is that it forces us to remember some occasion when we ourselves were frighted from our propriety by an ill-bred crowd, and made to behave badly, like the rest.

Why is it that people who, singly, are at least decent, perhaps even polite in manners, become strangely truculent when herded together? Those whose good nature is conspicuous elsewhere, once jammed into confined spaces, hardly remember to behave like fellow creatures. What is everybody's business is nobody's business, and our best virtues are by no means independent.

If any man lean toward a too high opinion of human nature, take him for correction into a crowd; let him be elbowed, toe-crushed, pushed forward, dragged back; savagely barked at by a man, looked daggers at by a woman, and butted in the back by a saucy schoolboy, all at the same moment, while a well-meaning but convulsive effort to retire from the scene draws from an athletic butcherling the indignant question, "What y' about, hay?" If he gets out at all, you may be sure he will have left his heresy behind.

If a youth fresh from some rural college, where he has been reading up on the subject of female delicacy, venture within the precincts of a city fair, let him meet a solid phalanx of young "ladies" tearing through the crowd,—literally tearing, for few woven fabrics can withstand such a flying assault,—and learn the difference between imagination and fact. Either of these fair raiders would be on her guard if alone, but in a crowd she throws off all restraint, and appears in her true character. Our student will discover that when curiosity or coquetry is aroused in a crowd, it takes a great deal of good breeding to keep a lady a lady!

Who does not pity a kind-hearted old bachelor, who is in the habit of calling his friends' children little angels, when he encounters a few dozens of the race well daubed with candy and gingerbread, totally unconscious that there is anybody in the world but themselves, and treating the men and women around them as water or glue to struggle with, be pushed aside, kicked, beaten, screamed at and got rid of, in the vague pursuit of some idea of pleasure ahead?

A crowd shows human nature flayed, like the famous statue at Milan which some call St. Bartholomew; the veiling integument gone and the motive machinery laid bare and hideous. It is a mortifying spectacle. It has been considered as a picture of human life, where the kind, the modest, the mild and the timid are thrust aside or trampled under foot. But let us humbly hope that men are a little better where they have more elbow room and more time for consideration. There is in life some recognition of good qualities and rightful claims, in crowds none. In real life, only Tullias—rare wretches,—drive over their parents; but in a crowded room, people reckoned civil elsewhere do not mind treading on their grandmothers, or those who might be their grandmothers. So that the arrangements of Providence are, after all, better than those of the police.

Much seems to depend on the walls, in these cases. On our Fourths of July, the crowds in our streets are quiet and decent. None but the intoxicated jostle you rudely. It is remarkable how little the police is obliged to interfere. But one should never trust himself in any room crowded with the same people without having settled his worldly affairs and taken leave of his friends.

An American crowd ought to know better than this; it should behave better than European crowds, but it does not. To say nothing of British crowds, which are dangerous anywhere, there be huge continental crowds as quiet and civil as christenings. It may be consoling to some to ascribe this public decency to the *gens-d'armes;* whatever be the cause, the effect is admirable and worthy of imitation. If any one thinks that being a free citizen of these United States entitles him to behave like a brute anywhere, he has yet to learn the "a, b, abs" of Freedom, for the vital principle of Liberty is self-government. Rude behavior is simply want of civilization.

New York gentlemen, who lose their characters or mislay them, are almost certain to get them back again, if they can afford to offer a sufficient reward.

A LAYMAN'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

As other men have creeds, so I have mine:
I keep the holy faith in God, in man,
And in the angels ministrant between.
I hold to one true church of all true souls;
Whose churchly seal is neither bread, nor wine,
Nor laying on of hands, nor holy oil,
But only the anointing of God's grace.

I hate all kings, and caste, and rank of birth;
For all the sons of men are sons of God;
Nor limps a beggar but is nobly born:
Nor wears a slave a yoke, nor czar a crown,
That makes him less or more than just a man.

I love my country, and her righteous cause:
So dare I not keep silent of her sin:
And after Freedom, may her bells ring Peace!

I love one woman with a holy fire,
Whom I revere as priestess of my house;
I stand with wondering awe before my babes,
Till they rebuke me to a nobler life;
I keep a faithful friendship with my friend,
Whom loyally I serve before myself;
I lock my lips too close to speak a lie;
I wash my hands too white to touch a bribe;
I owe no man a debt I cannot pay,
Save only of the love men ought to owe.

Withal, each day, before the blessed Heaven,
I open wide the chambers of my soul,
And pray the Holy Ghost to enter in.

Thus reads the fair confession of my faith;
So crossed with contradictions by my life
That now may God forgive the written lie!
Yet still, by help of Him who helpeth men,
I face two worlds, and fear not life nor death.
O Father! lead me by Thy hand! Amen.

HANDKERCHIEFS IN SHAKSPEARE.

Common things unfold into wonders under the magical touch of the poet. It brightens every-day scenes of nature, lends dignity to simple feeling, and even refines the trivial uses and appliances of life by associating them with human passion.

Neither grace nor grandeur is often supposed to be wrapped up in a pocket handkerchief. Probably in our Saxon ancestors' time its office was less noisy, and its familiarity with plebeian features less close than in our day. Many things were then rare in the palace that are now indispensable to the log cabin. The handkerchief was likely under Elizabeth to serve courtly rather than common uses—to float over the bosom of beauty, and wave from the hand of royalty oftener than to accommodate a commoner's nose.

At least Shakspeare did not disdain to ennoble it, by connecting it with courtesy, with tenderness, with humor, and with tragedy.

He even invents a grace for the ancients, and puts it into the hands of the Romans, who were really less guileless in this respect, than even the Japanese. But handkerchiefs seem neither out of time, nor out of place, when "ladies and maids flung them" on Coriolanus as he passed. The "commons made a shower" with their caps only—it was all the vesture they had to spare, without stripping the coarse blanket classically known as their toga—much as a fireman in our day would tear off his red shirt, having no bandanna, in honor of a returned general. In Cymbeline, too, the handkerchief repeats the salutation of a mute and passionate farewell. Posthumus, as his

departure is related to Imogen, "did keep the deck, with hat, or glove, or handkerchief, still waving." And her reply, "senseless linen!" assures us that the texture was not unlike that of our modern cambric conveniences. Then, as now, they spoke human emotion, and wafted from the holder something of his own grief or joy, as they fluttered in sign of welcome, gratulation, or farewell.

Something of drollery, too, is folded in these poets' handkerchiefs. "Mine eyes smell onions," says Lafeu in All's Well that Ends Well, "I shall weep anon." "Good Tom Drum," he demands of Parolles, "lend me a handkerchief." We can imagine the owner had needed it oftener for a flag of truce than any other purpose. One is half surprised not to find one, "not of the newest," along with the pennyworth of sugar candy, in the fat knight's pocket behind the arras. Surely he mopped his face after toiling up Gadshill. Perhaps the two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders for uniform to one of his recruits, were handkerchiefs, as the word was used indifferently for both.

What a history is in that handkerchief of which the child Arthur in King John reminds the cruel Hubert. "The best I had, a princess wrought it me." Priceless, with its embroideries lovingly traced by delicate fingers in happier days. And this rare keepsake had been knit about the hind's brow in sickness. King John, though not a favorite play, is a profound one. The action and passion are less regal than those of the other historical dramas. It is full of human meannesses that sneak into crime. Its great ones are ignoble, its women violent. There is no towering ambition, nor softness of love—only a bargaining alliance, and the quarrels of right royal vixens, queens who are queans. John is a pinchbeck Macbeth, hiring bravos, bullying women, and scared by priests. The necessary relief to this coarseness is touched in with the tender innocence of Arthur, the only unhappy child Shakspeare has drawn.

In Henry the Sixth, the handkerchief bears part in a still more tragic scene. Margaret presents to York the handkerchief she had stained in his son Rutland's blood, with the cruel taunt, "I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal," to which he returns the pathetic words, "And I with tears do wash the blood away." Fatal commingling of the Houses' rival colors! The barbarous precedent was transmitted with the hatred it expressed down the hostile lines, and Elizabeth cites and improves it when she bids Richard the Third woo her daughter by sending her "a handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain the purple sap from her sweet brother's body, and bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal." The great master reserved such inhumanities for civil wars and family revenges.

And who forgets the handkerchief spotted with strawberries, that gauzy shred with which Iago toles on the simple honest mind to madness—the gossamer weight which breaks the wild loving heart. "That handkerchief did an Egyptian to my mother give. She was a charmer." A mystery and expectation here gather round it, and we share the superstition that helped to weaken that African nature into the mood for jealousy. She had loved the thing. "She reserved it evermore about her, to kiss and talk to," and he half fears it and the spell wrought into its texture. The trifle light as air which deludes him, becomes at last the evidence that betrays his tempter, and atones by his detection for his share in the wrong it had ministered to.

Out of such trivialities the great master wrought terrible combinations. How many since have reversed the process, and belittled grand themes by petty treatment!

THE NASSAUESE CUISINE.

(*From Cape Cod to the Land of Dixie and the Tropics—In Press.*)

BY J. MILTON MACKIE, AUTHOR OF "COSAS DE ESPAÑA."

——But the cuisine! Upon what food does a man live in such a clime, and on such an enchanted island as New Providence? Does he, like the first of men and women, subsist on the fair fruits—on mere orange juice—on the perfume of his finger glass, scented one day with the green leaf of a lime, and the next with one of a pimento? Not quite so. But to tell the truth, though the mutton will do for food, the beef is not succulent. It is in fact a little tough, and requires, in order to be masticated, to have been previously well *papawed*. "For the juice of the papaw," says Soyer, "makes meat tender by causing a separation of its muscular fibres." Some of the more elderly chickens, also, will test the sharpness of the carving knife, as well as the power of a man's jaws, unless a pretty stiff dose of vinegar be poured down their throats just before their heads are cut off. Poor things—this must be the first, and the knife the second, death to them!

Accordingly, the stranger will find himself under the necessity of eating turtle twice a week here. He can have turtle soup, turtle stewed; but the great dish of the island, and chief glory of the "conch" kitchen is baked turtle. A small monster of about twenty-five pounds' weight is a good size; unless indeed you happen to be an Alderman, in which case forty pounds would not be too much. He is brought to table in his own shell, which stands well up before you, and makes an ample platter. In its depths lie imbedded all the choice pieces. The fat and lean bits lie side by side; the eggs hug the liver; while the whole mass is moist with a delicious gravy, made of the juice of the animal, and hot with infinitesimal red peppers, each particle of which is endowed with a sting like that of the honey bee. An open space in the middle of the crust—for this great mystery of culinary art has a broad covering of paste around its entire edge—an open space, I say, in the crust, like heaven's gate standing ajar, enables you to get a peep at the feast of good things within, the moment it is set before you. Far off, too, the nostril anticipates the coming of baked turtle; for the whole atmosphere of the place is at once perfumed with the subtle aroma of the dish, the very winds of heaven struggling to bear some of it off to their own caves.

After baked turtle, no Christian wishes to eat pudding. But if compelled to dine on a Nassauese beefsteak, one is certainly entitled to nothing less than either cocoanut pudding, or banana fritters; and if he do not get the one or the other, he should consider himself robbed by the landlady.

In any event, you will drink a glass of uncommonly nice sherry with your turtle; for it is well known that this animal cannot crawl, nor stir a fin, in good sherry. I should have some hesitation, however, in recommending any one to adopt the fashion of letting rum punch follow the soup. But no one should fall into the mistake of refusing, whether after turtle or anything else, the proffered glass of Madeira, known as the "Water Lily," and named after the very unfortunate vessel in which it was cast away on these shores. The delicious sack had been sent to the West Indies for its health; and some of the casks bore the names of right reverend English prelates, men supposed to know how to select good liquor. Alas for them! The only dash of bitter in the glass, whenever it was my good fortune to taste this juice of the grape, was the regret—it was impossible to repress it—that such good men should providentially have been cut off from the privilege of anointing their palates with so precious an oil of joy. For the wine is excellent, and must have received all the benefit from being sent to sea which its pious and intelligent owners had anticipated for it. Well may the Nassauese, in describing this beverage, so fortunately rescued from the waves, speak of it with brightening face, and uplifted eyelids, as more rain-like than rain water, more dry than the tropic Cancer, and yet more luscious than the grapes of Malaga or Muscat—the very aroma of aromas.

ACROSTIC ENIGMA.

From the most modern fiend take either end,
And bid his name its central letter lend;
Then of his special vice choose both extremes
And near its middle what most crooked seems;
Next, either limit and the centre clip
From what he feels whom nightly goblins nip.
Its first and latest and its halfway sign
Bid a sea mart of Mexico resign.
Strip from a brutal prince of ancient fame
Th' externals, and what nearly halves his name.
Borrow the boundaries of that pagan isle,
Where Christians did for gain their cross revile,
And from its midst a part. Then from the course
Of a Virginia river, at its source
And more than half-way down, and in its close,
Withdraw three letters. Then these seven dispose
Threefold, in such a form that they may spell
Between a child-like princess and a hag most fell,
The stormy fairy sphere of song in which both dwell.

FROM THE LETTERS OF A YOUNG OFFICER.—NO. I.

Wednesday we left Charlestown, and encamped out of town upon a private place, with beautiful trees and grounds like a lawn. We had fine weather and new tents, and the camp looked well. The man who supplies our mess was not to be found. The quartermaster had promised him a waggon, but had forgotten it, so we amused ourselves with roasting pork on sharp-pointed sticks, and eating hard bread. We made fires in front of our tents, and sat round them toward evening; I brought out my guitar—and M. made coffee while I made music.

After breakfast the next morning, we struck tents and moved on. The ceremony of striking tents is very pretty. Every rope is loosened, and at the last notes of "the general" all the tents fall toward the colors, and all the men shout. A new order was issued at the time we received our new tents, that there should be but one tent for the officers of each company. The ground of the tent is covered with straw. In the day time our blankets and buffalos are rolled up and placed at the back of the tent, making three seats. Each man's trunk opposite at the front of the tent where his feet should be when he lies down. We have a table which shuts up, and is put aside during the night. Our blankets and buffalos are rolled out at night, and we make pillows of our overcoats. We have a washstand outside the tent—a post driven into the ground and the head of a barrel nailed upon the top, making a very nice affair of it.

On Friday night an order was brought to camp, at half past one o'clock, to march, and news that the Home brigade was entirely cut up. The whole regiment was on the road in twenty-five minutes, marching very fast over the most devilish road that was ever travelled, in perfect darkness, and weeping and gnashing of teeth. After marching a mile or so, we halted, the artillery was sent back, as it was impossible to get it along, and it was thought better to wait till daylight, as the men had been tumbling down and picking themselves up ever since we left camp. We halted, and the Virginia fences were soon converted into fires all along the line. The effect was beautiful; the line of fires extended about a mile on both sides the road. Aid-de-camps were flying about, and we thought we should see the enemy before twenty-four hours had passed; as the morning dawned we "fell in" again. The road became worse instead of better. At last, my company was detached to relieve the skirmishers. We saw some bayonets in the wood about a mile ahead. We threw off our coats, which my man H. took, and away we went over fields, fences, and brooks at "double quick." We came upon the woods, and found the peaceful camp of the Home brigade, and heard the true story. Some of our own cavalry were riding along, and were fired on by the Home brigade. Provoking enough! Now we were hungry, breakfast time, and nine good miles to march before we could get it. We went back as fast we had come, and ate our breakfasts with appetites that we had fairly won.

A rather curious circumstance happened to one of the First Connecticut cavalry, while out on a scout. A party of six of them were fired into by about twenty-five rebs, and this man was struck by three pistol balls and a buckshot; the latter going through his elbow; of the pistol balls, one passed through his belt plate and lodged in his clothes, another went part way through a pack of cards he had in his pocket, and the third penetrated a testament in another pocket as far as the verse "fight the good fight" (I think it was). Three life preservers of varied grades in social life—the army, church, and the devil. It is one of the most curious instances I ever heard of.

ANACREONTIC.

(imitated from the french.)

Come now! If I drink, where's the crime? Can you tell?
Look round us! All nature is drinking as well.
The earth drinks the dew, and the sun, floating free,
Stoops to drink of the waves in the cup of the sea.
The tree, as he plunges his roots in the ground,
Through numberless mouths drinks the torrent profound.
All drink; but man only, that scion divine,
While all others drink water, knows how to drink wine,
And, measureless tippler, can boast, he alone,
Having once drank too much, that he still can drink on.

Carl Benson.

CHARADE.—No. VI.

My whole a warlike sire can claim,
My first, the purest blood;
My last—its pedigree of shame
Dates far before the Flood.

My first adopts the Lion's crest,
My whole a Lion rules,
My last, a shape—a shade—at best,
No patrons finds but fools.

My first is rich in gems and coin,
My whole in golden glory.
Let both their wealth together join,
My last outboasts their story.

My last augments at every stride,
My whole each day decreases;
My first, dispersed in wanderings wide,
Still dies, but never ceases.

My first abides as far from grace
As does my last from light.
My whole scarce veils her radiant face,
Through all the summer night.

ACROSTIC ENIGMA.

Music abode in this island fair,
When she came on earth to dwell,
And Cytherea lingered there,
And the Muses know it well.

'Twas there I lived, 'twas there my lyre
Poured forth its fervent lay,
Until consumèd by Love's fire,
I flung my life away.

FIRST.

Let the sailor's wife pray, as she watches at night,
When the winds and the waves are high,
That the worm may feed on my blossoms bright,
That I may wither and die.

SECOND.

Though the olive be dead, I eat unctuous fare,
And wherever my name shall sound;
The grateful heart of widow and bear
Shall leap with a joyous bound.

THIRD.

My leafy chaplet has faded and gone,
A blackened ruin I stand;
Yet am I, tho' of all my glory shorn,
The rostrum of this land.

FOURTH.

The wolf will eat them, my poor little beasts,
She exclaims in an agony;
But no! They return, and her eye she feasts
On their caudal symmetry.

FIFTH.

She finished her dance, and in suppliance bent,
She sues the king on her knee;
How bitterly then did that monarch repent,
The hour he uttered me.

SIXTH.

He heard, and a smile passed over his face,
With liquor incarnadine.
He said to the monster, "Thy master we'll chase,
And we'll make the island mine."

G. W.

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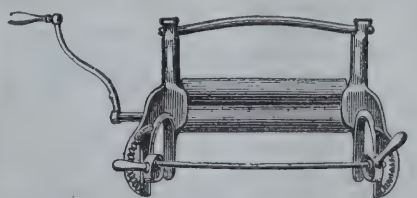

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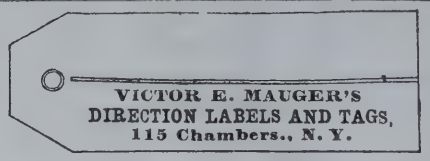

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INCIDENTS AND ITEMS OF THE FAIR.

Burgoyne's Sword.—A lady called on the Chairman of the Committee on "Arms and Trophies," before the opening of the Fair, whose grandfather was an aid-de-camp to General Gates, at the battle of Saratoga. The sword of Burgoyne fell to his share when the latter surrendered, and has been ever since a cherished heirloom in the family, who have documentary proof that it belonged to Burgoyne. A few months ago the venerable mother of the lady above mentioned, died. "She charged me," said the latter to Mr. Blodgett, "to give this sword either to some charity or to our State Historical Society. Were she living, I believe she would give it to this Fair, and I therefore here bestow it." Soon after the Fair opened, a gentleman was observed examining this sword with minute attention. He remarked that he was familiar with other relics of Burgoyne in England, and was satisfied of the authenticity of this. He asked the late Mrs. Kirkland, who happened to be in attendance, if he could purchase it for its marked value, $1,000. "No," she replied. "Do you mean to say, madame, that if I now and here give you a thousand dollars, I cannot have the sword?" "Yes," she replied; "the donor intended and hoped that it would be purchased and presented to the Historical Society, or some national institution, and I feel bound to respect her wishes." She had recognised in her customer a John Bull, who desired to buy the trophy and convey it out of the country, and hence we owe to her forethought the preservation of this revolutionary memorial.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.—Among the visitors to the Fair, this week, we were glad to recognize that poetical evergreen—the author of "Marco Bozzaris" and "Alnwick Castle,"—his greeting as cordial, his wit as keen, and his talk as eloquent as of old. We cannot but imagine how vividly the local and social changes in this city must strike a man of his vivacity of mind, who so gracefully and humorously delineated her traits and triumphs in the "Croakers" and "Fanny"—forty years ago; yet the genial and favorite poet finds those who survive of his old friends, as stanch and warm as ever, while a later generation yield the same

> "Praise to the bard, whose words are driven,
> Like flower-seeds, by the far winds sown,
> Where'er, beneath the sky of heaven,
> The birds of fame have flown."

The Committee on the Newspaper express their obligation to the several young gentlemen who have assisted in the sale of the paper. Also, to Mr. Charles O'Connor for the services of his newsboys from the Lodging House. Visitors from the country, by the way, should visit the Newsboys' Lodging House, 128 Fulton street, and judge for themselves of the usefulness of this institution. An instance of the honesty of one of these boys, in returning a pocketbook picked up in the street, was recently recorded in the daily press. A similar incident occurred a few days since in the Fair. A gentleman, by mistake, paid 50 instead of 10 cents for a copy of the paper. The boy ran after the purchaser to correct the error, which so gratified the gentleman that he presented the boy on the spot with $5.

The Cooper Papers, which have attracted attention from so many appreciative people, will render the series of the Spirit of the Fair of great value to those who intend binding and preserving the paper. The views expressed on secession and State rights, twelve years ago, show a wonderful degree of acute penetration and foresight, as proved by subsequent events.

A Good Suggestion.—Of all the Fairs to succeed our own, none should elicit more active support and sympathy than that to open at Baltimore on the 19th of April. The Unionists of that city have peculiar claims upon our coöperation; they have toiled and suffered bravely in the national cause, amid singular deprivations and discouragements. It is proposed that we should hand over to the Baltimore Fair what remains on hand at the close of our own, in the way of fancy work, publications, ornaments, etc. The committee on contributions from a distance are, Mrs. H. Winter Davis, Baltimore; Miss E. L. Porter, of Niagara, N. Y.; Mrs. Osmond Tiffany, Baltimore; Mrs. Amos Binney, of Boston; Hon. John P. Kennedy, Baltimore; Lt. Col. Alexander Bliss, of New York; Capt. D. P. Thurston, A. D. C., of Ohio.

The splendid collection of Minerals exhibited at one end of the Furniture room, up stairs, is worthy of the special attention of all visitors at the Fair, not so much for the number of the specimens it contains, although they amount to about four thousand, as for their exquisite beauty, and their value, as being rare and unique. Many of the specimens from the lead mines of Galena could not be duplicated. One rare stalagmite alone is valued at $500, and the whole collection is valued at $5,000.

This fine collection was made by the Rev. John Reynard, of Shullsburg, Wis., by whom it was exhibited at the Chicago Fair. It was there drawn in a raffle by Mr. John Hancock, president of the Chicago Board of Trade, who has presented it to the New York Fair for sale. We understand that many of the finest specimens have been secured for the cabinet of the School of Mines in this city.

A Fair Spirit.—A lady from the rural districts applied to the Art Committee to know who painted the picture of "Hester Prynne and Little Pearl"—saying, the child was a perfect likeness of one she lost, and she was persuaded the artist had seen the original in the spirit-world.

A Subscriber writes as follows: "Some fun-loving *habitués* of the Fair complain that your 'Spirit' is too grave and didactic; but people of taste at a distance praise its literary tone, and ascribe to it an interest far less casual than Fair papers usually exhibit. Mrs. Kemble's Sonnets, Cooper's remarks on New York, General Dix's classical comments, Judge Daly's accounts of Fairs of old, and in general, Lowell's Poem, etc., etc., have been widely copied and commended."

The Harlem table exhibits a quilt, made by the children of the Sacred Heart. The little patriots whose skilful fingers wrought this beautiful gift are all under six years of age.

A Venerable Contributor.—Among the curiosities of the Fair may be méntioned the contribution of Mrs. Joseph Ireland, of Bridgeport, Conn., consisting of 24 circular zephyr worsted toilet mats, in gores of divers colors, knit by herself at the age of *nearly ninety-one years*. Has any older lady contributed of her own handiwork?

Looking Through a Brick.—At the Optician's Department, next door to our stand at the Fair, a crowd has been in attendance for several days, each person in turn paying ten cents to *look through a brick*, by means of the very extraordinary lens employed for the purpose. We have heard of persons carrying bricks in their hats, but this is a piece of head work surpassing all others.

Jacob's Well, on the right side of the principal entrance, has been doing *well* in every sense (or cents) of the word. The lemonade which is brought up from its invisible depths is a great *aid* to the Fair. The amount of money collected from this source alone is incredible.

Many hundreds pass through the wholesale paint, drug, grocery, and soap departments, without the attention they deserve. Families can easily supply themselves from these sources, with most excellent quality of articles at wholesale prices. The paints and drugs are also worthy of attention. Unfortunately these departments are badly lighted.

At the Wax Flower table, under the charge of Mrs. Courteney, is exhibited a beautifully wrought silk quilt, representing a flag. It was made by a lady of seventy years.

Part of Stand No. 6, erroneously designated as representing the "Baptist Church," is under the charge of two ladies, through whose exertions the table was furnished, and who decidedly object to being considered as aspiring to represent a large and wealthy denomination. The principal articles at this stand are—a fancy "military" quilt, made and presented by Mrs. E. Cooper, which sold for $60; and a country cottage, with front yard fenced with white paling, covered well, &c.—a very pretty affair. It is the work of Mrs. S. W. Griffin, and is valued at $50. The remainder of the collection is made up of small articles of worsted work, &c.

The remainder of Stand No. 6 is devoted to the offerings of the Ladies' Sewing Society, of the German Lutheran Church. A very beautiful afghan displayed here sold for $100. They have also some handsome sofa-cushions, at $30, an elegant toilet set, placed at the very moderate price of $25, an embroidered rug, $40, and a large and nicely finished "baby house," at $30. One very rare and curious article is a shawl made entirely of the fibres of the century plant. A large number of pretty things were sent from "fader land," but very naturally they disappeared "like hot cakes."

Norwalk, Conn., is handsomely represented by the table under the

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Augustus R. Macdonough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N.Y.

charge of Miss E. H. Hoyt. The most attractive objects at this table are a very ornamental bracket, held at $30, a much admired bouquet of wax flowers at the same price, a phantom bouquet valued at $35, and a very pretty rustic cottage, formed of lichen, besides many miscellaneous articles of less value but not less beauty. An afghan, which candid judgment admitted to be the most elegant and tasteful which the FAIR has produced, was sold for $100. The receipts thus far amount to about $800.

AMONG the curiosities on the 3d floor may be seen a miniature representation of a Copper mine at the head of Lake Superior, with all the machinery for working it.

THERE are several very fine life-boats, of different patterns, in the compartment just in the rear of the Picture Gallery. The *Union*, valued at $150, and the one built by Mr. Ingersoll, valued at $500, are well worthy of attention. The apartment also contains several models of steamboats, valued respectively at $200, $250, and $500, and a small toy schooner' complete in all its details, for which the extremely low price of $25 is asked.

TRIBUTE TO THE FAIR.—The quiet binding of this volume of poetry is calculated to divert attention from its intrinsic merits. The poems are many of them addressed to some of the most beautiful and attractive ladies in New York society. Visitors who feel any admiration for female loveliness should not fail to possess themselves of copies. The edition is presented to the FAIR by its gifted author.

"OLD NEW YORK."—Miller & Mathews, the popular booksellers, corner of 8th street and Broadway, have sent to the FAIR copies of "Old New York," by the late Dr. Francis, bound in vellum, antique style.

A SHEAF OF VERSE, bound for the FAIR, is the graceful and appropriate title of a beautiful little volume of poems, by Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, which is for sale at the Stationery Department and at the Irving Pavilion. The poems, fifteen in number, are characterized by beauty of diction and grace of fancy; and Mr. C. A. Alvord, 15 Vandewater street, has got them up in a style of elegance which leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Alvord contributes this volume to the FAIR, in the hope that its sale may add something to the great charity fund of the Sanitary Commission.

We give a single specimen only—an extract from the poem entitled Italy.

Another champion now
Lifts his unsullied brow,
Whose wisdom chastens the intrepid eyes;
And with fraternal mien,
And confidence serene,
And dauntless valor, tyranny defies!

His firm Ligurian mould,
Warm, trustful, frank, and bold,
With years of peace and peril on the deep;
Nerved arm and chartered brain,
Battle and faith to gain,
And from their thrones the recreant princes sweep.

And when his prowess found
At home no vantage ground,
He sought afar the struggling free to aid;
And trained his legions there,
To wait, achieve, and bear,
Until the signal came for Italy's crusade.

Then like a star he rose,
Portentous to her foes,
Whose rallying beams electric courage spread;
And when Novara's day
Had ended in dismay,
In triumph unto Rome the patriots led.

Oft from her ancient gate,
Oblivious of fate,
His eager cohorts, when the bugles call,
Rush on the cannon flame,
And victory proclaim,
As, at their bayonets' gleam, the gunners fall!

When triple hosts surround
That liberated ground,
And Freedom's hopes in wanton treachery fade:
With what heroic pride,
His loved one at his side,
Rides forth the Chief, unconquered though betrayed!

Hunted, proscribed, bereft,
With naught but Honor left,
A wanderer—noble in his lowly toil;
He watched with passive might,
Prompt to renew the fight,
And lead the van upon his native soil.

NOTE TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS.—We are obliged every day to lay aside numberless poems, many of which possess great merit, for the simple reason that it is necessary to maintain in our paper a just balance of power between the rival kingdoms of Verse and Prose. Our kind friends who have bestowed their poetical favors so richly upon us, must not be surprised if many of their productions do not appear. If we were to publish all the beautiful poems which have been sent to us, our paper would have room for nothing else. Thankful to our friends for their kind remembrance, we would beg to remind them that a newspaper cannot live by poetry alone, and that if they wish to aid the cause to which the SPIRIT OF THE FAIR is dedicated, they cannot do better than to send us prose articles as fine, as spicy, and as *short* as the poems which now lie unused but not unvalued on our table.

CONTRIBUTION RECEIVED AT MRS. POST'S TABLE.—One table cloth, two worsted work tables, sent by Mrs. Edwin A. Post; one worsted work rug, a worsted worked scrap basket, sent by Miss Gibbes; one worsted work chain, from Mrs. H. Braëm; one camp stool, worsted work also, from Mrs. Jotham Post; two shawls, from Mrs. J. W. Otis; ten hoods, Mrs. J. B. Post; mouchoir box, Mrs. J. B. Post; and several small articles.

METROPOLITAN FAIR FOR THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

AUCTION NOTICE.

HEADS of departments wishing to make sales by auction, will please hand in their invoices two days before sale, to either of the following auctioneers, or to the Secretary of this Committee. Each department will arrange with the gentlemen whom they may elect to make their sales, in regard to the reception and delivery of their goods.

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THE "UNFAIR."

(A TRUE STORY.)

THE UNFAIR! my fair readers exclaim. What taste! to write of anything but *the* FAIR in a FAIR paper; but we have no pretensions to being a man of taste, and moreover are a modest man, and therefore fearful to enter upon a consideration of what will be observed by everybody;—no doubt the FAIR will be all fair, for the fairest of the fair have watched over, worked for and directed its progress, and we may safely conclude that it will receive its fair share of attention;—excuse us, then, if we adhere to our first choice, and say a few words concerning the Unfair, which is more likely to be neglected, for it may safely be laid down as a general principle, that there is never one extreme without its opposite, and moreover, that the one is likely to be neglected in proportion as the other receives an undue share of attention. Most people, and no doubt they are wise, seize upon the popular extreme just because it is popular, and with it secure popularity to themselves; but by some twist of our nature, *we* are very apt to get attached to the unpopular extreme, apparently for no other reason than because it is neglected. So in these FAIR times we have been led to think of the unfair, of which, no doubt, all are prepared to admit, there is no end in this life; of course we wish to be understood not to refer to the comparative fairness or unfairness of our *fair* readers; at present we have to do only with the unjust, the unequal in life;—a wide enough field to work in, the only difficulty being to direct attention to that which will most interest those connected with the great charitable enterprise of the hour.

There are many things which bear the resemblance of being unfair that in reality are not so; and *vice versa; e. g.*, it is not unfair that there are rich and poor, high and low; but that none are rich who should not be, and none poor who deserve to be rich, we are no more prepared to admit, than the soundness of theology in "Whatever is, is right." It is very right that some men have their noses kept to the grindstone all their lives, but it is very wrong that many are kept there by those who are much more deserving of their place. Fortune is proverbially a fickle jade:—"*Fortuna humana fingit mutatque ut lubet*"—and favors the fool as well as the bold. It is unfair, therefore, lightly to regard the misfortunes of our fellows, for to-morrow we may more righteously be the sufferers; and this brings us to the most unfair thing which at present suggests itself to our minds, viz.: that purse-proud indifference which a certain, and not very small, class of wealthy persons very often exhibit toward indigent and suffering humanity in the numberless forms in which it is constantly presented in large cities.

The readers of this article may say it is all very well to make general statements of this kind; but for our part we cannot see that rich people are any more hard-hearted than the poor; jealousy and envy for the most part prompt such allegations. How many cases of disinterested liberality do we constantly witness amongst persons of wealth; but such things are looked upon simply as matters of course, and no credit is given to the motives which actuated the individual. Disinterested liberality!—well, we do not deny its existence; but at the same time exclaim, "Alas for the rarity of Christian charity!"

By some stern decree of fate we are a physician, and by virtue thereof see much of luxury and suffering and their mutual relations; it is painful, often heartrending, to stand beside suffering humanity, as we are frequently called upon to do, longing for the unfurnished means to afford relief; but the sting comes not until we step outside the partition wall and find ourselves standing face to face with the luxurious extravagance which heeds not the misery you would fain alleviate. It is Dives and Lazarus over again. Alas, that so many should go on blindly to the *Ultima Thule* of the parable!

There may be those who will take the pains to glance over these lines, who may well say: verily I am guilty! but it is probable that there will be more of another class, good-natured, large-hearted, but blindly incredulous, who say: too bad! too bad! if such things are so; but really we don't see it,—we don't know of any *instances* which warrant such severe statements. To such we are induced to relate a case which was brought under our personal knowledge during the early part of the winter, in this goodly and charitable Gotham. Let us, then, join company, my friend of the Newfoundland dog species; for I take you to be one of those noble-hearted, largely-forgiving, charitably-inclined persons, for whom I entertain much respect. Do you see just opposite that large and popular store, there is a lady (so far as silks and furs can make her) stepping into her comfortable carriage; it rolls away, and now let us observe another—lady;—you see I hesitate regarding the appellation,—certainly there are none of the elements to justify it which the other has in abundance; but I happen to know that, notwithstanding her forlorn and shivering appearance, Nature has stamped upon her inner life what gives her a higher claim to the title than her predecessor. She has reached the spot from which the carriage has just moved, and is attracted by something lying in the gutter. It is *the* (?) lady's reticule. Her perturbation is evident. Let us, unseen, peep over her shoulder while she opens it. What! five hundred dollars in bank bills, a gold watch, and diamond rings! Be quiet, disturb her not; but let us observe. How she trembles! We can each for ourselves decide upon the nature of her thoughts, and whilst she stands, I will hurriedly relate what I know about her. "Doctors," you know, as the good old Scotch lady said, "are neither men nor women," and not only like cats, can go anywhere, but are also privileged to know everything. She has seen "better times;" in the little garret she occupies is lying a sick husband, for whose support and relief she has labored a long time,—there also is a son just returned from the wars, wounded and disabled, and three little ones, to still whose hungry cries she is this morning out in quest of bread, for she has left them without a crust, and has not wherewith to buy. Others who read this besides you and me, my friend, are privileged to imagine what desires and inclinations might trouble them in like circumstances. Hear what she says: "Let me hasten to make this known, else, God help me, being poor, I may steal." She enters the store, fearing to dally with the tempter. "Sir, can you tell me the name of the lady who has just driven from the door?" "Yes, my woman; for what reason?" "Oh! sir, I found this which she dropped on entering her carriage." "Well, my good woman, it is very right of you to inquire; take it to her residence, and I make sure she will reward you well for your honesty." The poor woman has turned away, evidently relieved at having taken this first step in the right direction; let us follow her to the "brown-stone front." She rings, and timidly standing on the step inquires of the servant if this belongs to her mistress. With a hasty "yes, where did you get it?" it is taken from her hand, and the door is shut in her face. She wends her weary way home, and making the case known to a charitable friend, inquiry is made to find if the owner has been put in possession of her property. A perfumed, rose-tinted note is sent in reply, thanking the "good woman" for her honesty, and recommending her always to adhere to the principle, as it brings its *own* reward! A kind lady to whom the circumstances were made known, begged to remind her that the abstract principle she had so prettily laid down to the poor woman would scarcely relieve *her* from the responsibility she was under to practically demonstrate the truth of the principle; but to this day, my friend, she has failed to get beyond the theory. Heaven have mercy upon her! you say; and I agree with you, if she leave such bills to accumulate too long. Her bankruptcy will be appalling! and, alas! she is not alone. "Unfair!" our fair readers exclaim. "It is a libel upon the fair." So we are glad to be able to add that although we have adhered simply to *actual facts* in our narration, our experience goes to prove that *the* fair are those who most minister to the wants of suffering humanity. It is sweet woman's sympathy that soothes the greater part of the sorrows incident to our fallen race. We had intended to speak of many more unfair things, but must leave them for another article.

FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON.

THOSE flowers that wore a flush of joy and pride,
With the awak'ning morn their buds enclosing,
In the chill night's encircling arms reposing,
Shall breathe of hopeless grief at eventide.
That arch of streaming purple, snow, and gold,
With floating change of hues the sky adorning,
Is for our mortal life a sign and warning,
To brief its span, and hopes and deeds so bold.
Moist with the dewy dawn, the bursting roses
Glow till their fragrant life in fading closes;
Their tomb, their cradle, in one bud enfold.
Such destiny man finds himself repeating;
One day beholds life's coming and its fleeting,
While but as hours seems ages that have rolled. M.

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, APRIL 15, 1864.

NEW YORK.

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

(*Conclusion.*)

It has long been a subject of investigation among moralists, whether the existence of towns like those of London, Paris, New York, &c., is or is not favorable to the development of the better qualities of the human character. As for ourselves, we do not believe any more in the superior innocence and virtue of a rural population than in that of the largest capitals, perfectly conscious of the appalling accumulation of vice, and sin, and crime that is to be found in such places as London and Paris, and even in New York. We cannot shut our eyes to the numberless evils of the same general character of disobedience to the law of God, that are to be found even in the forest and the most secluded dales of the country. If there be incentives to wrong-doing in the crowded population of a capital town, there are many incentives to refinement, public virtue, and even piety, that are not to be met with elsewhere. In this respect, we apprehend that good and evil are more nearly balanced among us than is commonly supposed; and we doubt if it were possible to render the laws a dead letter in the streets of New York, as has been done around the bell of the Capitol at Albany, and strictly among its rural population, directly beneath the eyes of the highest authority of the State. The danger to valuable and movable property would be too imminent, and those who felt an interest in its preservation would not fail to rally in its defence. It is precisely on this principle that in the end property will protect itself as against the popular inroads which are inevitable, should the present tendencies receive no check. Calm, disinterested, and judicious legislation is a thing not to be hoped for. It never occurs in any state of society except under the pressure of great events; and this for the very simple reason that men, acting in factions, are never calm, judicious, or disinterested.

Nevertheless, the community will live on, suffer, and be deluded: it may even fancy itself almost within reach of perfection, but it will live on to be disappointed. There is no such thing on earth,—and the only real question for the American statesman is, to measure the results of different defective systems for the government of the human race. We are far from saying that our own, with all its flagrant and obvious defects, will be the worst, more especially when considered solely in connection with whole numbers; though we cannot deny, nor do we wish to conceal, the bitterness of the wrongs that are so frequently inflicted by the many on the few. This is, perhaps, the worst species of tyranny. He who suffers under the arbitrary power of a single despot, or by the selfish exactions of a privileged few, is certain to be sustained by the sympathies of the masses. But he who is crushed by the masses themselves, must look beyond the limits of his earthly being for consolation and support. The wrongs committed by democracies are of the most cruel character; and though wanting in that apparent violence and sternness that marks the course of law in the hands of narrower governments, for it has no need of this severity, they carry with them in their course all the feelings that render injustice and oppression intolerable.

We think that the towns of America, generally, will suffer less from these popular abuses than the rural districts. As has been already said, associated wealth will take care of itself. It may make, and probably will make, in the earlier stages of these political changes, some capital mistakes; and there cannot be a question that in the rapacity of private efforts to accumulate, some of the most obvious and natural expedients of protection will be overlooked, until the neglect compels recourse possibly even to the use of the strong hand. Still property will eventually protect itself. For, in an age like this, when even the bayonet must be carried ordinarily in its sheath, and when men get to be accustomed from infancy to the inbred recognition of many of the most important principles of government, society starts, as it might be, far in advance of the point which it reached in the ages of pure military and arbitrary sway. The celebrated saying of Napoleon, "L'Europe sera, dans cinquante ans, ou républicaine ou cossaque," has a profound signification; yet it must be greatly qualified to be received with safety. The "cossaque" of the close of the nineteenth century will be a very different thing from the "cossaque" of the days of Paul. It now means little more than conservatism, and this, too, a conservatism that is not absolutely without that principle of concession to the spirits and wants of the passing moment. These quarrels and bitter conflicts of which we hear so much in the Old World, like some of our own, have their rise in abstractions quite as much as in actual oppression; and the alternative offered by change half the time amounts to but little more than the substitution of King Stork for King Log. It may not be agreeable to the pride, recollections, and national traditions of the Hungarian, or the Italian, to submit to the sway of a German; but it may well be questioned if the substitutes they would offer for the present form of government would greatly tend to the amelioration of the respective people.

What is true in the Old World will, in the end, be found to be true here. To us, it would seem that the portion of the people of this country, whom we should term the disinterested, or those who have no direct connection with slavery, on the one hand, or with fanaticism, and its handmaid demagogism, on the other, should turn their attention solely to the achievement of a single object. They have the strength to do it, if they only had the will. By compelling the disturbers of the public peace to submit to the control of the government, and to cease their meddling and wanton invasion of the security and property of their brothers and neighbors, the question of slavery would soon take care of itself. A single generation would, probably, see it confined in a great measure to the extreme Southern and Southwestern States; for, under the present emigration from Europe, it cannot be long before the upper counties of even the Carolinas and Georgia will make the discovery that the introduction of a single white man will be really of more importance to them than that of a dozen negroes. Could Virginia be made to see her true interests in this behalf, the glory of the Old Dominion would speedily revive, and her fine population of gentlemen would shortly take its place again where it so properly belongs, in the foremost ranks of the nation. We require an exchange with that quarter of the country, for we could give that which she greatly needs, and receive in exchange that which would probably not a little benefit ourselves. Puritanism, most especially when it breaks out of bounds by the process of emigration, does not always produce the most acceptable fruits; while, on the other hand, the descendants of the Cavaliers might obtain homely lessons, of great practical benefit, from the utilitarian spirit of the whole North.

A New Version.—"He cannot gain wisdom that glorieth in the road, and that driveth horses."—Ecclesiast.

THE ROSE OF DEATH.

A BALLAD OF THE WAR.—BY C. P. CRANCH.

"The Poets sing of a Rose,
In the Southern fields it grows,
But my love, my love, she little knows
The flower that I may bring.
In the heart of the perilous storm,
By the roads where our foemen swarm,
In the fields of death it blossoms warm;
But on I march and sing:
O, the red, red rose—
She little knows
The flower that I may bring!

"For I am Northern born:
She—only yester-morn
I saw on her lips her Southern scorn.
Coldly she saw me fling
My student's cap away:
Coldly she heard me say,
In the Union ranks I march to-day!
And here I march, and sing:
O, the red, red rose—
She little knows
The flower that I may bring!

"Ah, it were sweet to know,
When face to face with the foe,
That a loving heart did with me go,
Like the kiss of a talisman ring,
Praying that death might spare
The life of her lover there,
In the cannon's smoke and the trumpet's blare.
No matter. I march and sing:
O, the red, red rose—
She little knows
The flower that I may bring!

"Her love—have I lost it all,
Because at my country's call
I said: "It were better in battle to fall
Than see this Treason cling!
Her friends are my foemen now,
Traitor is writ on each brow;
O, comrades, I have made a vow,
And I breathe it as I sing:
O, the red, red rose—
She little knows
The flower that I may bring!"

Deep in the battle there,
His breast to the guns is bare,
Where flame and smoke befoul the air,
Swords clash and rifles ring.
"She loves," he cried, "but the brave
Who fight for the chains of the slave;
What then? I can fill a patriot's grave,
While she may jest and sing:
'O, the red, red rose—
He thinks that he knows
The flower he home will bring!'"

All terror the soldier scorns.
Mid the cannon and clanging horns,
From the bristling fields of the bayonet thorns,
A rose on his breast he will bring.

What is it? A death-shot red
To his fearless heart has sped—
With his face to the fire he reels—he is dead!
And the soldiers who bear him sing:
"O, the blood-red rose!
She little knows
The flower that home we bring!"

Ah, sad were the streets the morn
When that brave form was borne,
Wrapped in the Union banner torn,
Like a wounded eagle's wing.
At her window the maiden stood,
Changed from her angry mood,
And she saw on her lover's breast the blood:
And the death-march seemed to sing:
"O, the blood-red rose,
From our country's foes,
Is the only flower we bring!"

She rushed to the bier with a cry.
"O, God!" she said, "it was I
Who sent him, without one kiss, to die,"
In the flush of his morning of spring.
Too late—this pang at my breast!
Ah, let me at least go rest
In the grave where you bear the dearest, the best!
And the pitying winds shall sing:
Here Love's red rose
Met Death's—at the close
Of their lives, in eternal spring!

ENGLISH ABUSE OF AMERICA.

[From "America and her Commentators," by H. T. Tuckerman. In the press of Charles Scribner & Co.]

The tone of their records of a sojourn or an exploration in America is graduated, almost invariably, as to the sympathy or the depreciation, by the relation of the two countries to each other at different times. For a long period after the early colonization, so remote and unprofitable was the New World, that indifference marks the allusions to, and superficiality or contempt the accounts of, those thinly-settled and unprosperous communities. As they grew in population and resources, and glimpses were obtained of a possible future alike promising to the devotees of gain, of ambition, and of political reform and religious independence, English writers dwell with complacency upon the natural beauties and fertility of the land, upon the prospect here opened for enterprise; and as a colonial tributary to their power and wealth, America, or that part of it colonized by the British, is described with pride and pleasure; even its social traits occasionally lauded, and the details of observation and experience given with elaborate relish. Especially do we find political malcontents at home, and social aspirants or benign and intelligent visitors, dwelling upon the novel features and free scope of the country with satisfaction. Immediately subsequent to the Revolution, a different spirit is manifest. When the choicest jewel of her crown had been wrested from the grasp of Great Britain, numerous flaws therein became at once evident to the critical eyes of English travellers; and, though occasionally a refreshing contrast is afforded by the candid and cordial estimate of a liberal writer, the disingenuous and deprecatory temper prevails. It is impossible not to perceive that the rapid growth and unique prosperity of a country governed by popular institutions, without an established church, a royal family, an order of nobility, and all the expensive arrangements incident to

monarchical sway, however free and constitutional, has been and is a cause of uneasiness and hatred to a nation of kindred language and character. "Freedom," wrote Heine, "has sprung in England from privileges—from historical events. All England is congealed in mediæval, never-to-be-rejuvenated institutions, behind which her aristocracy is intrenched, awaiting the death struggle." Hence the example of America has been to a large political party, to a proud social organization, inauspicious; to the popular, the liberal, the democratic masses, encouraging. Hence the base jubilee at our recent internal dissensions, whose root—slavery—was planted by the English themselves. Hence their constant assertion that "the republic is a failure."

Even a cursory glance at the catalogue of books thus produced will indicate how popular was the theme and how audacious the writers. We remember falling in with a clever but impoverished professor, several years ago, in Italy, who had resided in this country, but found himself in Europe without means. In obedience to an appeal which reached us, we sought his economical lodging, and found him pacing up and down a scantily furnished chamber, every now and then seizing a pen and rapidly noting the result of his cogitations. He had been offered, by a London publisher, a handsome gratuity to furnish, within a specified period, a lively anti-democratic book on life and manners in America. The contract, he assured me, provided that there should be enough practical details, especially in regard to the physical resources of the country, to give an air of solid information to the work. There were to be a vein of personal anecdote, a few original adventures, some exaggerated character painting, and a little enthusiasm about scenery: but all this was to be well spiced with ridicule; and the argument of the book was to demonstrate the inevitable depreciation of mind, manners, and enjoyment under the influence of democratic institutions. The poor author tasked his memory and his invention to follow this programme, without a particle of conviction in the emphatic declarations of his opinions, or any sympathy with the work other than what was derived from its lucrative reward. The incident illustrates upon what a conventional basis the rage for piquant Travels in America rested.

The memorable papers which first established the reputation of Dickens, curiously indicate the prevalence of this deprecatory and venal spirit in English writers on America, at a later period. The elder Weller, in suggesting to Samivel his notable plan for the escape of Pickwick from the Fleet prison, by concealing himself in a "pianner forty," significantly adds: "Have a passage ready taken for 'Merriker. Let the gov'ner stop there till Mrs. Bardell's dead, and then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikens as 'll pay all his expenses, and more, if he blows 'em up enough."

The preëminence of the British colonies in America early proved the Anglo-Saxon destiny of this continent. The long wars with the aborigines, and the memorable struggle between the French and English, resulting in the confirmed possession and sway of the latter rule and colonies, and, finally, the American Revolution and its immediate and later consequences, furnish to a philosophic and benevolent mind so remarkable an historical series of events, combining to results of such infinite significance, not to this country and nation alone, but to the world and humanity, that it is surprising English speculation and criticism so long continued narrow, egotistic, and unsympathising. Noble exceptions, indeed, are to be remembered. Chatham, the most heroic, Burke, the most philosophic of British statesmen, early and memorably recognized the claims, the character, and the destiny of our country; and many of the intellectual nobility of Great Britain, in the flush of youthful aspirations, baffled by political or social exclusiveness, turned their hopes and their tributes toward the Western continent. But among the numerous English visitors who undertook to describe, to illustrate, and to criticise nature, government, and society in the United States for the benefit of their countrymen, few have proved adequate or just; and still less is the number who rose to the philosophy of the subject.

Much ridicule has been wasted upon our national sensitiveness to criticism; and the hardihood and self-love of English writers and talkers often repel, as weak and irrational, the expectation of sympathy which finds utterance in every unfortunate crisis on this side of the water. Yet even John Bull winced at Hawthorne's choicely worded and thoughtfully insinuated hits at his tendency to obesity and stagnation. Without defending that natural and honorable instinct that cherishes the tie of a common language and literature, historical, social, and domestic associations with a distant people, in the present age and among enlightened nations, it is certainly justifiable to demand scientific observation in all those deliberate estimates of a country or a race, a government or a cause, wherein mutual and permanent interests are concerned. One chief cause of protest and complaint against British commentators on America, is their ignorance of facts whereof but slight investigation would requisitely inform them, and their wilful repudiation of the inferences thence resulting. It is a significant truth, that throughout the vast discussion by newspapers, reviews, magazines, pamphlets, club and dinner talk, lectures and parliamentary speeches, which the Southern Rebellion and its consequences in the United States, have induced in Great Britain, scarcely any evidence appears of cognizance and appreciation as regards the simple geographical facts of the case; without a knowledge of which it is impossible to perceive the scope or judge the merits of this question. Long ago Humboldt and other naturalists recognised in the fact that this continent is placed between two oceans, the provision and pledge of a grand destiny; long ago economists found, in the remarkable number, size, and relative situation of its lakes and rivers, the means established by Nature to bring together and render mutually dependent and helpful the most widely separated regions; long ago philanthropists hailed in the variety of climate and the liberal political institutions, a vast asylum and arena predestined to shelter and succor the independent but proscribed, and the impoverished and hopeless victims of over-populated and down-trodden Europe. Yet, when these institutions and this prosperous nationality were threatened by a minority in the interest of African slavery, and the civil war inevitably consequent thereon challenged the sympathy of the world, in order to give a plausible excuse for the advocacy of our disunion, the writers and speakers of England, with very rare exceptions, assumed that a geographical line isolated the two communities, by kinds of labor, forms of society, political and personal interests so in conflict, that peaceable separation was not only practicable, but wise, humane, and requisite. Had these malign and specious advocates merely ignored the fact that our power and prosperity have been the offspring of our union, it might have been tolerated in silence; but when they refused to acknowledge that this immense country known as the United States of North America is intersected by a mountain range inhabited by a people absolutely one in attachment to their Government and devotion to free labor, and that the slave interest borders upon, intersects, and isolates rather than divides this homogeneous and patriotic race, so that, to break up the political unity of the country is to expose these citizens to the despotic cruelty of rebels—to abandon the highest duty of a state and the noblest principle of human government, we cannot but feel that ignorance degrades or sophistry impugns the honest humanity of these ostensible interpreters of public opinion in Britain.

(*From the German of O. v. Redowitz.*)

THE TROOPER.

The wood is dark, and clear the air,
Dawn gleams adown the dell;
The morning mist wets beard and hair,
The pearl runs from the steel.
Come hither, my steed, so fleet at need,
Let us ride, let us ride, let us ride!

Thou father, and thou mother mine,
And friends that think on me!
Ye may not o'er my life repine;
I follow it with glee.
I give my pelf, I give myself,
But to ride, and to ride, and to ride.

What though I ride to early death?
I am a trooper gay!
Let age in chambers draw its breath,
And languish life away!
Far rather I would choose to die,
As I ride, as I ride, as I ride!

Oh! I'm a stormy cavalier!
The rider is the wind;
But where a rosebud blooms so fair,
He is so soft and kind!
A stolen kiss ne'er comes amiss,
As he rides, as he rides, as he rides!

Now fare thee well, my little rose;
For kisses, here's my thanks!
Now I must be the storm that blows
To fill the forest ranks.
When bugles call, farewell to all,
I must ride, I must ride, I must ride!

R. W. R.

CONCERTS.

One of the most agreeable and effective modes of aiding our Sanitary Fair, and one self-suggested at the outset, was the institution of Concerts —the consent and contribution of all accessible instruments of harmony, human and mechanical, in one grand and charming result. Not only pianos, organs, drums, trombones, and whatever else is capable of making a grand noise, but soul-inspiring violins, mellifluous flutes, jingling triangles, baby octaves, and, for aught we know, humble fifes, found their appropriate places and uses; whether groaning, squeaking, roaring, rumbling, or emitting heavenly strains, such as are said to be evolved by the celestial spheres. (These last are of course to be considered breathings from the nectareous lips of young ladies.)

The music produced was, indeed, of various merit; but it had always some good in it—generally a great deal—as everything must have which engages the united forces of taste and talent, under the impulse of good feeling. Discords there are, and must be, but by what lovely modulations do they bring in harmony, all the lovelier for the momentary suspense.

These Concerts for the Fair were both symbols and foretastes of the Fair itself—the Great Concert of hands, hearts, voices, hopes and wishes. Never was there a harmonica of such wondrous power as this—the concerted performance for the benefit of our sick and wounded soldiers. What variety of instruments, from the highest to the humblest, each heightened in its effect by all the others. It is true the harmonization of such a variety of strains has required genius of a high order, labor unimagined by them who have not been behind the scenes; but what a splendid result.

The responsibility has been great; but look at the object and think of the reward. No other aim or end could so unite and attract our busy multitudes; no power inspired by thoughts less noble could bring into spheral concord such incongruous and warring elements. If you examine, with the care they deserve, the various portions of the grand performance in which our preliminary concerts have culminated, you will find the whole one noble hymn of love and kindness, which will be heard and felt thrillingly at the farthest limit of our land, in the tent and hospital, in the night-watch and its dire appendage, the fever cot; in the moment of advance, the hour of victory; in the very death-pang, which ends earthly hope, while it renders a thousand fold precious every token of love and sympathy.

By what marvellous transmutation do these material, common-place, every-day objects which fill our aisles and alcoves, turn into succor for the wounded, strength for the feeble, life and hope for the fainting, comfort for the last hours of our brave, martyr boys? How is it that pincushions flush out into pillows, pocket kerchiefs grow to sheets, dolls turn to active and faithful nurses, expensive garments into lint and bandages, splendid shawls into homely blankets, flowers to flannels, the grandest products of Birmingham and Sheffield into surgical instruments, elegant French *lingerie* into shirts and wrappers, magnificent carriages and horses into stretchers and mule ambulances, contrived to carry as many wounded men as can be laid on their shelves; in short, for it were indeed vain to attempt enumeration, how can all this luxury be converted into homely comforts and invaluable helps, and kept in readiness for every need that soldier flesh is heir to?

It is by the alchemy of love; and this is what has made all labor light, brought order out of chaos, union and harmony out of incongruous and grating elements, and a lovely choral strain from instruments which no power less gracious could have charmed into music.

CHARADE.

I.

King Solomon had sunk to rest,
At the hour of midnight dread,
His pillow with talismans was blest,
And an hundred guards, whom he trusted best,
Swart slaves of the East, pale chiefs of the West,
Watched round his purple bed.
But the king's warm clasp more truly tells,
Of his trust in my First, with its graven spells.
Yet far away, the while, where hidden waters
Pour their bright floods through India's forests deep,
More white and graceful than her fairest daughters,
My First is calmly floating, wrapped in sleep.

II.

Twelve galleys cleave the main,
With the stroke of mighty oars,
On sweeps the pageant's festal train,
Banners, and arms, and Music's strain,
While the restless ocean foams in vain,
Dashed round her island shores.
For the prince has conquered his fickle bride,
As my sparkling Second sinks in the tide,
Yet far away, the while, in faint vibration,
Borne on the waves of the calm summer air,
My Second peals that bridal's consecration,
In silver tones of mingled joy and prayer.

III.

Ah! virgin queen! ah! perjured friend!
At the hour of utmost need,
"Let the rebel Earl the token send,
Justice and pride shall gladly bend,"
He lingers." Bid the axe descend,
"Though royal hearts may bleed.
That much loved head in dust shall roll."
He sent, but treachery kept my Whole.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED.

(To be continued daily.)

ARTICLES RECEIVED AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET BUILDING.

Matches, Partridge & Kemp.
1 box brushes, John J. Adams & Co., $211.50.
Chair, J. H. Belter & Co., $300.
3 boxes crackers, Ja's McGay.
30 boxes cigars, W. H. Thomas & Brother, $217.
6 pkgs. fancy articles, Mrs. T. R. Butler, $339.25.
Fancy articles, Winer's Institute.
Glassware, C. F. A. Huirichs, $150.
Pair socks, Johanna Stieght.
Cigars, S. Odell.
Flag, W. S. Whitlock, $150.
Rubber goods, Goodyear Glove Mf'g Co., $268.11.
Slippers, Mrs. C. H. Meday.
2 pkgs. rubber goods, Enterprise Works, $1,040.32.
Shirts, L. Ernstein & Co., $496.
2 pkgs. fancy articles, Mrs. Arnold, $105.
2 pkgs. hair, Wm. Dibblee, $402.25.
2 pkgs. books, Dick & Fitzgerald, $250.
Boots, Withers & Porter.
Oil painting, Mrs. McKay.
2 pkgs. China, John Vogt & Co., $304.
Wine castor, A. K. Bedell.
Cutlery, Cha's A. Converse.
31 baskets champagne, J. B. Wellington and others, $1,200.
Bisque figures, D. B. Bedell.
8 pkgs. wine and cigars, Purdy & Nicholas, $201.
60 baskets champagne, J. B. Wellington and others, $1,800.
2 pkgs. umbrellas, &c., Byrd & Hall, $205.
10 pkgs. pickles, J. Davenport & Son.
4 pkgs. drugs, Hegeman & Co., $288.
Monument, D. Peters.
India rubber jewelry, H. W. Shiffer, $150.
India rubber jewelry, Vulcanite Jewelry Co., $170.
Worsted flowers, Mrs. Blanchard.
Books, Eyre & Spottiswood, $250.
5 boxes statuary, &c., Fisher & Bird, $450.
20 boxes golden bitters, G. C. Hubbel & Co., $200.
5 boxes soap, Cha's Buckland.
30 boxes starch, Oswego Starch Co., $250.
5 boxes candles, Rider & Clark.
Suspenders, American Suspender Co., $502.44.
Suspenders, Nashawunnuck Mf'g Co., $503.03.
17 boxes fancy goods, Committee on Fancy Goods.
14 boxes fancy goods, Committee on Fancy Goods.
Fancy goods, Mrs. Geo. Cutlipp.
33 boxes fancy goods, Messrs. Schloss & May, $793.28.
Books, Carlton & Porter, $500.
23 pkgs. mustard, G. A. Meriom.
Books, Cha's Probstings.
Books, Perry.
Clothing, Devlin & Co., $500.
Children's clothing, Devlin & Co., $443.
5 pkgs. fancy goods, Committee on Fancy Goods, $460.
Table, S. N. Cowperthwait.
Stand, A. S. Lane.
24 pkgs. crackers, Knapp, Northam & Carpenter.
Shoes, M. Eisemann.
4 pkgs. fancy goods, Butler & Pitkin, $200.21.
Fancy goods, ladies of Miss Rhemnei's School.
Butter cups, W. H. Clark.
Afghan, Frothingham Relief Association, $120.
Bedstead, Wm. Robertson.
Excelsior heater, Uzal Correy, $100.
21 boxes sperm candles, Cha's H. Leonard, $245.
2 pkgs. shells, Mrs. C. D. Mathews, $250.
Electrotypes, A. Haas and H. V. Parcell.
2 pkgs. crackers, G. & D. S. Bruen.
5 pkgs. curled hair, W. Wilkins & Co., $144.84.
Camp chairs, C. A. Berrian.
2 pkgs. furniture, Phelps, Jewett & Co., $150.
6 pkgs. rubber goods, W. H. Burden, $217.30.
10 pkgs. rubber goods, Meyer Rubber Co., $269.49.
25 boxes soap, C. W. Smith, $207.
14 pkgs. wine and cigars, H. G. Schmidt & Co., $321.
4 pkgs. hardware, Landers & Smith Mf'g Co.
Trunk, J. W. Thorn.
2 trunks, J. Underhill.
Boat, G. & W. Alexander, $175.
10 pkgs. books, Am. News Co., $250.50.
Books, W. J. Widdleton, $250.
Hoop skirts, W. S. Thompson, Langdon & Co., $159.
10 pkgs. wines and brandy, James Meyer, Jr., $328.50.
5 pkgs. champagne, S. G. Reed & Co., $175.
Drygoods, C. H. Lippitt.
3 pkgs. books, A. D. F. Randolph, $394.65.
Books, F. W. Christern.
Mantillas, &c., Hatheway & Schlegel.
Myers' liniment, C. Meyers.
Dolls' chairs.
Children's clothing.
Foot cushion.
Fancy articles.
Books.
Stationery.
Fancy articles.
Pincushion and dolls.
Ladies' collars.
Macaroni, Mrs. Roff.
Books, Ticknor & Fields.
Books.
Fancy frames, Mrs. Dr. E. A. Gates.
3 pkgs. music, P. H. Vanderweyde, $160.75.
Books.
3 pkgs. clocks, Geo. B. Owen.
Public documents, Ira Goodnew.
Fancy goods, Elly Zacharie & Co.
Fancy goods, L. Lesckhorn & Co.
2 pkgs. confectionery, E. Greenfield.
Trunk, &c., J. G. Cunningham.
10 apple parers, Lockey & Howland.
Specimen of penmanship, E. W. Finguo, $100.
310 pkgs. brandy, Hivert, Pellevoisin & Co., $10,000.
Drygoods, Johnson, Brooks & Co., $532.
Stationery, J. F. Briggs & Co.
5 pkgs. dry goods, J. F. Briggs & Co., Huddersfield, Eng., $5,082.
Fancy articles, W. B. Coughtry.
Bbl. flour, G. & S. McMurtry.
6 pkgs. furniture, Alex. Roux, $166.
Fancy goods, Mrs. Marsh.
Fancy goods, W. D. Love.
Clothing, J. B. Demorest.
Marble table &c., David Kilgour
6 pkgs. champagne, Mme. Cha's Farre, $184.
10 pkgs. wines, &c., T. McMullen, $176.
Furs, Cha's Knox, $100.
3 pkgs. furniture, L. Marcotto & Co., $540.
5 pkgs. glassware, Read & Moulds.
Painting, Miss Glover.
Vase, James Taylor, $100.
Painting, E. Dwight, Jr., $250.
2 pkgs. books, U. S. S. Com., $625.25.
Fans, U. S. S. Com.
Shoes, John Ready.
Books, Rutledge, Ward & Rutledge, $100.28.
Patent axles, Alfred E. Smith.
Liniment, Richardson & Co., Norwich.
2 pkgs. wheels and spokes, Blanchard & Brown.
2 medallion heads, H. Berger.
Model greenhouse, E. Griffiths.
Shoe laces, manufacturer.
Congress case, Cha's Robertson.
Fancy goods, Miss E. C. Strang.
3 pkgs. furniture, Laun & Saile.
31 pkgs. stove polish and crucibles, J. Dixon & Co., $560.
Fancy goods, M. J. Sennon.
Fancy goods, M. J. Triffith.
2 pkgs. fancy goods, ladies of Hackensack, $450.
Horse, Ben. W. Strong, $300.
Hatch combing and caum.
75 pkgs. soap, Fay Brothers, $112.50.
Pet rabbit, Margaret McCarty.
2 pkgs. carpets, John Sloane.
Marble mantel, W. S. Lee & Co., $250.
Fancy goods, Mrs. Griffin.
Vase flowers, Mrs. Green.
Fancy goods, J. Pullman & Co., $130.12.
3 pkgs. vases and bronzes, J. & T. Donald & Son.
Glassware, W. F. Rowland.
Fancy goods, Ladies' Methodist Society Jane street Church, $270.
Day's French gloss, Dan Day.
Stationery, Anderson & Archer.
Bonnets, Mrs. McClintock.
Bonnet, Mrs. S. P. Lovett.
Epaulets, E. Brown.
Two ottomans, J. Theller.
2 pkgs. albums, Geo. W. Alexander.
6 pkgs. fancy goods, Ladies' Union Relief Association, Rhinebeck, $530.
2 pictures, H. Sharp, $175.
Picture, Mrs. J. Gall.
10 coffins, Richard Davis.
China, L. Montrose, $225.
2 pkgs. China, J. G. A. Vogt, $100.15.
Fancy articles, Mrs. S. T. Hubbard.
9 pkgs. matches, B. & H. D. Howard, $101.50.
Cigars, L. E. Amsinck & Co., $100.
5 pkgs. champagne, L. E. Amsinck & Co., $127.57.
Fancy articles, Mrs. Worley.
Confectionery, R. L. Gilbert & Co.
10 pkgs. coffee, Lewis A. Osborn, $150.
Fancy articles, Dr. Bulkley.
Shawl, Miss M. V. Garretson.
Fancy articles, Richard Butler, $306.60.
Sofa, De Graff & Finegan.
8 pkgs. weather strips, Weather Strip Co.
Harness, Richard Campbell, $200.
30 pkgs. metallic caps, John J. Cooke, $250.
5 pkgs. fancy articles, ladies Westchester Co., $1,837.25.

List of Goods received by the Committee on Contributions from without the city—Col. E. F. Shephard, Chairman.

25 copies books, Mr. Albert Fearing, Boston, Mass. $100.
Wood's mowing machine, Mrs. Walter A. Wood, Hoosick Falls, N. Y., $110.
Cash, Mr. John W. Gibbs, Jefferson, N. Y.
Hops, Mrs. Mary M. Foot, Cooperstown, N. Y.
2 bbls. potatoes, Mr. D. A. Bulkley, Williamstown, Mass.
Fancy articles, the Ladies' Aid Society of Manchester, and Clark's Mills, $187.91.
Confederate money, Dr. Bliss, 51st Reg't N. Y. V.
Confederate money, Capt. Wright, 51st Reg't N. Y. V.
Austrian-Italian postage stamps, Mrs. W. D. Howells.
Fancy articles, Mr. M. Moore, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
Fancy articles, Miss Barton and Mrs. Roberts, Clinton, N. Y.
Indian embroidered saddle, and wolf skin saddle cloth, Capt. Edward Corning, Department North West.
Indian medical curiosities and trophies, Capt. Edward Corning, Department North West.
The lock of John Brown's prison, Troy Committee, Troy, N. Y.
Patent dowel boring machine, Mr. A. P. Merchant, Guilford, N. Y.
Diagrams, Mrs. D. B. Briggs, West Winfield, N. Y.
9 boxes, 1 bbl. fancy goods and 1 bale wool, the ladies of Owego, N. Y.
Fancy cone work, Mr. F. Anderson, Rondout, N. Y.
Two-year old buck, Mr. Nathaniel Hallock, Milton, N. Y.
Fancy articles, the ladies of St. Luke's Church, Clermont, N. Y.
Fancy articles, the ladies of Trinity Church, Madalin, N. Y.
Fancy articles, the Ladies' Aid Society of Port Jervis, N. Y.
Fancy articles, Miss Susan C. Wheeler, Hancock, N. Y.
Maple sugar, Mrs. M. Wheeler, Hancock, N. Y.
Cash, Presbyterian Church, Marlboro', N. Y.
Cash, Presbyterian Church, Middle Hope, N. Y.
Proceeds 5 oil pictures, Miss M. F. Green, Providence, R. I.
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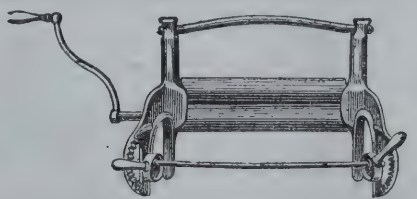

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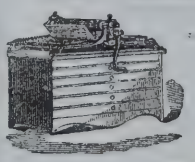

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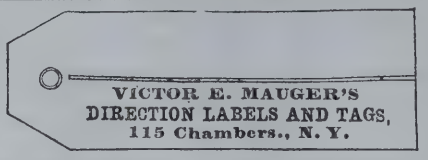

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INCIDENTS AND ITEMS OF THE FAIR.

Mrs. General McClellan has recovered at the Police sub-station a very valuable piece of jewelry lost by her. Mrs. General McDowell has also recovered a lost article at this station, where a large quantity of articles of all descriptions, handkerchiefs, gloves, spectacles, eyeglasses, money, etc., etc., await the call of the owners. Everybody expresses the highest gratification at the admirable management which characterises this department, presided over by Inspector Leonard. A new ticket, for the recovery of lost articles, is not required.

We beg leave to call the attention of the lovers of Art to the beautiful decorations furnished as a gift for the Confectionery Department, by Henry Maillard, the celebrated confectioner of Broadway. Among the most ingenious and artistic of the pieces he has contributed, is a man of war in candy, so perfect as to attract the attention and admiration of all the visitors to the Restaurant. Even our naval heroes stop to admire its beautiful proportions, and enquire jestingly of the fair young ladies behind the counter, how many battles it has fought. We understand that Mr. Maillard is as liberal as he is tasteful, and that every day witnesses fresh contributions of delicious bonbons from his generous hand.

Private Mudge, who was wounded at Chancellorsville, in a most remarkable manner, and who has lost sight, taste and smell, by the effects of his wounds, can be seen in the Restaurant every day. He needs help. Good people, call on this brave and unfortunate soldier, and listen to his wonderful and thrilling story.

General Grant's Saddle.—A superb gold-mounted saddle, manufactured by Betts, Nichols & Co., is the attractive article at the Saddlery Department. It may be seen and subscribed for by the many thousand admirers of General Grant, at the above stand, which is located in the middle of the North wall opposite the main entrance. The saddle is of great value, and worthy of the use for which it is intended. May it prove the seat of victory to the renowned rider.

The *Book of Bubbles* sells rapidly, and as the edition is limited, the lovers of wit and fun should secure their copies at once. They are for sale at the Stationery and Library Departments. The drawings by Cresson Beard, Miss Fay, Dr. Carroll, Darley and others, are remarkable specimens of the art of caricature.

Among the visitors to the Fair this week we noticed the gallant Sergeant Plunkett and his wife. It will be remembered that the Sergeant lost both arms in battle, and while in hospital employed a friend to write to his betrothed, releasing her from her engagement, as he would not be able to support her. The brave girl wrote in reply, that as long as she had two arms she could and would support *him*. Her true and heroic devotion deserves to be mentioned with honor in every history of our great struggle against rebellion and disunion.

The Soda Water stand has up a placard "no change given." A gentleman drank his glass of soda water, and tendered a $2 bill; no change being given him, he drank out the balance.

A gentleman called at the Wax Flower stand, and seeing a pincushion asked, "What is that for?" The lady replied, "For sale." The gentleman took passage for parts unknown.

Miss Flora McFlimsey, Jr., is to be seen at the Norwalk stand.

The ladies of the Westchester table acknowledge with thanks, the liberal donations received from the ladies of Mamaroneck, and other parts of the county, and also to our noble soldiers now in Hospital at David's Island, who have sent so many things that add greatly to the beauty and receipts of the table.

Another Monster Ox.—Putnam county, spurred to ambitious emulation by the mammoth gift of her sister county, has sent to the Fair a *larger* ox than the "Pride of Livingston." These stupendous creatures speak well for New York State, and such an exhibition as this pair present may never be witnessed again. Mr. Hassack, the Chairman, has his hands full of beef, and a rib to spare.

An old gentleman passing by Cockloft Hall the other day, perceived the inscription "Smokem, toastem, roastem," etc. "O, here is something good to eat," he exclaimed; "let us go in;" and in he went!

One of the most interesting, on some accounts, of the stalls in the Fair is that devoted to Charitable Institutions. It is in the Children's Department, Union Square building, and is furnished by the inmates of the various charitable institutions and asylums for the unfortunates, whose welfare is felt to be a public care. The frequent use of the hall for musical and other entertainments has a tendency to prevent the sale of articles at the various stands in this department. Patronage is, in consequence, in a great measure diverted to other parts of the building. For many reasons this is unfortunate, and particularly in the case of the stand under consideration.

The articles for sale here represent probably a greater devotion than in almost any other department of the Fair. The donors, in some cases, have exhausted all their means to set forth the display of this stand. The little children of the Home for the Friendless have given every penny—three hundred in all—that they have received since Christmas, with the exception of one apiece: a nest egg, we are sure, for future accumulations, that will be as freely given whenever a worthy object shall present itself. But perhaps the most touching of all is a collection of amulets, or lamplighters, of colored paper made by the smallest of them. They could do no more, but this mite of theirs is one of the most suggestive and noble of the many gifts collected at the Fair. These lamplighters are put up in five cent bundles, and there are $18 worth of them. With the humble offering came the following letter:

"Home for the Friendless, 32 East 30th street.

"The children of the Home for the Friendless take great pleasure in donating their free will offering to the Fair, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. They feel a deep interest in the welfare of our suffering soldiers, inasmuch as over sixty of their boys are now engaged in this conflict for freedom and the Union, they therefore give their three hundred pennies, with their best wishes for the success of the Metropolitan Fair, and speedy restoration of peace to our beloved country.

They also send twelve boxes containing thirty packs of lamplighters, made by their own hands, to give light to all who buy them. Sent by vote of the Home children. Mrs. R. P. Renfield,
Children's Secretary.

The institutions that have contributed to furnish the stand are the Deaf and Dumb Asylum; Blind Asylum; State Lunatic Asylum; Bloomingdale, Hebrew, and Colored Orphan Asylum, New York; Wilson Industrial School and the Home for the Friendless. Five little girls belonging to the Birch Church Mission School, prepared a doll with a complete set of dresses, which is for sale for $10. We have mentioned this stand particularly because of the nature of the donors and the character of the gifts. Probably not one of all the stands at the Fair, however magnificent, unique, or costly its furniture, is watched with such eager interest by the donors as the one referred to. For the sake of the self-sacrificing givers, and the honor of charity itself, we bespeak a full sale for all the goods.

THE ROMAN TABLE.

The following is a correct list of the Paintings and other works of Art exhibited at the Roman Table in the Metropolitan Fair:

Scene in the Alps, in the neighborhood of Altorf, Switzerland, Joseph Ropes;—Torcello, scene not far from Venice, where the first inhabitants of Venice settled, J. Rollin Tilloe;—Landscape, Italian view, H. W. Waugh;—Child and Dog, interior, Otto Brandt;—Street Scene, T. Zielike;—Landscape, morning, A. Filedei;—Harvest Girl, Innocenti Banzo;—Campagna View, with ox team, Innocenti Banzo;—Bay of Naples from Capri, Miss A. O. Williams;—Contadino with Carca, Miss M. E. Williams;—Copy of Otto Brandt, 4, Miss Latilla; Copy of a Sassoferato, in the Corsini Gallery;—Copy of Murillo's Madonna della Colonna in the Corsini;—Moonlight Scene, A. Filedei;—Copy of Carlo Dolce, from the Corsini Gallery;—English Maiden, Mr. Freeman;—Copy of Guido Cagnacci's Sibyl, painted on ivory, from the Borghese Gallery;—Several sketches of Scenery in the neighborhood of Capri, at Terracina, etc., by a German artist (very fine);—Scene in the Adirondacks, Mr. Stillman;—Bit of Roman Aqueduct, etc., Mr. Hotchkiss;—Pifferani (bagpipe players);—Shepherd Boy in the Campagna, American lady Artist;—Sketch of Pasquecia, a Roman model, Mr. L. Terry. Other pictures will be found, not on the list.

Bust of William H. Seward, Mr. C. B. Ives;—Bust of Washington, from Houdon's;—Bust of a Fawn, Montague Handley. This the young artist

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Augustus R. Macdonough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N.Y.

worked out himself in marble, putting upon it three months' labor.—Bust of the Madonna;—Bas Relief of Pasquecia, a Roman model in marble, Miss Margaret Foley;—Rosaries blessed by the Pope, with consular seal and certificate;—Cameos (stone) unset;—Shell Cameos, set and unset;—Mosaics, sets, pins, earrings, lockets, buttons, &c.;—Roman gold earrings, pins, buttons, &c.;—Pin with Etruscan setting, presented by Castellani;—Roman pearls, earrings, brooches, necklaces, bracelets, buttons, coronets, head dresses, &c.;—Busts from the Antique, in composition;—Articles made of marbles collected in the ruins in and about Rome;—Books of Casts from the antique;—Book of Photographic views of the statues in the Vatican (Macpherson);—Macpherson's small books, do.;—Canova's Works, full set of elegant engravings, one large folio, presented by Miss Cushman;—Other valuable books;—Engravings of Pictures in the Florence galleries;—Mosaic Paper Weight, presented by Miss Cushman;—Sorrento Wood Glove Box;—Bronze Biga;—Bronze Lamp, Inkstand;—Bronze model of the Bell of St. Peter's;—Bronze model of Canova's Lions from the tomb of Clement 13th;—Large collection of fine Photographic Views of scenery and statues in and near Rome;—Rocci's Photographs of the Pictures;—Small Photographs;—Cartes de Visite;—Stereoscopic Views;—Crucifixes;—Paper Cutters and Seals, made of the shells from which shell cameos are manufactured;—Photograph of Guido's Aurora, from the original in the Rospigliosi Villa;—Photographs (scriptural) from Raphael.

Correction.—The statuette of the "Biter Bit," in the Architectural Department, was attributed by mistake in a late number to Rogers, whose fame can spare that laurel. It is the work of Karl Müller, as is also a capital bas relief, in the same department, of Dr. Harsen.

Table number 29, under the charge of Mrs. Van Auken, has received the following donations, valued at $40, through Mrs. R. M. Buchanan:

2 Toilet Cushions, 3 Tonsoriums, 1 Mouchoir Satchel, 1 Lap-dog Blanket, 1 Pearl Port Monnaie, 1 Silk Fan, ornamented with steel, 2 Toilet Mats, 1 Fancy Apron, 1 Doll's Cloak, 1 Infant's Sacque, 1 Embroidered Merino Sacque, 1 Cone Basket.

The following articles have been contributed to the Metropolitan Fair through Mrs. B. Nathan:

By Miss Clara Nathan—5 Braided Toilet Sets, with embroidered initials, 1 White Embroidered Merino Sack; by Mrs. B. Nathan—7 Ladies' Dresses, 2 Framed Mosses, 3 large pieces of White Sea Coral, 3 Antique Figures, 8 Cushion Covers, 4 Braided Toilet Sets, several articles of Worsted Work; by Mr. Solis, Philadelphia—Royal Ermine Muff; by Madame Decker—1 White Opera Cloak; by Davies, Bro. & Co.—1 Black Silk Mantilla.

UNION SQUARE BUILDING.

INTERNATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

Booth No. 1.—Vote on Army and Navy Swords, Tiffany & Co.
" " 2.—Contributions from Switzerland, Mrs. M. J. Paillard.
" " 3.—Pennsylvania Relief Association, Mrs. Edward Tatum.
" " 4.—Contributions by Loyal Americans in England, Mrs. John S. Williams and Mrs. William H. Guion.
" " 5.—Ulster County, Mrs. H. C. Hasbrouck.
" " 6.—French, Foreign and Fancy Goods, Mrs. C. Hunt, Miss K. Hone, and Miss L. Barnewall.
" " 7.—Hartford Department, Mrs. Saml. Colt, and Miss A. Tarnter.
" " 8.—Japan Shells, Mrs. J. H. Caldwell.
" " 9.—Ladies' Relief Association, Park Barracks, Mrs. H. K. Bogert.
" " 10.—Floral Department, Mrs. Lucy A. Bliss.
" " 11.—Ice Cream, Mrs. John M. Story.
" " 12.—Knickerbocker Kitchen, Mrs. J. I. Roosevelt.
" " 13.—Music Hall, Mrs. H. W. Hills.
" " 14.—Grab Bag, Miss C. Lane.
" " 15.—Soda Water.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

Booth No. 1.—Skating Pond, Mrs. Phillips.
" " 2.—Charitable Institutions, Miss T. McCredy.
Booth No. 2½.—Refreshments and Confectionery, Mrs. F. V. Hamlin.
" " 3.—Fancy Goods, Mrs. Everett and Miss Beardsley.
" " 4.—Madison Ave. Baptist Church, Mrs. G. M. Vanderlip.
" " 5.—Public Schools, Miss L. F. Wadleigh.
" " 6.—Toy Store, Mrs. J. G. Cornell.
" " 7.—Refreshments & Confectionery, Mrs. Foster & Mrs. Stagg.
" " 8.—Staten Island, Mrs. J. L. Tuthill.
" " 9.—Book Store, Miss M. M. Roberts.
" " 9½.—Soldiers' Orphans, Mrs. J. Chisholm.
" " 10.—Private Schools, Mrs. Henry Anthon.
" " 11.—Soda Fountain, Miss M. F. Hoagland.
" " 12.—Ice Cream and Lemonade, Miss M. E. Evans.

Mineral Department.—We take pleasure in again calling attention to the fine collection of specimens in the Mineral Department of Station No. 73, on the second floor. Although the place and space allotted are unfavorable to the exhibition of the articles, yet the beauty of the specimens arrest the attention of all visitors, while they are of great interest in a scientific point of view. They are flowers and gems of the lead mining regions of Wisconsin, Illinois, and Iowa, and in their singular groupings, brilliancy, and perfection of form, are worthy of a place in the cabinets of amateurs and of our colleges. Single and grouped crystals, and reticulated forms of Galena, Crystals of Galena coated with Iron Pyrites, Stalactitic Pyrites, Geodes of Quartz, and spars, are here, such as nature rarely produces, and art cannot imitate.

Our loyal sister State upon the Pacific, has also sent a choice collection of specimens of her virgin gold, worthy of her lavish liberality. As all these specimens are for sale, it is hoped that they will realize a sum commensurate with the generosity of their donors.

They present opportunities to colleges, as well as individuals, to replenish their cabinets, and some cases containing small specimens of the leading mineral species, and designed for beginners in this delightful and useful study, may prove the nucleus from which large and choice private collections may at some future day arise.

A pair of ladies' shoes, made to order, *eighteen* inches long, can be seen at the Boot and Shoe Stall, together with a magnificent pair of bridal satin shoes, *not* eighteen inches long.

METROPOLITAN FAIR FOR THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

AUCTION NOTICE.

Heads of departments wishing to make sales by auction, will please hand in their invoices two days before sale, to either of the following auctioneers, or to the Secretary of this Committee. Each department will arrange with the gentlemen whom they may elect to make their sales, in regard to the reception and delivery of their goods.

All goods, wares, and merchandise will be received and accounted for by those employed, who will furnish their own clerks and attend to their own advertising.

The following are the names and places of business of the gentlemen tendering their services, in the order they were received:

Daniel A. Mathews, 66 Nassau street.
Edward Schenck, 60 Liberty street.
George Welles Nichols, 113 Pearl street.
Henry D. Miner, 37 Nassau street.
Daniel H. Burdett, 109 Wall street.
Henry Molton, 235 Broadway.
J. H. Draper, 36 Pine street.
Edward Sintzenich, 155 Broadway.
J. E. Halsey, 10 Barclay street.
Walter M. Lloyd, 15 Nassau street.
E. T. Wills, 47 Murray street.
John H. Austen, 340 Broadway.
Thomas J. Miller, 74 Broadway.
Alfred L. Curtis, 23 Murray street.

All goods sold by this Commission are free from United States duties, as well as the District License.

E. H. Ludlow, Chairman of the Committee of Auctioneers.
Henry D. Miner, Secretary.

Heads of departments and subordinate departments, requiring the services of an auctioneer, will please send notice in writing to the Executive Committee Room two days before sale.

E. H. Ludlow, Chairman Auction Committee.

HOW I CAME TO BE A NURSE.—No. IV.

THE BOGIE.

We were all very ignorant when the war began, and among the many subjects on which our minds presented an entire blank, was that sublime, unfathomed mystery—"Professional Etiquette." Out of the army, in practice which calls itself "civil," the etiquette of the profession is a cold spectre, whose presence is felt everywhere, if not seen; but in the Medical Department of the Army, it is an absolute Bogie, which stands continually in one's path, which shows its narrow, ugly face in camps and in hospitals, in offices and in wards; which puts its cold paw on private benevolence, whenever benevolence is fool enough to permit it; which has kept shirts from ragged men, and broth from hungry ones; which, while not intentionally hard-hearted, would rather prefer to see a man die in the regular way, than to give him a chance of being saved irregularly; which will on no account whatever, and in no emergency, tolerate outside assistance. It is an evil Bogie, which in full knowledge of empty kitchens and exhausted "funds," quietly asserts that it has need of nothing, and politely bows Philanthropy out into the cold.

All this I was profoundly ignorant of, for the first few months of the war, and so, innocently began my rounds with my little jelly pots and socks knit at home for the boys—when, suddenly, I met the Bogie, and what a queer thing he was! It was a hot summer morning, not a breath of air coming in at the open windows—the hospital full of sick men, and the nurses all busy, so I sat by a soldier and fanned him through the long tedious hours. Poor man, he was dying, and so grateful to me, so afraid I should tire myself; I could have fanned him all day for the pleasure it was to help him, but the Bogie came in, and gave me a look of icy inquiry. My hand ought to have been paralysed at once, but somehow or other, it kept moving on, with the fan in it, while I stupidly returned the Bogie's stare; it was my first experience of him, and that can be my only excuse.

Finding that I still lived, Bogie quietly made his plan, left the room without saying a word, and in ten minutes afterward developed his tactics. He was a small Bogie—yes, small is the word—knowing what he wanted to do, but not quite brave enough to do it alone, so he got another one to help him, and together, they brought all the weight of professional indignation to bear upon me. I "must leave immediately." "Who was I, that I should bring myself and my presumptuous fan, without direct commission from the surgeon-general," into the hospital commanded by Bogie? "Not only must I leave at once, but I must *never return*."

This was rather a blow, it must be confessed. The moment for action had arrived—I rapidly reviewed my position, notified myself that I was the Benevolent Public, and decided that the sick soldiers were, in some sort, the property of the B. P. Then I divulged *my* tactics. I informed the Bogies (how well that rhymes with Fogies)—that I had ordered my carriage to return at such an hour, that the sun was hot, that I had no intention whatever of walking out in it, and that, in short, I had decided to remain. What there was in these simple facts, very quietly announced, to exorcise the demon, I am unable to say, but the gratifying result was, that half an hour afterward, Professional Etiquette made a most salutary repast off its own remarks; that I spent the remainder of the day where I was; that both the Bogies, singly, called the next morning to say—"Please, sir, it was'nt *me*, sir,—'twas the other boy, sir;" and that from that time the wards were all before me.

This first encounter had not inspired me with a wholesome fear, so that when we came, shortly after, in the progress of the war, to be camping near our first regimental hospital, I utterly ignored the existence of the evil spirit, and did as I pleased.

It was a pretty spot—our camp down in a valley, in Virginia—hill-side covered with white tents, sloping to a green meadow and clear, bright, little river. The meadow was part of my grandfather's farm, years ago, and in the stream all his children had fished and paddled. Great magnolia trees, full of creamy, luscious blossoms, used to fringe the little river, and on Sundays, when the big family coach rolled into town, all the children went to church with their hands full of flowers. Now, we—two generations afterward, had come back and pitched our tents in the old wheat fields, and made ready for war, and there were no magnolia blossoms any more.

On the hills all about us the army was gathering, white tents springing up like mushrooms in the night. With their coming, came sickness, and sickness brought the men of the next brigade into a poor little shanty close behind our headquarters. There we found them, one day, wretched and neglected—and "most improperly," at once adopted them as our own. We asked no one's permission, but went to work, had the house cleaned from top to bottom, shelves put up, and sacks filled with straw; then we prescribed the diet and fed them just as we pleased. All this was a shocking breach of propriety, and I have no doubt the surgeon of the regiment was somewhere behind a fence, white with rage. Never mind—our men were delighted, and one dear, little, blue-eyed boy, who had blown his lungs through his fife, was never tired of saying and looking his thanks. Finally, we persuaded the General to break up the little den, and order all the sick sent to general hospitals, and our breaches of etiquette came to an end.

I am glad we did all this, then and there, and I should do the same things right over again, two years ago; but this being two years afterward, I confess that I should go to work a little differently.

Bogie is a fixed fact, and on the whole, more good is accomplished by mildly stroking him the right way, than by punching his head, much as I should frequently prefer the latter proceeding. No doubt, too, philanthropy is a little bit wild, sometimes, and does introduce surreptitious cake and pies (I have detected them) under pillows where only gruel should be found. Some sort of judicious leading-strings will do philanthropy no harm. At any rate, we must let Bogie *imagine* that he has them round us, and a good rule for the Benevolent Public is—Possess yourself, and you will, pretty generally, possess Bogie.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

The stars may blossom in the skies,
Sweet flowers repeat the rainbow's dyes,
And home be fair as Paradise,
  And plenty yield her golden store:—
Without dear woman, man would be
A melancholy mystery:
His heart a lone and troubled sea,
  That breaks upon a silent shore.

Fair Eve was taken from the side
Of Adam, and became his bride—
She was her husband's joy and pride:—
  She came not kneeling at his feet,
Or shrinking at his steps with fear,
But from his throbbing side, so near
His beating heart, that she could hear
  Its love in happy pulses beat.

And woman's mission since that day
Has been to wipe the tears away
From sorrow's face, and light the ray
  Of hope within the human breast.
Beside the couch where pity calls
For help, her graceful shadow falls,
Like wings that droop from starry walls
  Above a child at peaceful rest.

Say that the gallant soldier bleeds:—
With swift and silent feet she speeds,
Forgetting forms and caste and creeds,
  To bind the wound whose lips proclaim
His holy valor in the fight.
She watches till the stars of night
Grow pale, and when the morning light
  Fills the vast sky with rosy flame.

The hero in her presence seems
Like Jacob in his desert dreams,
And where her noiseless footstep gleams
  Upon Hope's golden ladder-rounds,
Well may he turn his fevered head
To kiss the shadow on his bed.
She saved the life that would have fled
  Through the red gate of bleeding wounds.

March 10th, 1864. George W. Bungay.

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1864.

THE STORY OF PELAYO.

A FRAGMENT, BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

(Now published for the first time.)

In the ensuing pages it is our intention to give little more than an abstract of an old chronicle, teeming with extravagances, yet containing facts of admitted credibility, and presenting pictures of Spanish life, partly sylvan, partly chivalrous, which have all the quaint merit of the curious delineations in old tapestry. The origin of Pelayo is wrapped in great obscurity, though all writers concur in making him of royal Gothic lineage. The chronicle in question makes Pelayo the offspring of a love affair in the court of Ezica, one of the last of the Gothic kings who held his seat of government at Toledo. Among the noble damsels brought up in the royal household was the beautiful Lucia, niece and maid of honor to the queen. A mutual passion subsisted between her and Favila, the youthful Duke of Cantabria, one of the most accomplished cavaliers of the kingdom. The duke, however, had a powerful rival in the Prince Witiza, son of the king, and afterward known, for the profligacy of his reign, by the name of Witiza the wicked. The prince, to rid himself of a favored rival, procured the banishment of Favila to his estates in Cantabria, not, however, before he had been happy in his loves in stolen interviews with the fair Lucia. The cautious chronicler, however, lets us know that a kind of espousal took place by the lovers plighting their faith with solemn vows before an image of the Virgin, and as the image gave no sign of dissent by way of forbidding the banns, the worthy chronicler seems to consider them as good as man and wife.

After the departure of the duke, the prince resumed his suit with stronger hopes of success, but met with a repulse which converted his love into implacable and vengeful hate.

The beautiful Lucia continued in attendance on the queen, but soon became sensible of the consequences of her secret and informal nuptials so tacitly sanctioned by the Virgin. In process of time, with great secrecy, she gave birth to a male child, whom she named Pelayo. For fifteen days the infant was concealed in her apartment, and she trusted all was safe, when, to her great terror, she learnt that her secret had been betrayed to Prince Witiza, and that search was to be made for the evidence of her weakness. The dread of public scorn and menace of a cruel death overcame even the feelings of a mother. Through means of a trusty female of her chamber she procured a little ark so constructed as to be impervious to water. She then arrayed her infant in costly garments, wrapping it in a mantle of rich brocade; and when about to part with it, kissed it many times, and laid it in her lap, and wept over it. At length the child was borne away by the dueña of her chamber and a faithful handmaid. It was dark midnight when they conveyed it to the borders of the Tagus, where it washes the rocky foundations of Toledo, covering it from the dew and night air, they committed the ark to the eddying current, which soon swept it from the shore. As it glided down the rapid stream, says the ancient chronicle, they could mark its course even in the darkness of the night, for it was surrounded by a halo of celestial light. They knew not how to account for this prodigy, says the same authentic author, until they remembered that the mother had blessed the child with the sign of the cross, and had baptized it with her own hand. Others, however, explain this marvel differently, for in this child, say they, was centred the miraculous light which was afterward to shine forth with comfort and deliverance in the darkest hour of Spain.

The chronicle quoted by Fray Antonio Agapida goes on to state what befell the fair Lucia after the departure of the child. Her apartments were searched at early dawn, but no proof apppeared to substantiate the charges made against her. The Prince Witiza persisted in accusing her publicly of having brought disgrace upon her line by her frailty. A cavalier of the court, suborned by him, supported the accusation by an oath, and offered to maintain the truth of it by his sword. A month was granted by the king for the afflicted lady to find a champion, and a day appointed for the lists; if none appeared, or if her champion were overcome, she was to be considered guilty, and put to death. The day arrived, the accusing knight was on the ground in complete armor; proclamation was made, but no one stepped forward to defend the lady. At length a trumpet sounded; an unknown knight, with vizor closed, entered the list. The combat was long and doubtful, for it would appear as if the holy Virgin was not perfectly satisfied with the nature of the espousals which had taken place before her image. At length the accusing knight was overcome and slain, to the great joy of the court and all the spectators, and the beautiful Lucia was pronounced as immaculate as the Virgin her protectress.

The unknown champion, of course, proved to be the Duke of Cantabria. He obtained a pardon of the king for returning from banishment without the royal permission; what is more, he obtained permission formally to espouse the lady whose honor he had so gallantly established. Their nuptials were solemnized in due form and with great magnificence, after which he took his blooming bride to his castle in Cantabria to be out of reach of the persecutions of the Prince Witiza.

Having made this brief abstract of what occupies many a wordy page in the ancient chronicle, we return to look after the fortunes of the infant Pelayo when launched upon the waves in the darkness of the night.

The ark, containing this future hope of Spain, continues the old chronicle, floated down the current of the golden Tagus, where that renowned river winds through the sylvan solitudes of Estremadura; all night, and throughout the succeeding day and the following night, it made its tranquil way. The stream ceased its wonted turbulence and dimpled round it, the swallow circled round it with lively chirp and sportive wing, the breezes whispered musically among the reeds, which bowed their tall heads as it passed; such was the bland influence of the protection of the Virgin.

(To be continued.)

A TRAGEDY OF TO-DAY.

Every human being, I believe, has some trait, or expression, or power peculiar to themselves, that is the seal of their own individuality. I begin with such a "credo," because it is necessary in order to explain the peculiar but faithfully true incident I have to narrate that I should confess my own specialty. Everybody confides in me! I do not mean that they trust, or love, or ask help from me; but something in my mental or moral nature seems to lay a spell, even on strangers; and I have had personal histories of the most delicate nature, things I would scarcely tell my own sister, poured into my ears by persons I had not known ten days. This curious and often embarrassing gift of mine was never more strongly exemplified than one day about a month ago, when I was walking up the broad bright streets of my native city. There could have been nothing in my face to attract confidence, for I was very tired, full of care and anxiety, and hastening home without even a glance at the people I met, when suddenly a woman stepped before me and said, in a peculiarly excited tone,

"Do you want to see my boy?"

My wits are rather quick, thanks to long training in emergencies, and at once I thought, "A crazy person! take it coolly, don't show her you know it." So I said with entire composure and a certain degree of suavity, quite unsurprised.

"Oh yes, where is he?"

"There he is!" said she, indicating with the tip of her parasol one daguerreotype out of some hundred, that filled a large showcase leaning against the side of a door.

I looked, expecting to see some fat urchin, ruffled and bare armed, with a whip or an apple, looking crosser than life and more stolid than nature; for I had jumped to the feminine conclusion that this strange appeal was a burst of maternal pride in some simple soul, altogether carried away by the depicted beauties of her baby: but I saw instead a young man's figure, dressed in uniform; a thoroughly New England face, "hard-favored" (as we say in Connecticut), a certain gravity and sadness on the long uncomely features, the prominent mouth set firmly, the cool eyes looking straight forward, the hands dropped, nothing more attractive in the visage than a steady expression; one could scarce imagine that even a mother's eye could find it pleasant to look on.

I looked from the picture to her; she was a middle-aged, common-place looking woman, well and neatly dressed in deep mourning, evidently from the country; her whole face stirred with suppressed feeling. I had to say something—so I spoke:

"He is in the army?"

"He's dead!"

I despair of giving these two words in print; I did not know that one phrase could be so overburdened with expression. I felt at once that there was only one fact in the world to her, only one idea—a possessing and transfusing agony that could not recognise anything in life but itself; that even knew not in its blind rage, whether she spoke or thought; careless of forms or persons; intent to speak as a severed artery is to bleed, yet simply instinctive in doing so. The very dynamic force of her anguish made it utter itself in words.

I was struck dumb. I was like one blundering into a foreign tongue, what could I say? I stammered out a blunt inquiry:

"Was he shot?"

"Shot at Bull Run—and they brought him home."

"You had him with you then?"

"Oh yes! He was just through College. The best boy! going to be a minister; so good, and so smart. Why the President said at his funeral it was a mysterious Providence."

"But it was splendid to have him die for his country," said I.

As soon as I had said it I could have bitten my tongue for offering to this broken heart such oratorical stuff as that. She took no notice of it.

"He was so good: knew so much: if he had lived he would have done so much more all his life,—and he's dead."

She faced round upon me with these last words till I felt imbecile again.

"Was *he* sorry he went!" said I.

"No, he thought he ought to. I asked him when he was a-dying, if he could forgive the man that shot him. 'Why, mother!' says he, 'I haven't anything against him, he didn't mean to shoot me specially; I suppose he thought he ought to fire his gun as much as I thought I ought to fire mine. I could shake hands with him now.'"

"You had a real hero for a son."

"He's dead," was all she said, with dreadful iteration; the tears running over her eyelids, without her consciousness apparently, and her whole face as still with intensity as the band of a wheel that moves so fast it seems to stand still.

"But after all," said I, "you are a blessed woman to have made such a sacrifice to your country; I wish day and night I had a man to send to the war, and I haven't one!"

This was equally unheeded; she went on—"I can't see why he should have died, he was so good; he was all the son I'd got, and I thought he'd grow up to be a comfort to me, and everybody spoke well of him; he'd have done a great deal more good if he'd lived; I can't see it—and he's dead!"

"But you know God always does right, if it does seem hard now," said I, in despair of making my way gradually to these heights, that are the very citadel of the soul, and which one instinctively shrinks from entering without cautious approach. She turned round upon me with a mingled look of weariness and anger.

"Did you ever lose a son in the war?" said she, almost fiercely.

That appeal cowed me at once, for I felt all it implied; my tongue faltered and my heart slunk away before hers, as I said faintly:

"No."

"Then you don't know anything about it; it's no use for you to talk. I can't have it so! I can't have it so! I tell you *he's dead!!*

Just here she caught the eye of a friend, and turned to speak to her. I made my escape. I could not have borne another minute the sight of her grief. I have never seen her since; though I found out her name and her dwelling-place, and if ever I go through that pretty river town I will ask about her, most surely, for I never can forget her or her son. Yet strange to say as I walked away from that interview, stunned and dumb, only these words kept reiterating themselves in my mind:

"For God so loved the world, He gave his only-begotten Son."

ROSE TERRY.

THE CANNON OF GETTYSBURG.

No morning star shines forth,
And the nation holds its breath,
For the rebel hosts are led
By the chieftain at their head,
Swift and still, and grim as death,
To the North!

Through all the land, a gloom
Spreads like a mighty soul's eclipse!
Men dumbly listen to the word
Muttered—uttered—fiercely roared
From out the cannon's awful lips—
Is it "Doom?"

Thou Nemesis of States!
At thy dark bar Columbia stands!
She who so late, with godlike pride,
Bade all the world her wealth divide,
As proudly now thy dread commands
Alone awaits.

Around each leaguered town,
Like Gauls, the scornful legions pour.
Strange sounds the word they speak to-day—
"Americans! Ye pay,
At bidding of a conqueror,
Tribute down!"

The matrons yield their stores,
The sordid hucksters pay their gold.
And first since Britons left our strand,
A stranger banner flouts the land,
And hangs its horrid fold
At our doors!

As the columns, long and strong,
Forward march with steady tramp,
Many a mother and maid turn white,
And fear and grim despair, like night,
Set their gloomy stamp
On the throng!

Hark! through the air of woe,
What notes of cheer the burghers hear!
Like murmuring rivulets at first,
Then cataracts of sound they burst,
In answering thunders on the ear
Of the foe.

As in Rome's sorest need,
Camillus vengeful came of old,
Laughed to scorn the victor's pride,
Backward set the battle's tide,
Bade the vanquished keep his gold—
So came Meade!

Hope rises o'er the land!
And while the foe is earthward flung,
Not dirges of the home and hearth,
But pæans o'er the second birth
Of our New World are reverent sung
In chorus grand!

For in that iron-voiced decree,
God gives Columbia life!
Gives hope to sad humanity,
To slaves the dawn of liberty,
Begins the ending of the strife,
"Victory!" H. D. S.

ANGEL-TRAPS—A MEDITATION.

BY ADELAÏDA.

Traps may or may not catch sunbeams; but they will not catch angels! It is not for our coaxing nor at our will, but at their own, or God's, that those strong messengers come and go.

This is a recent discovery. For not many hundred years ago, there was a nation which contained some very eminent wise men, who knew perfectly well to the contrary of this our statement. Indeed, it was the essence of their wisdom that they knew everything; and everything includes both the things that are so, and those that are not so.

Among all the rest of the knowledges of these wise men, they knew perfectly well that the principal need of the nation at the time in question was an angel to sing to it. And they also knew, just as well as they knew everything else, that angels, like other birds—*Aves*, wise men always say—can be caught by a proper trap. So these wise men who were specially fitted for the angel-trap-making profession, by virtue of never having seen an angel, nor heard one sing, nor made a trap, fell stoutly to work and out of the depths of their own consciousnesses they constructed a most wonderful and infallible trap. It was a very big, shiny thing, all covered with gold and silver, so that the angel could see it; for, said they, this variety of bird is fond of what is shiny and gay. It was placed on high in the very middle of the nation; for, said the wise men, when we have caught our angel we must advertise him and have everybody come, and then we must poke him and make him sing very loud, where everybody can hear him and see him open his mouth, and make flourishes. For this variety of bird, said they, likes—and here they invented an entirely new and most wise, and rare and excellent word, which in itself at once explains what the preference of the angel is—this variety of bird likes to *gostrate*. And inside of the traps they put a particularly shiny bait, entirely composed of gold and silver; for, said they: Money will procure everything, *ergo* it will procure an angel; otherwise our logical methods are at fault, which is out of the question.

Then they caused a vociferous proclamation to be made by the public criers, accompanied with gongs, triangles, and other noisy music, to this effect: All angels wishing a fine bait, apply immediately at this trap. And the trap stood there shining in the sun. And the wise men stood by and watched for angels to fly in, intending to catch a great many, and then, after pulling out a tail-feather or two apiece, to let them all go except the biggest, who was to sing. And they stood a long time, and then proclaimed again, and pounded on their gongs and triangles; and they kept alternately watching and then proclaiming and pounding, until they became quite tired out; for a number of weeks; even until some of the less wise of them contemplated becoming foolish, as a means of escaping off from this wearisome committee.

All at once one of the wise men pricked up his ears, and said that he thought he heard something. And they all listened; and one said it was a humble-bee, and one that it was a breeze, and one that it was thunder in the distance. On listening a long time, they all agreed they heard it, and then that it was growing louder, and approaching; and their curiosity became so great that neglecting their highly important and responsible trust, they went off to hunt this noise, and looked all about, asking: What is this abnormal acoustic phenomenon? And even while they inquired, the abnormal phenomenon grew and increased, and approached toward them, and before they knew it the whole nation came marching past them in time, tramping with steps like earthquakes, and the faint distant hum had swelled and arisen into a mighty chant whose power was strength to the singer's own soul, and to every hearer; so that the wise men themselves were unable to stand still and observe and investigate in the least, but found themselves in the most totally unscientific manner all at once marching in the midst of this innumerable multitude and chanting with all their might.

The wisest of them all, as he stopped to get his breath after fifteen minutes' vigorous vocalization, whispered to his neighbor, a strong, sweaty farmer in his shirt-sleeves, an extremely coarse, unrefined and unscientific person:

"My friend, what is the theory of this abnormal acoustic phenomenon?"

And the farmer stared. "I mean," explained the wise man, "where did this song come from?"

But the farmer answered, "I do'no. I never stopped to think o' that, nabur. Every man sings it. Reckon an angel must a come 'n sung it into every man's ear."

And again the farmer chanted in chorus, with his big deep voice, in the midst of the vast chant of the multitude:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his Soul is marching on."

And the wise man chanted too. And the nation went forward and executed the task which it had undertaken, keeping time to this chant. And the wise man reflected how queer that shiny trap looked, gaping wide open out there in the sunshine with the gongs sounding and the wise men peering through their spectacles around it; and how the angel had all the time been singing away in the ear of every dirty farmer up among the hills, and of every grimy mechanic in his shop.

Allan Iverach observed, "The way to catch a bird is no' to fling your bannet at her." And this is the truer, the shyer the fowl. Nor can angels be caught by trapping and advertising for them. And in particular, if a nation wants a chant, perhaps it will come. If it needs it, it *will* come; but not by any simoniacal procurement.

MARGARET FULLER ON WOMEN.

To make our women sea captains,
Miss Margaret Fuller wrestles,
While scripture sends them all to sea,
And calls them weaker vessels;
The matter sure is very plain,
No evidence it lacks,
And specially its clear to me,
They're very fit for "smacks." Cambridge.

FRECKLES.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, through the medium of your valuable journal, which promises to the humblest writer a Fair field, to throw upon the world a discovery which may prove of inestimable importance to the various artists who devote their energies to the manufacture of cosmetics. If "a thing of beauty is a joy forever," a thing of ugliness must be, no less surely, a continual vexation, to remedy which the united efforts of Science and Art may be well employed.

We have all seen photographic representations of the moon, and some *savans* have with the aid of very powerful glasses, peered so far into her crust as to feel quite sure, that whatever be her materials, she is *not* made of green cheese, although some movements which they observed within

seemed to favor that theory. My own little discovery relates to those photographs of the sun which disfigure the noses and necks of certain persons, taking especial advantage of the most delicate complexions, and setting at nought the distinctions of society. No matter how long a lady may go thoroughly gloved and veiled, a few moments' inadvertence will cover the tenderer parts of her skin with brown dots, in shape round or oval, as the unwelcome artist may have caught the surface at one angle or another. The lapse of a single instant will give time for one or more photographs of the intrusive sun, for the human body is never two successive moments in exactly the same position. Of course the longer the exposure, the more numerous the impressions, and there is no *pose* so awkward or so unfavorable that advantage may not be taken of it. The bridge of the nose is particularly liable to these sun-pictures, probably because the fine skin there is so stretched over the bone as to present a particularly appropriate surface,—one in which the sun may be supposed especially fond of glassing himself; but the back of the hands, the fair expanse of snowy shoulders which is sometimes in sight through a transparent cape, the ivory arm slightly veiled by lace,—all these are diligently visited by what may well be called "the spoiler."

What might he not deserve who would discover an antidote to the evil, something that would put the sun out of countenance! This honor will undoubtedly fall to the share of a photographic artist;—one who is thoroughly informed as to the materials required for preparing the "plate" on which the same performs his wonders. He who knows what it is that takes and retains the impressions will of course be able to prevent or remove it. To him we refer the scientific cosmeticist, who will undoubtedly succeed in giving an elegant form and a fascinating odor to the chemicals required. (The present writer asks nothing for the discovery except a modest share in the profits.)

What new researches into the sun's surface may be made by a judicious magnifying of some very large and recent freckles, can only be conjectured; but the least the scientific world can do in return for the hint is to make the results public immediately, and credit the whole thing to the METROPOLITAN FAIR.

PROGRESS.

WHEN Cornelia (M'me. Gracchus, *mère*) was asked where were her jewels, she pointed to her sons.—Most of the distinguished matrons of New York can make a better show. They not only boast of the same gems as the Roman lady—quite as valuable in their eyes as were hers—but they keep a precious set of Emeralds below stairs.

THE BRAVE SOLDIER BOY LAID UP.

I DID not think, when I did 'list, that this would be my fate,
I only thought I'd give the rebs a blizzard on the pate.
I told them all at home, so safe, they needn't cry for me—
The luck that always had been good would not abandon me.
I thought a heart, if brave and true, that loved its country so,
Surely must be bullet-proof against its country's foe.
But though they havn't touched my life, they've done enough for me;
And, oh, the boys will fight it out, and I not there to see.

Our Captain, when he comes to day to give the boys his thanks
Because we fought the fight so well, will miss me from the ranks;
No harm to him, as now in mine, if tears should wet his eye—
He always liked, when work was warm, to have me standing by.
The musket that has done so well must rest against the wall,
Many a reb will live too long for missing of its ball;
I hate to think, when fighting comes, that I can't be there too,
God knows I'd give a hundred lives to put the good cause through.

But what's the use of sighing; they're caring here for me
As if I were a gentleman of high top-notch degree.
They cool my brow with lotions, and speak with gentle word,
They seem—my brain is wide-awake—like angels of the Lord;
I used to think I'd take no help from any lady's hand,
And that a chap might keep his pride whilst they were all so grand.
If this war did no other good, that makes us so to smart,
'Twould go for much, to prove it true, that they have got a heart.

They've put my foot—the only one—in slipper soft as lace,
I'm glad that they can keep the mate to suit another case.
If 'twern't for fighting or for home—I can't but like those best—
It seems to me I'd be content to keep this jolly nest.
They speak such words of kindness, and see each fellow's need,
And words that sound so comforting they from the Good Book read.
God bless their hearts! and give to them, if *they* should come to grief,
Such measure as they give to us, of bountiful relief.

ELLSLAND.

AID FOR THE SOLDIER.

BY ELIZABETH T. PORTER BEACH.

AID for the Soldier! aid for the brave!
Him who doth peril his life-blood to save
All we hold dear of our Country and Right!
Aid for the Soldier, who faces the fight!

Think of the home he is leaving behind!
Think of the loved ones, the gentle, and kind;
Lift up your souls,—let sweet pity draw nigh!
Aid for the Soldier! imploring we cry!

Soften his pillow, extend every care,—
Solace and offerings lovingly bear;
Blessings of bounty shed free on his path,
Brighten that pathway of carnage and wrath!

Give, then, oh! give of your plentiful store,—
Give, then, to "reap as ye sow," evermore;—
Aid for the Soldier! imploring we crave;
Aid for our heroes! the loyal and brave!

THE ROLL CALL.

BY HENRY P. LELAND.

WHEN through the camp the rattling drum,
The *reveillée* is sharply calling
Up spring the boys; they know that noise,
And in for roll call soon are falling.
"Here!" "Here!" is answered down the line:
"Break ranks!"—And now the call is over,
With coffee, hard tack and fresh beef,
They breakfast in the tallest clover.

Where through soft silken curtains shining,
The mid-day sun breaks slowly in,
The advocate of traitors sleeping,
Dreams but of copperheadish sin.
He feverish wakes. Why should he wake?
Then creeps into the breakfast hall,
And over a secession sheet
Gives a mild tea and stale roll call.

When from this war our country wakes,
Her *reveillée* shall be surprising!
Through the red dawn and fresh free air
In stately pride and grandeur rising.
Then shall her loyal sons whose names
Shine out the faithful in her story,
See the false copperheads' small *rôles*
Played out in her roll call of glory.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED.

(*To be continued daily.*)

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Ottoman, T. Barker & Son.
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Album, Mitchell & Seixas.
2 pkgs. fancy articles, Mrs. T. R. Butler, $698.15.
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Curiosities, Miller & Mathews.
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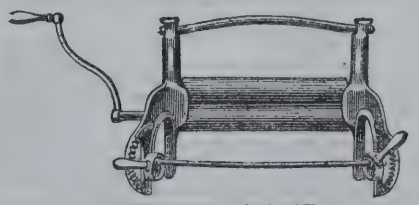

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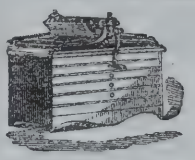

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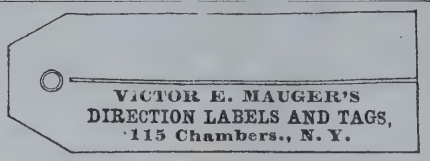

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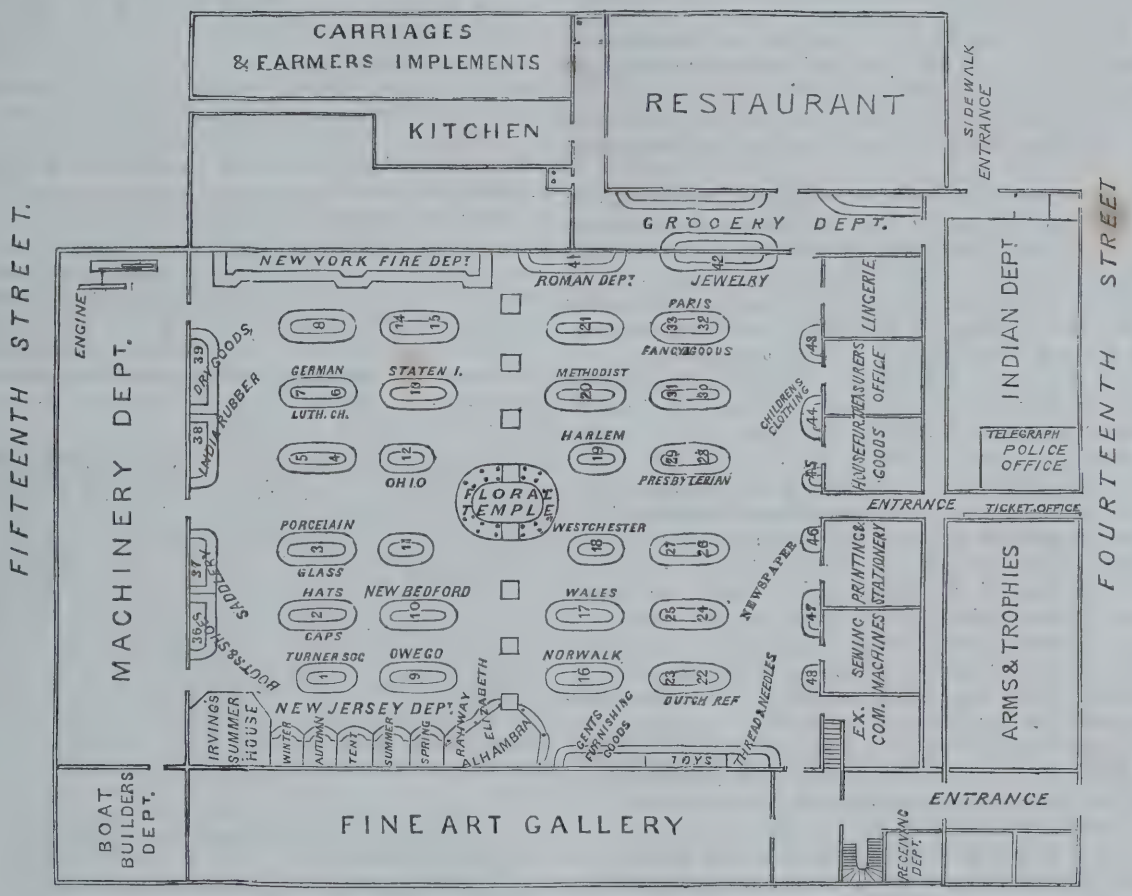

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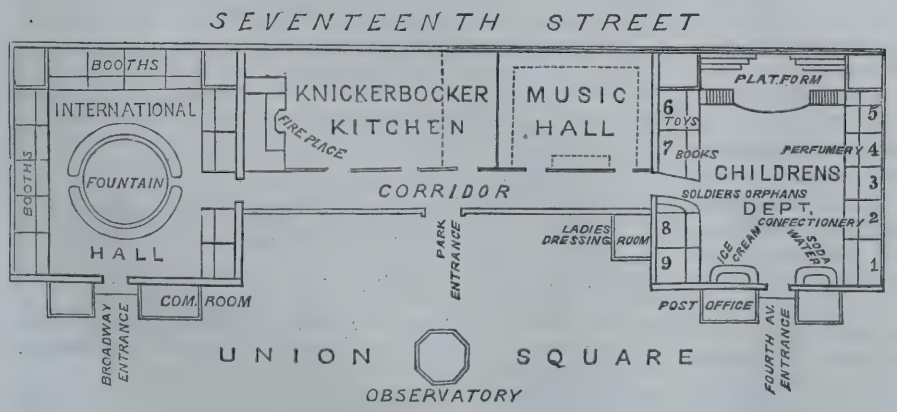

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Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Augustus R. Macdonough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N.Y

BUBBLING AROUND THE FAIR.

My rural cousin, Van Dunderdunk, came down, last week, from his family "jungle," on the Hudson, to see the *sights;* and as I had been annually invited to spend "a few days" at the "jungle" aforesaid (though, thank the goodness, I never went but once; when I was nearly killed by being compelled to eat a quart of blackberries at the family "*tea*"), I felt bound to take hold of Van D. and show him around our Babylon.

Imprimis, of course, I took him to the Fair. Though by no means a babe, he was rather innocent; and I had a queer time chaperoning him that night. We brought up, at first, at the Floral *dépôt*, where (as "Jenkins" would say) the imperial beauty of Mrs. R——; and the piquant sallies of the *espiégle* Miss H. R——; and the Saxon, peach-blossom loveliness of Miss F——; and the high Dutch bloom, and come-and-eat-me expression of Miss S—— and Miss B——, and many other embodiments of loveliness therein presiding, made susceptible and bewildered bachelordom pause in its wanderings, and exclaim, ere purchasing, "Which are the flowers?" (Please accept that, my young buds of the Horticultural establishment.)

One of these gems of loveliness bestowed *such* a fascinating twinkle from her revolvers, upon my too susceptible kinsman, that he became insensibly drawn up to the precincts of the mazy pagoda in which she was ensconced, like the beneficent fairy in a pantomime. Thereupon, the bewitching fair, extending a second-hand specimen, resembling a pale yellow rosebud, with the dainty grace of a Hebe, and the bewildering condescension of a flirtatious Venus, placed it, with her own fair hands, in the buttonhole of Van D.'s new "Clarendon." That individual smirked and blinked reciprocatingly under the sweet infliction, informing me the while, that she was "*immense*," and that he must "follow it up," till recalled from his dreams of blissful complacency at his supposed conquest by a mellifluous "*one dollar—please!*" delivered in the most argentine of voices. Van D. solemnly and silently placed a virgin greenback in her fairy digits, and withdrew with the rapidity of an inefficient and disappointed torpedo. After the above *blow*, Van D. planted himself so sternly and fixedly in front of a gigantic gallipot yclept, per placard, "Neptune's Cup—a vegetable submarine growth from the straits of Malacca, price $75"—that I thought he was going to invest in the same as a receptacle for the annual "family preserves." Drawing him with difficulty away from this submarine wonder, as well as from other organic fascinations at the table of the "Episcopal Church of the Resurrection," and passing the conchological tributes from New Bedford, which vainly appealed to us to *shell* out, we invested in a cravat of many colors at the table of my ever bland and industrious friends Mesdames McV—— and W—— of the "Gents' Furnishing Department." *En route* we had a passing wreathed smile and merry jest from Miss Kitty D——, "ever bright and fair," who was drawing in beholders to patronise her composite department, whereat the lamented Washington, attended by his faithful and ubiquitous black, and that *very* philosophic looking steed, all *done* in worsted, were located cheek by jowl, with a gigantic wooden turtle and an "A No. 1." Noah's ark, and other curiosities and delectations too numerous to mention.

Passing thence while refreshing ourselves with a look at the "spring chickens" in the Vernal Department of Jersey's fair daughters (all got up *galore*, in military braid and fixings, not to speak of the destructive artillery of sparkling eyes, and other good things)—while enjoying this, I remark, that bore Jack Bathos button-holed me to let off one of his infernal conundrums. "When is a lady like a spoon?"—interrogated that individual. "Give it up"—murmured I, despondingly ."Because," said Bathos, as he was whirled away before the charge of a stout old lady and her *caro sposo*, who were getting through the Fair—*on time*, "When" cried he, in a voice borne over the strains of Finnegan's Wedding, from the brass band, "when, she's *in-tea-resting!*"

Recovering from the effects of this new blow by dint of a gill of liquid colic from "Jacob's Well," we sternly moved on, 'till the very decided smile of a fair one in black and green from the india rubber department again rallied my susceptible relative. He smiled reciprocatingly again, and she smiled most bewitchingly, and I *really* thought the thing was made up between them—one of those Heaven-made, love-at-first-sight things, I enviously mused, that we sometimes read of—until "*only half-a-dollar a smile*," intimated by the ingenious but bewitching fair, awoke Van Dunderdunk from delusion No. 2. That individual sighed solemnly as he slowly counted out ten five-cent "currencies," and we again "moved on," marvelling greatly at the delusion of this "hollow sphere."

Van Dunderdunk was not very agile in his movements, so that he was frequently treading on ladies' trains, and violently colliding with sprightly "*jeunes premières*" (as Peter says), in black silk, green scarf, and voluminous heads of hair, who were rushing wildly about like aid-de-camps on a field day. In endeavoring to reach the Stationery Department, of which my urbane friend James F. Ruggles is the successful *chef*, with a most efficacious coördinate assistant female element in Mrs. Isaac B——l, and *coryphæi* blooming and scintillating, to all the whilk Van D. was desirous of testifying his nascent admiration; in trying to reach the Stationery Department aforesaid, I remark, Van D. successively penetrated a red shirted myrmidon of the "Spirit of the Fair," a green peacock, looking like an unripe Bird of Paradise, a small feminine party in green scarf, spectacles and a "*cataract*," an ancient *Ex.-Com.*-man; a baby house and contents, a bowl of maizena jelly—and a patent rat trap.

After *lingering* awhile at the *lingerie*, where Van D., in order to bask for a moment in the smiles of Miss D——, purchased of her two lace *bonnets de nuit*—which he facetiously remarked *might* be "handy to have in the house," we brought up at the Roman table, where there are not a few nice things for presents and souvenirs. I am sorry to say, however, that judging from the specimens of pigment art there contributed by our American residents in Rome—*pro patriâ*, &c., that Church, Bierstadt, Kensett, Beard & Co. will have to tremble for their laurels. Go and see them—they are *rare*, and *rich* too. By-the-by, as Shoddy, *mère*, was purchasing a diamond ring of Mrs. P——, of the Jewelry and Fancy Department, who was lauding it as a beautiful *solitaire*, and as Mrs. S. was asking most innocently *if it were warranted* a "*solitaire!*"—as this little bit of trade was going on, I remark, her sweet offspring, Velveteen Shoddy, put her arm through mine, and with bewitching simplicity informed me that *Professor Patria*, of Rome, had been very good and nice in sending them so many sweet pictures to the Fair. Blessing sweet Velveteen's simplicity, her discourse on art was cut short by that irrepressible bore Bathos with a new conundrum. "Why is," bawled he—"Why is a man with a bad hat like a ——;" but the rest of this discourse was cut short by the *rataplan* of the 22d drum department whose instruments of music (?) now became paramount. Giving Van D. and the Shoddy family the slip, and, taking Velveteen under my arm, we slipped off *à la* Jessica to Delmonico's, where I solaced myself with the mysteries of "*Möet Salade de Volaille*, not to speak of sauce piquante from the fair Velveteen.

G.

By Thursday evening, all the articles at the Roman table were sold, except some of the Pictures, Busts, and Photographs. In three days was thus realized about $5000.

Harper's Weekly, from whose pages we are permitted by the courtesy of the publishers to transfer to our columns the plans of the Fair buildings which appear on the preceding page, contains this week an admirable account of the Metropolitan Fair, illustrated by numerous spirited and handsomely executed woodcuts. The literary and artistic merits which characterize this journal, as well as its thorough devotion to the cause of liberty and Union, render it entirely worthy of the extensive circulation to which it has attained.

In the Old Curiosity Shop may be seen a beautiful ambrotype, the subject of which, a pretty contraband girl, was discovered in the streets of Fernandina, Fla., by the officers of the *Harry Andrews*, of the Blockading fleet, and of the supply steamer *Massachusetts*, on her first visit to that place in May, 1862. The girl was about 14 years old, daughter of a prominent Secesh merchant there, who fled when our troops took possession of the place. Her mother, his mistress, is a bright mulatto slave, supposed to be part Seminole; her aunt is a very black negress. Paymaster Kelsey, of the *H. Andrews*, and Mr. Fox, officer of the *Massachusetts*, endeavored to induce the mother and aunt to let the child be sent to the North to be educated, promising to assume all the responsibility and expense, and return her in safety; but the aunt feared she might be kidnapped and would not consent. It was only with great difficulty and expense that this picture and one other was obtained. This was subsequently purchased by a merchant of Brooklyn for $5, and is presented to the Metropolitan Fair, if that is paid for it.

Five hundred Universal Clothes Wringers, have been presented to the United States Sanitary Commission, and are for sale at the Metropolitan Fair of New York. The donors, in making this very liberal contribution, do so with the stipulation that the Wringers shall be sold at neither more nor less than the regular price of Seven Dollars each.

LITTLE ANNIE.

BY HENRY AMES BLOOD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Who will weep for little Annie?
Who will weep when morning passes
Through the wet and silent grasses
To the graves of pretty lasses?
You and I and all the many
Little birds will weep for Annie.

Who will sing for little Annie?
Who will sing when all together,
Blue and white and scarlet feather
Hop there in the summer weather?
You and I and all the many
Little birds will sing for Annie.

Who will pray for little Annie?
Who will pray when evening closes
O'er the bed where she reposes
'Neath the hushed and folded roses?
You and I and all the many
Little birds will pray for Annie.

Who will dream of little Annie?
Who will dream not when the mellow
Midnight moon beneath the willow,
Sleeps with Annie on her pillow?
You and I and all the many
Little birds will dream of Annie.

HOW I CAME TO BE A NURSE.—No. V.

THE NURSE.

Some one said, once—writing about hospitals, and the way to make and keep them what they should be—that "women and whitewash were the best disinfectants." Some one was quite right. There's a deal of nonsense talked by men, and women, too, on the employment of women nurses in hospitals, and the grave disapprobation of the men and the romantic patriotism of the women are equally uncalled for and misapplied. I am a woman nurse, and I ask permission to speak.

Hospitals *are* the right places for women. When I say, "women," I don't mean exclusively persons of forty-five, who prefer to pin their clothes on, rather than to fasten them securely with buttons—persons who bend over a patient's bed, shedding inadvertent needles and scraps of thread into his gruel—persons who write "To and Teast," meaning tea and toast, etc., etc. These are not essentials calculated in themselves to fit a person for the position of army nurse, though from the specimens found in many hospitals, one would think total ignorance a qualification provided for in the army regulations. When I say women, I mean persons possessing the common sense, the native tact, the goodness of feeling, the facility of movement which are indispensable alike in parlors and kitchens.

No woman is fit to take care of the roughest soldier without these, and the rougher the man, the more important is true refinement in his woman nurse. It is astonishing, or rather it is not—to see how instinctively the "common soldier" recognizes and respects the *lady* in his nurse. I thought I was held in disdain by a grumpy old fellow, in Ward G, till I heard him say to some one alongside him as I came in, "Here comes the missus, she'll help you." The word "missus" was his recognition of my position as a lady in the establishment.

The soldiers know that where a woman of the right kind is, all their little wants will be more carefully looked after, the cups put within arm's reach on their tables, the poor old faded thread-bare clothes—pathetic in their very shabbiness—will be nicely folded, the dirty, precious little scraps of letters, the old tobacco boxes, the pocket combs and daguerreotypes will be carefully put away for them; and as for their dinners, they are sure they'll have them before all the "full diet" men are fed, and the beef tea is turning white round the edges.

Some men nurses are as kind and good as they can possibly be, and I thank them with all my heart for the care I have seen them take of their wounded fellows. They are as patient and gentle as a woman, and that is the highest praise. But then the soldiers like the very sight of a woman when they are sick, and the touch of her hand. "That feels like my mother," they say, or "When *is* that lady with a silk gown coming again; I hav'nt seen a bit of silk since I left home."

The Arabs say, when you have eaten salt with a man you are friends. In the army hospitals, when a soldier produces from the lining of his coat, or some secret corner of his mattress, the daguerreotypes of his wife and children, and shows them to you, all bashful, and confiding, and proud at the same time, you may consider yourself accepted; it is his endorsement of you. You will always be sure of his smile after that. They come to it, slowly, some of them, and I always watch for the indications. "Come in this room, ma'am" and I go in and shut the door. "See; *this* is my wife's picture." "Look here, ma'am," and the hand plunges under the pillow. "Was'nt I a brave man to come away and leave *them?*" "I'd like to show you this, ma'am; *that's* my oldest." "How do you do, to-day, Warren?" "Pretty well, ma'am, but I'm grieving for *them*," showing me his little family, with tears in his eyes—"I could manage to do without seeing my wife and boy, but I want the little girl." And so they go—and I count off my conquests by the number of bland, happy looking wives and round-faced, pop-eyed babies I have admiringly looked at and talked about with the good fellows who *were* brave to come away and leave them all.

There is not the slightest occasion for annoyance of any kind in the care of the soldiers. It is no part of the duty of a woman to do what is called the "heavy nursing" in a ward. It is her head and her heart, that we want, not her hands, so much. Where she is, the door will not be banged in a sick man's ear; the loud screeching of ward-masters and nurses from one end of a long room to the other will cease; swearing will be done away with, or at any rate be done under the breath; at meal time each man will have exactly what the surgeon orders for him, and codfish hash will not be given to the typhoid fever patient, while his scalded milk goes to the great strong Irishman with a lame finger. It would never enter a man's head to make a corn stalk bed soft, by doubling a quilt several times over the mattress, but a woman will carefully preserve all her "condemned" blankets and comfortables for just this purpose. And when it comes to the washing of the patients—a damp rag taken up one side of the ward and down the other, is an elaborate toilet in the opinion of most ward-masters. As for the medicines—left to the men, the wildest confusion would prevail—castor be substituted for cod-liver, camphene for turpentine, and all pills looking alike, would be given indiscriminately.

It is all very well for men to say—"women in hospitals may be useful, but it's no place for *my* daughters and sisters." Certainly it is no place for your daughters and sisters, unless they are refined and sensible women. Put a sentimentalist, or a delicate creature whose head is full only of the romance of the work, in a ward, and she will very soon discover that she is in the wrong place. "I don't understand why there should be any difficulty in the way of *my* going," an applicant for admission among the corps of nurses said to me. "Are you ready to pass the examination? You know they will sound your lungs, and insist on your having a spine, and being able to stand all day long if necessary." "Well, then," she said, in despair, "They will discover that I have the rheumatism, *dreadfully*, but"—vigorously doubling up her fist, and bringing it down with a thump—"Why can't I go, just to soothe and sympathize?"

This lady would not have answered as a nurse; neither would a great, rough scrub-woman, as many men think, be an acceptable ministering angel to a sick man. Put such a woman in a hospital, and her ignorance and coarseness tell at once on the moral tone of her ward.

Since, then, men nurses should not be left to themselves to care for the sick—since a knowledge of scrubbing is not in itself sufficient, it remains, that when you can secure in a woman nurse a happy combination of refinement, neatness, true kindness of heart and clearness of head, you have in a ward what will secure the greatest comfort and speediest recovery for the sick, and for the well or convalescing, the best moral restraint. Why, then, is it not perfectly proper for such a woman to be placed where she can accomplish this good thing? If she can make the beef tea and beds better than the men; can write the soldiers' letters for them, and admire their babies; can make them—that is, coax them—to take their doses and porter at the right time; can help them to go to sleep, and be good, and do all this more quickly, and at least as well as a soldier, who might be re-enforcing the army, if he was'nt a nurse—why shouldn't she do it, and why *should* he?

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, MONDAY, APRIL 18, 1864.

THE STORY OF PELAYO.

A FRAGMENT, BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

(Now published for the first time.)

(CONCLUDED.)

Now it so happened that at this time there lived in a remote part of Estremadura an ancient cavalier, a hale and hearty bachelor, named the Count Trafesis. He had been a warrior in his youth, but now in a green and vigorous old age, had retired from camp and court to a domain on the banks of the Tagus inherited from his Gothic ancestors. His great delight was in the chase, which he followed successfully in the vast forests of Estremadura. Every morning heard the woods resounding with the melody of hound and horn; and the heads of stags, of wolves, and wild boars vied in his castle-hall with the helms and bucklers and lances, and the trophies of his youthful and martial days.

The jovial count was up at early dawn pursuing a boar in the thick forest bordering the Tagus, when he beheld the little ark floating down the stream. He ordered one of his huntsmen to strip and enter the river and bring the ark to land; on opening it, he was surprised to behold within an infant, wrapped in costly robes, but pale and wan, and apparently almost exhausted. Beside it was a purse of gold, and on its bosom a cross of rubies and a parchment scroll, on which was written, "Let this infant be honorably entertained, he is of illustrious lineage; his name is Pelayo."

The good count shrewdly surmised the cause of this perilous exposure of a helpless infant. He had a heart kind and indulgent toward the weaker sex, as the heart of a genial old bachelor is prone to be; and while he looked with infinite benevolence upon the beauteous child, felt a glow of compassion for the unknown mother. Commanding his huntsman to be silent as to what he had witnessed, he took the infant in his arms and returned with it to his castle.

Now it so happened that the wife of his steward had about a week before been delivered of a child, which lived but a very few days, leaving the mother in great affliction. The count gave her the infant and the money found with it, and told her the story of the ark, with a strong injunction of secrecy, entreating her to take charge of the child and rear it as her own. The good woman doubted the story, and strongly suspected her master of having fallen into an error in his old age; she received the infant, however, as a gift from heaven, sent to console her in her affliction, and pressed it with tears to her bosom, for she thought of the child she had lost.

Pelayo, therefore, was reared on the banks of the Tagus as the offspring of the steward and his wife, and the adopted son of the count. That veteran cavalier bore in mind, however, that his youthful charge was of illustrious lineage, and took a delight in accomplishing him in all things befitting a perfect hidalgo.

He placed him astride of a horse almost as soon as he could walk, a lance and crossbow were his earliest playthings, and he was taught to hunt the small game of the forest until strong enough to accompany the count in his more rugged sports. Thus he was inured to all kinds of hardy exercises, and rendered heedless of danger and fatigue. Nor was the discipline of his mind neglected; under the instructions of a neighboring friar, he learned to read in a manner that surpassed the erudition of his foster father, for he could scan more correctly all the orisons of the Virgin, and listened to mass, and attended all the ceremonies of the Church with a devotion truly exemplary. Some ancient chroniclers have gone so far as to say that he even excelled in clerkly craft; but this is, most likely, fond exaggeration.

Time glided by: King Ezica was gathered to his fathers, and his son Witiza reigned in his stead. All the chivalry of the kingdom was summoned to Toledo to give splendor to his coronation. The good old count proposed, among the rest, to appear at a court from which he had long been absent. His ancient serving-men were arrayed in the antiquated garbs in which they had figured in his days of youthful gallantry, and his household troops in the battered armor which had seen hard service in the field, but which had long rusted in the armory. He determined to take with him his adopted son Pelayo, now seven years of age. A surcoat was made for him from the mantle of rich brocade in which he had been found wrapped in the ark. A palfrey was also caparisoned in warlike style. It was a rare sight, says the old chronicler, to see the antiquated chivalry of the good Count Trafesis parading across the bridge of the Tagus, or figuring in the streets of Toledo, in contrast to the silken and shining retinues of the more modern courtiers; but the veteran was hailed with joy by many of the ancient nobles, his early companions in arms. The populace, too, when they beheld the youthful Pelayo ambling by his side on his gentle palfrey, were struck with the chivalrous demeanor of the boy, and the perfect manner in which he managed his steed.

Among the nobles, continues the old chronicle, who appeared in Toledo to do homage to the new king, was Favila, Duke of Cantabria. He had left his wife in their castle among the mountains, for the fair Lucia was still in the meridian of her beauty, and he feared lest the sight of her might revive the passion of Witiza. They had no other fruit of their union but a little daughter of great beauty called Lucinda, and they still mourned in secret the loss of their firstborn. The duke was related to Count Trafesis, and when he first beheld Pelayo his heart throbbed, he knew not why, and he followed him with his eyes in all his youthful sports. The more he beheld him, the more his heart yearned toward him, and he entreated the count to grant him the youth for a time as a page, to be reared by him in all the offices of chivalry, as was the custom in the houses of warlike nobles in those days. The count willingly complied with his request, knowing the great prowess of the Duke of Cantabria, who was accounted a mirror of knightly virtue. "For my own part," said he, "I am at present but little capable of instructing the boy; for many years have passed since I gave up the exercise of arms, and little am I worth at present excepting to blow the horn and follow the hound."

When the ceremonies of the coronation were over, therefore, the Duke of Cantabria departed for his castle, accompanied by the young Pelayo and the count; for the good old cavalier could not yet tear himself from his adopted child.

As they drew near the castle, the duchess came forth with a grand retinue, for they were as petty sovereigns in their domains. The duke presented Pelayo to her as her page, and the youth knelt to kiss her hand, but she raised him and kissed him on the forehead; and as she regarded him, the tears stood in her eyes.

"God bless thee, gentle page!" said she, "and preserve thee to the days of manhood; for thou hast in thee the promise of an accomplished cavalier. Joyful must be the heart of the mother who can boast of such a son!"

On that day, when the dinner was served with becoming state, Pelayo took his place among the other pages in attendance, who

were all children of nobles; but the duchess called him to her as her peculiar page. He was arrayed in his surcoat of brocade, made from the mantle in which he had been folded in the ark, and round his neck hung the cross of rubies.

As the duchess beheld these things, she turned pale and trembled. "What is the name of thy son?" said she to Count Trafesis. "His name," replied the count, "is Pelayo." "Tell me of a truth," demanded she, still more earnestly, "is this indeed thy son?" The count was not prepared for so direct a question. "Of a truth," said he, "he is but the son of my adoption; yet is he of noble lineage." The duchess again addressed him with tenfold solemnity: "On thy honor as a knight, do not trifle with me; who are the parents of this child?" The count, moved by her agitation, briefly told the story of the ark. When the duchess heard it, she gave a great sigh, and fell as one dead. On reviving, she embraced Pelayo with mingled tears and kisses, and proclaimed him as her long lost son.

FIRST SPRING FLOWERS.

I am watching for the early buds to wake
Under the snow:
From little beds the soft white covering take,
And, nestling, lo!
They lie, with pink lips parted, all aglow!

Oh darlings! open wide your tender eyes,
See! I am here—
Have been here, waiting under winter skies
Till you appear,—
You just come up from where *he* lies so near.

Tell me, dear flowers, is he gently laid,
Wrapped round from cold;
Has spring about him fair green garments made
Fold over fold;
Are sweet things growing with him in the mold?

Has he found quiet resting-place at last,
After the fight?
What message did he send me, as you passed
Him in the night,
Eagerly pushing upward toward the light?

I will not pluck you, lest *his* hand should be
Close clasping you:
These slender fibres which so cling to me
Do grasp *him* too,—
What gave these delicate veins their blood-red hue?

One kiss I press, dear little bud half-shut,
On your sweet eyes;
For when the April rain falls at your foot,
And April sun yearns downward to your root
From soft spring skies,
It, too, may reach him, where he sleeping lies.

TROOPER'S SONG.

BY R. W. RAYMOND.

Our bugles sound gaily, "To horse and away!"
And over the mountains breaks the day;
Then ho! comrades, ho! for the ride and the fight!
There are deeds to be done ere we slumber to-night.
But whether we fight or whether we fall
By sabre-stroke, or rifle-ball,
The hearts of the Free will remember us yet,
And our country, our country will never forget!

Now mount and away! Let the coward delight
To be lazy at morn and safe at night!
Our joy is a charger flecked with foam,
And our bed is the earth, and the saddle our home!
But whether we fight, &c.

See! yonder the line of the traitorous foe,
And bright in the sunshine, bayonets glow!
Breathe a prayer, but no sigh! Think for what we would fight;—
Now charge with a will, boys! and God for the Right!
And whether we fight, &c.

We have gathered again the red laurels of war;
We have followed the traitors fast and far;
But some who rose gaily this day with the sun,
Lie bleeding and pale on the field they have won!
Now whether we fight, &c.

Take cheer, gallant brothers, who languish in pain!
We will carry you gently home again;
Fair hands shall attend you, warm hearts shall be near;
For the Soldier of Freedom no boon is too dear.
And whether we fight, &c.

Good bye to the wounded. To-morrow's new raid
Will give us new work for spur and blade.
Thus daily we ride, at our bugles' gay call,
And conquering ever, as conquerors fall.
But whether we fight or whether we fall,
By sabre-stroke or rifle-ball,
The hearts of the Free will remember us yet;
And our country can never, no, never forget!

MY NOTE BOOKS.*

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

In an out of the way corner of my library are five plethoric little note-books of Travel. One of them, and it is the earliest, is bound in smart red leather, and has altogether a dapper British air; its paper is firm and evenly lined, and it came a great many years ago (I will not say how many) out of a stationer's shop upon Lord street in Liverpool. A second, in stiff boards, marbled, and backed with muslin, wears a soldierly primness in its aspect that always calls to mind the bugles, and the drums, and the brazen helmets of Berlin—where, once upon a time, I added it to my little stock of travelling companions. A third, in limp morocco, bought under the Hotel *de l'Ecu* at Geneva, shows a great deal of the Swiss affectation of British wares, and has borne bravely the hard knapsack service, and the many stains which belonged to those glorious mountain tramps that live again whenever I turn over its sweaty pages. Another is tattered, dingy—the paper frail, and a half of its cover gone; yet I think it is a fair specimen of what the Roman stationers could do, in the days when the Sixteenth Gregory was Pope. The fifth and last, is coquettish, jaunty—as prim as the Prussian, limp like the Genevese, and only less solid than the English: it is all over French; and the fellows to it may very likely have served a tidy *grisette* to write down her tale of finery, or some learned member of the Institute to record his note-takings in the Imperial Library.

I dare not say how often these little conjurers of books wean me away from all graver employment, and tempt me to some ramble among the highlands of Scotland, or the fastnesses of the

* Extract from a work entitled "Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic," by D. J. Mitchell, shortly to be published by Charles Scribner, New York.

Apennines. I do not know but that this refreshment of the old sentiment of travel, through the first unstudied jottings-down, is oftentimes more delightful than a repeated visit.

To-night—by a word, by a fragment of a line, dropped upon my little Genevese book, the peak of Mont Blanc cleaves the sky for the first time in all my range of vision; the clear, up-lifted mountain of white, just touched with the rosy hues of approaching twilight—the blue brothers of nearer mountains shouldering up the monarch—the dark, low fir forests fringing all the valley up which I look—a shining streak of road that beckons me on to the Chamouni worship—the river (is it the Arve?) glistening and roaring a great song—all this my little book summons, freshly, and without disturbing object. But if I repeat the visit, the inevitable comparisons present themselves. "Aye, this is it; but the atmosphere is not altogether so clear, or the approach is not so favorable;" and so, for mere vanity's sake, you must give a fellow-passenger the benefit of your previous knowledge: as if all the "*le voici!*" and "*la voila!*" were not the merest impertinences in such august presence! No: it is sadly true—perhaps pleasantly true—that there are scenes of which no second sight will enlarge the bounds wherein imagination may disport itself,—for which no second sight will create an atmosphere of more glorious rarity.

To-night, this tattered little Roman journal, by merest mention of the greasy, cushioned curtain, under whose corner I first urged my way into the great aisle of St. Peter's—brings up the awed step with which I sidled down the marble pavement, breathing that soft atmosphere, perfumed with fading incense—oppressed, as by a charm, with the thought of that genius which had conjured this miracle of architecture; and oppressed (I know not how) by a thought of that Papal hierarchy which by such silent show of pomp and power, had compelled the service of millions. And if I go back again, all this delightfully vague estimate of its grandeur cannot renew itself; the height is the same; all the width is there; those cherubs who hold the font are indeed giants; but the aroma of first impressions is lost in a whirl of new comparisons and estimates; is the Baldachino indeed as high as they say it is? Is St. Peter's toe, of a truth worn away with the inveterate kissings? Every piece of statuary, every glowing blazon of mosaic compels an admeasurement of the old fancy with the object itself. All the charming, intoxicating generality of impression is preyed upon, and absorbed piecemeal by specialities of inference, or of observation; while here, in the quiet of my room, with no distracting object in view, I blunder through the disorderly characters of my note-book with all the old glow upon me, and start to life again that first, rich, Roman dream.

And the same is true of all lesser things: There was once a peasant girl, somewhere in Normandy, with deliciously quaint muslin head-dress, and cheeks like the apricots she sold,—a voice that rippled like a song; and yet, with only a half line of my blotted note-book, she springs into all that winsome, coquettish life which sparkled then and there in her little Norman town; but if I were to leave the pleasant cheatery of my book, and travel never so widely, all up and down through Normandy, I could never meet with such a blithe young peasant again.

By one or two of the old pen-marks, I am reminded of a burly beggar, encountered in my first stroll through Liverpool. He was without any lower limbs that I could discover, and was squatted upon the stone flagging of St. Nicholas' church-yard, where he asked charity with the authoritative air of a commander of an army. And I recall with a blush the admiring spirit with which, as a fresh and timid traveller, I yielded my pence to his impetuous summation; and how I reckoned his masterful manner fairly typical of the sturdy British empire, which squatted upon its little islands of the sea, demanded—in virtue only of its big head and shoulders—tribute of all the world. I do not believe that such imaginative exaltation of feeling could overcome me upon a repeated visit; or if it did, that it would beget—as then—the very romanticism of charity.

There was a first-walk—scored down in the red-covered book—along a brook-side in the forest near to Blair-Athol in the north of Scotland,—in the course of which all the songs of Burns that I had ever known, or heard, came soughing to my ear through the fir-branches, as if ploughmen in plaids had sung them; but if I should go there again, I think the visionary ploughmen would sing no more; and that I should be estimating the growth of the larches, or wondering if the trout would rise briskly to a hackle?

I do not write thus, simply to iterate the stale truism, that the delight and freshness of first impressions of travel, can never be renewed; that we all know; all enthusiasms have but one life, in the same mind. Convictions may be renewed, and gain strength and consistency by renewal; but those enthusiasms which find their life in exultant imaginative foray, can no more be twice entertained, than a foaming beaker of Mumm's Imperial can be twice drank.

What I wish to claim for my spotty note-books, is—that their cabalistic signs revive more surely and freshly the aroma of first impressions than any renewed visit could do. Therefore I cherish them. Time and time again, I take them down from their niche in my library, when no more serious work is in hand, and glide insensibly into their memories,—the present slipping from me like a dream,—and indulge in that delightful bewilderment at which I have hinted, and in which cities and mountains pile before me, as if I lived among them.

It is true that the loose and disjointed wording in which I have scored down incidents or scenes of travel, would prove wholly uninteresting, if not absolutely unintelligible, to others. There are little catch-words, by the sight of which I may set a great river aflow, or build a temple; there are others, that start a company of dead faces from their graves, or put me in the middle of a great whirl of masked figures who dance the night out to the music of Musard. And I must say that I rather enjoy this symbolism of language, which individuates a man's private memories. Who knows what cold, invidious eye may be scanning them some day?

THE LOYAL MAN.

I AM a loyal man of the first water. I belong to a chapter of the Loyal League in New York, where I do business. I belong to another chapter in Brooklyn, where I reside, and I belong to an appendix in the country where I spend the summer. I have often urged my friends to redeem the best government upon which the sun ever shone, if need be, with their lives. I know a good many fellows now in the army, and I always speak well of them. The other day a vile Copperhead called the soldiers "Lincoln's dogs" in my presence, and I instantly told him he must be mistaken. Moreover, on several occasions I have given letters of recommendation to soldiers' widows, who were really worthy people and in great distress. I should have deserved to be called a Copperhead if I had not assisted them.

I disapproved entirely of the riots last year, and, rather than seem to countenance such proceedings, I retired from New York and Brooklyn during their continuance, to a quiet village in New Jersey. I found a good deal of Copperheadism in the village, and attempted to convince some of the deacons that this rebellion must be crushed with a strong arm in seas of blood, and that every man should be ready to do his part to sustain the Government and execute the laws.

I was pleased to hear that the riots had been put down without compromise, and returned at once to the city, like a law-abiding man. My bill against the city, for damage incurred by leaving my business, was $2,267.50

—$7.50 being the fare to the New Jersey village and back again. I knew that it was important to impress upon the Copperheads of New York how much it cost to resist the law, therefore I handed in my bill. It could not have been received with more contempt, had I been a foremost Copperhead, instead of a well-known loyal man.

Shortly after this, I was drafted. I am constitutionally so nervous as to disqualify me for active service; and I told the Provost Marshal so; but after some discussion, he declined to discharge me, and demanded either me, my substitute, or my $300. I knew that to go myself would rob New York of a loyal man, at a time when his services might be most needed, and to put in the army one whose only recommendation as a soldier would be his ardent and undaunted soul, encased, however, in a most delicate and fragile body. I was afraid the fire within me would consume my frame, if I should allow my flaming zeal to light me to the battle field. On the other hand, I felt that a paltry $300 was a poor return to my suffering country, asking for A MAN. So I engaged, therefore, a substitute, an experienced warrior from Tipperary, who consented to do battle for Liberty and for $150. The true patriot must understand political economy.

I wish the war to be prolonged until no rebel treads our sacred soil. I desire treason and slavery to be uprooted and cast into the fire; and I hope somebody will do it. I am not in favor of tax-bills; taxation drove us to rebel against Great Britain. Let Mr. Chase keep issuing greenbacks, and we shall soon bring the war to a glorious end. Some persons point to the high price of gold as an indication of financial difficulties. The price of gold is the result of Copperhead machinations. Let a law be passed to suppress Copperheads, and we shall hear nothing more of gold. It is because I do not approve of the spirit of wild speculation that I have sought other investments for my money. Half a million dollars, which I made incidentally, the other day, while forming a Colorado gold mining company, I have put in the Bank of England.

I intend to take my family abroad this year, in order to increase the respect of my children for republican institutions. Patriotism is always stronger in exile; and I think this is eminently a time when patriotism should be strong.

I believe that great experience is necessary to make a good President. Consequently no man should ever be elected President who has not served one term already, in that capacity. This general rule should be impartially applied to the present case. ANDREW JACKSON GRUELL.

VALENTINE.

My love wears a coat of black velvet,
And boot-heels uncommonly high,
With a rose in the side of her bonnet
Just over her saucy blue eye;
And when she walks out of a Sunday,
So queen-like she treads the pavé,
That never in Rome had old Cæsar
A triumph more splendidly gay.

My love is a stunner at parties,
Her dress is so stylish and full—
Her wreath takes a bushel of roses,
Her skirt twenty acres of tulle;
And I think when she glides down the staircase—
A soft floating cloud of white lace,
That a bevy of sunny-winged angels
Have silently dropt in her place.

My love dances polkas and lancers,
She leads in the German's bright maze;
While her chaperon nods in the corner
Protecting her dozen bouquets.
She dances till four in the morning,
As brimful of frolic and fun,
When Brown calls the last of the hackmen,
As when the gay sport was begun.

As treason is all in the fashion,
And monarchs I greatly prefer,
I think I'll secede from the nation,
And swear my allegiance to her:
Her little pink fan is the sceptre—
Her wreath is the crown I'll obey,
My Sovereign of Love and of Beauty—
My Queen of the Bright and the Gay. W. J. H.

LETTER FROM GENOA.

To the Editor of the SPIRIT OF THE FAIR:

SIR:—No child of America, however separated from his home by time and distance, but follows with perhaps even an intensified interest its sorrows and its joys; the cords, though strained, can never be broken that bind us to our native land, and just because we are so far away, we forget all its foibles to remember only its greatness; and our armor of national pride becomes more invulnerable than that of Thetis's son. This beautiful and grand enterprise of our brothers and sisters to help, support, strengthen and sustain the brave but broken soldiers, fills our hearts with a double loyalty: first to him who offers his breast as a shield to his mother land, and then to those who like angels of mercy are seeking to do their all, far away from the battle-field, to assuage the anguish of the fallen.

And this little band of Americans, five in number, living in Genoa, would lay some offering on their beloved home-altar at this time; and their friends in Genoa have begged to share with them this tribute of their affection, for they feel that the descendants of Christopher Columbus are linked closely to those of Washington: and in casting over in our minds what testimonial we could send to prove that wherever an American dwells, his heart beats for the soldier, we thought that a bust of him who made us *Americans*,—who left us that grand inheritance of Liberty, nationality, and Union, all that which inspires the soldier with a love stronger than that of life—would be most acceptable. This bust was ordered a long time since by an American passing through Genoa, of a very eminent sculptor, M. Cerasco. The order was fulfilled, but the American never returned to claim it, and it seemed as if awaiting the filial love that should take it home. The letter accompanying it is signed for us all by the Marquis Gualterio, Prefect of this province, and the distinguished descendant of a distinguished family.

Farewell, dear America; our hopes, our prayers, our faith are all with thee.

CHARADE.

TEARFUL the mother watched my waning first,
Precious as liquid gold,
While the dear life her heart's blood would have nursed,
Faints from her yearning hold.
Nor knows the Prophet's hand my last will lend,
His voice pronounce a spell,
Potent, resisting nature's course to bend,
And miracles compel.

Touched by the Prelate's staff, the King must bow,
Where vassals throng the halls,
Till from my lifted first, upon his brow,
Heaven's sign in blessing falls:
Then rising eager, from his warrior peers
My second he demands,
And leads with holy zeal, through weary years,
My whole in distant lands.

O'er foreign seas again and yet again,
My whole shall tempt the world;
And back be many a fleet and shattered train
In wreck and discord hurled.
Fond broken hearts and ruined thrones and homes
Its fatal charm shall prove,
And through all time, where'er its story comes,
Men's souls with pity move.

HANDSOME is who handsome has.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED.

(*To be continued daily.*)

ARTICLES RECEIVED AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET BUILDING.

Cartes de visite, Fuller Brothers, $200.
Fancy articles, ladies of New Bedford, Mass., $800.
100 pkgs. whiskey, Fred. Wright, $400.
4 pkgs. syrup, Letitia Gordon.
Wax flowers, Miss Bennett.
Dental instruments, J. D. Chevalier & Son, $225.
3 pkgs. bed and cots, Tyler, Howe & Co.
3 pkgs. steel pens, Joseph Gillott, $313.52.
Chair, Jas. W. Hickey.
Photographic albums, Owens & Agar, $101.
Fancy articles, Mrs. Dr. Lyon.
Fancy articles, Misses Van Kemen.
Chair, H. G. Hager.
Millinery, Mme. Sebille.
Hat, Mrs. Aug. F. Smith.
Fancy articles, Mrs. Dr. McVickar.
Fowls, W. L. Laing, Hempstead.
Furniture, Mrs. J. G. King, Jr.
Books, Geo. P. Philes & Co., $100.
Butter, Southwick & Winser.
3 pkgs. wine, W. L. Laing, Hempstead.
Music, Wm. Dressler.
Harness, &c., Harmer, Hayes & Co., $529.25.
Fancy articles, Miss Mary Krom.
Drugs and medicines, Dr. Netsch & Co.
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Library step, G. W. Koch.
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Barometer, E. Kendall & Co.
Cotswold buck, Nath. Hallock, Milton, N. Y.
Harness, &c., J. F. Smith & Co., $295.
Fancy articles, Miss Campbell.
Hats, caps and furs, Harmes & Russak.
Hats, caps and furs, M. L. Steiglitz & Co.
Hats, caps and furs, M. Stern, $125.
Hats, caps and furs, H. Prager.
Hats, caps and furs, S. Corn.
Hats, caps and furs, H. Rothstein.
Hats, caps and furs, S. Wolff & Co.
Hats, caps and furs, Isidor Brothers.
11 hat orders, T. H. Amidon.
Hats, caps and furs, John N. Genin, $115.
Hats, caps and furs, Spruhan & Rahmer.
Hats, caps and furs, Golding & Dunlap, $144.
Hats, caps and furs, J. R. Terry, $150.
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Child's quilt, Mrs. P. A. Wilson.
Hungarian drag, Brewster & Co., $1,000.
Fancy chair, Mrs. W. L. Andrews.
Fruit and flowers, T. J. Rayner.
Books, Sheldon & Co., $210.07.
Mess cans, Walter Hawks.
2 refrigerators, Richardson, Boynton & Co.
Slippers, Kate B. Timpson.
Toys, P. T. Timpson.
Books, E. Goodenough.
Books, American Sunday School Union, $100.
Corner rack, Wm. Robertson.
Lady's bonnet, Mme. B. Williams.
4 pkgs. cider, J. S. Hallock.
9 pkgs. india rubber goods, Gutta Percha Mf'g Co., $259.78.
3 pkgs. hair dressers' articles, W. J. Barker.
Perfumery, H. Diedel.
10 pkgs. bitters, Russ & Co.
Child's cloak and figure, Mme. Demorest.
House furnishing, Mr. Stoutenburg.
8 pkgs. wine, Perkins, Stern & Co.
2 pkgs. spool cotton, Willimantic Linen Co., $200.
Orders for hats and hammock, Hunt & Dusenbury, $102.
Glass signs, Glass Letter Co.
Tin cash boxes, Jas. O. Smith & Sons.
Photographic album, E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., $150.
2 pkgs. stationery, Root, Anthony & Co.
Fancy articles, Mrs. P. C. Van Schaick, $120.
Metallic life boat, L. Bushee, $150.
5 pkgs. extract of coffee, P. Ackerman & Co.
Garden seeds, John Vanderbilt.
Elk horns, Mrs. ——.
2 pkgs. currant wine, Mrs. C. C. Lewis.
Wedding cake, Walduck & Son, $125.
Candy, Pinsent.
8 bronze chairs, Chase & Co.
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Hair, H. Alderton.
Camp chair, Mrs. Kelley.
Fancy goods, R. H. Hinsdale.
Salvation powders, B. W. King.
Cakes, Geo. Breeze.
Wax fruit and child's skirt, Stickler & Abbott.
Books, S. Seeberg.
Toys, anonymous.
Stereoscope, Alex. Beckers.
Travelling case, Major Thompson, Bloomingdale, $150.
Quilt, Ladies' Society, Mystic, Conn.
Surgical instruments, Geo. Tieman & Co., $140.
2 pkgs. hardware, Darling & Schwartz.
Books, M. Hartley.
Furniture, &c., from Great Jones st., unknown.
2 work tables, unknown.
Chair, unknown.
2 muslin stands, unknown.
Chair, unknown.
Table, unknown.
Chair, unknown.
Cradle, unknown.
2 pkgs. books, unknown.
2 pkgs. curiosities, unknown.
Rubber goods, employées Vulcanite Jewelry, N. Y., $108.50.
Fancy articles, ladies of Dr. Chapin's Church.
Leaf table, Mrs. S. H. Burger.
Fancy articles, unknown.
72 pkgs. hominy, E. C. Hazard.
Cone work, Miss Henrietta Egbert.
Stereoscopic views, Sam'l A. Cooley.
Hats and caps, W. L. Burke.
4 pkgs. books, D. L. Jones, Brooklyn, $125.
India rubber goods, D. L. Jones, Brooklyn.
10 pkgs. sugar, F. O. Matthiesson & Wiechers, $249.
Crib, Henke & Schrader.
Fancy articles, Miss M. A. Hanford, New Rochelle.
Military equipments, Betts, Nichols & Co., $250.
Curiosity, B. Roswell.
5 pkgs. soap, Colgate & Co.
49 pieces steel, East River Steel Works, Austin Kelly & Co., $104,95.
Fancy articles, Miss Watts.
2 pkgs. silver stove polish, John H. Perry.
Fancy articles, Mrs. R. Dodd, Jr.
Fancy articles, Miss L. N. Hurd, Conn.
Fancy articles, Martha J. Burnett.
7 pkgs. coffee, Oriental Coffee Co., $126.60.
Fancy articles, Mrs. Chas. Lee, Norwich, Conn.
10 pkgs. oakum, Benjamin Mills.
Medallions and lithographs, Second Universalist Society.
Oil painting, Second Universalist Society.
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Brackets, Jas. Marvin.
Camp chair, Francis Hayck.
Ladies' bonnet, Miss Barnett.
Ball dress, Mrs. McKeague.
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Model, Geo. H. White.
Music, D. Brainerd Williamson, $150.
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Fancy articles, ladies of Sommerville, N. J.
Stationery, Willard Felt & Co.
Artificial flowers, Miss E. Hall.
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Gold watch and chain, R. R. Endicott, Beverly, Mass., $136.
Stone basins, Miller & Coates.
45 pkgs. super carb. soda, John Dwight & Co., $300.30.
Patent ash sifter, T. L. Haines.
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Dry up cosmetic, J. Rott.
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Fancy cakes, John Parr.
2 pkgs. harness, John Gillmore.
Velvet cap, H. Mullan.
Magic clock, C. Schwippl.
3 pkgs. fancy articles, Third Universalist Church.
Fancy articles, Miss E. Moore.
Stationery, S. C. Clark.
Quilt, E. Manson.
12 clothes dryers, E. Lockhood.
Artificial flowers, Burnap, Viola & Co., $100.
4 pkgs. artificial flowers, C. H. Ahrens & Co., $240.
5 pkgs. wall paper, T. V. Partridge.
Books, D. Van Nostrand, $250.
Planisphere of the stars, N. Y. Nautical School.
Forge, H. B. Bigelow, New-Haven.
100 bags salt, Foreign Salt Co.
Breakfast shawl, Mrs. M. Spies.
Stationery, G. F. Nesbitt & Co.
3 pkgs. fancy articles, Mrs. John Green.
3 churns and washboard, unknown.
Books, Mrs. E. W. Farnham.
5 pkgs. pickles and jellies, J. R. Dayton & Co.
Fancy articles, Adolph Weismann.
Books, M. Hartly, $100.
Stationery, Willard Felt.
Seamless hats, Seamless Cloth Mf'g Co.
Child's shawl, Mrs. T. C. Bartine.
Quilt, Colored Home.
Books, Robert Carter & Brother.
Tidy, Mrs. Jacob Varian.
Hand glasses, &c., W. J. Harrington.
Cutting guage, W. F. Hoffman.
Jewelry, B. Franklin.
Glove box, Mrs. David Close.
Agricultural implements, Geo. F. Jerome.
6 pkgs. flowers from Holy Land, Mrs. Geo. D. Phelps.
Fancy article, Ella M. Hardy, Conn.
Afghan, Ladies' Society, Trumansburg, N. Y.
Wax flowers, Mrs. John Decker.
China and earthenware, W. A. Allen, $100.45.
Fancy goods, Albert G. Carl, Conn.
4 pkgs. soap, Colgate & Co.
Perfumery, E. Vatet.
Refrigerator, Geo. A. Banta.
Oriental chair, B. & J. Hardy.
3 pkgs. india rubber shoes, Goodyear Shoe Co., Naugatuck, Conn.
Books, C. H. Green.
3 pkgs. stationery, Andrew King & Co., $140.30.
Fancy articles, Mrs. D. W. Plumb, Conn.
Fancy articles, Miss Emma S. Thorp, Conn.
Fancy articles, unknown.
Fancy articles, unknown.
Fancy articles, unknown.
Fancy articles, Miss S. C. Rowe, Montgomery, N. Y.
Canes, J. H. Pullman.
Books, W. Gowans.
Old manuscripts, H. C. Van Schaack, Manlius, N. Y.
10 pkgs. wine, A. De Luze, $106.
Wine, Bossert & Haefele.
Fancy articles, H. W. B. Reeve.
Box tint, Mrs. Cha's O. Reeve.
Hay cutter, unknown.
Fancy articles, ladies Hackensack, N. J., $100.
Fancy articles, Mrs. Abel Stevens, Mamaroneck, $365.62.
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Doll, Miss Van Schaack.
Screen, Mrs. A. F. Smith.
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Lingerie and trimmings, Aitken & Miller, $427.83.
Lingerie and trimmings, J. W. Cochran, $100.30.
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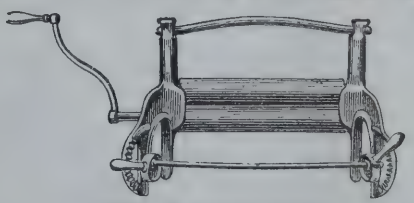

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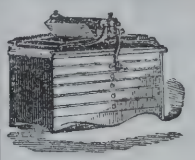

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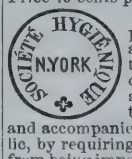

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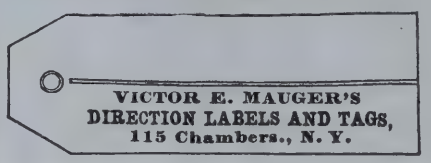

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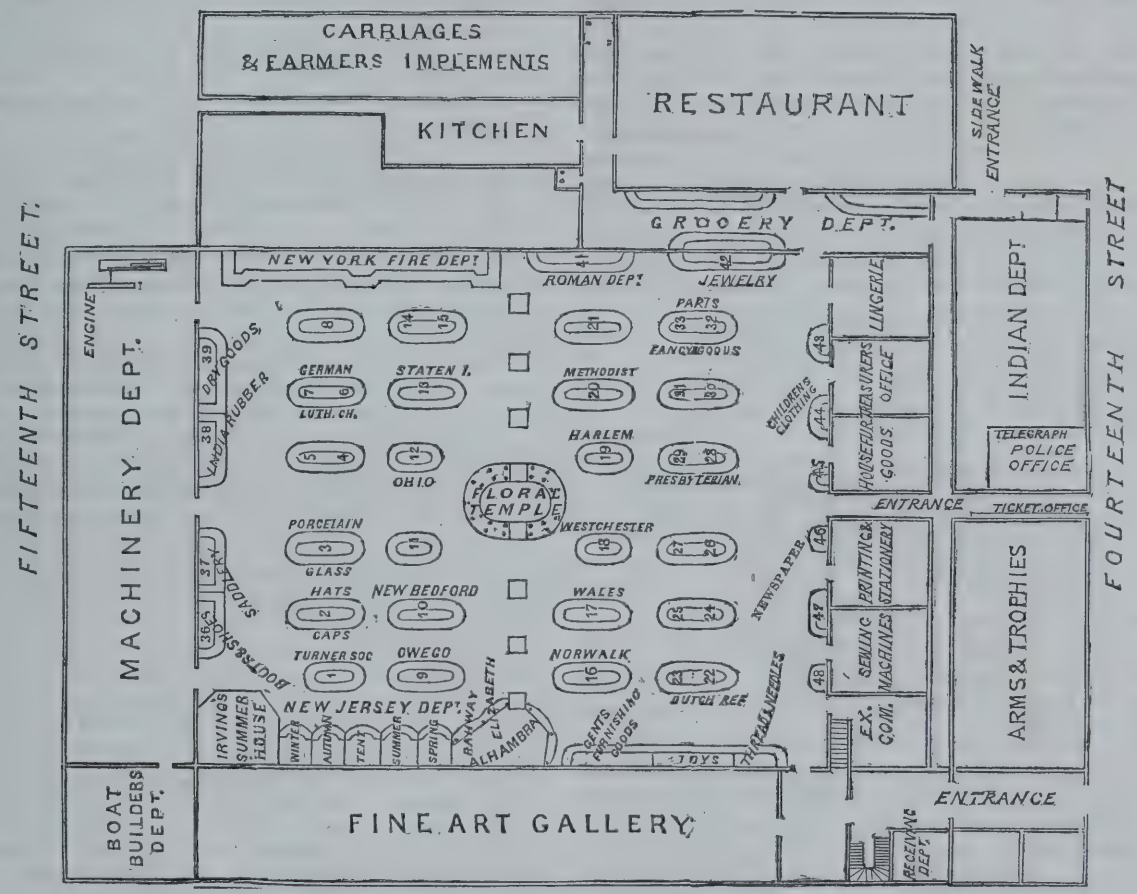

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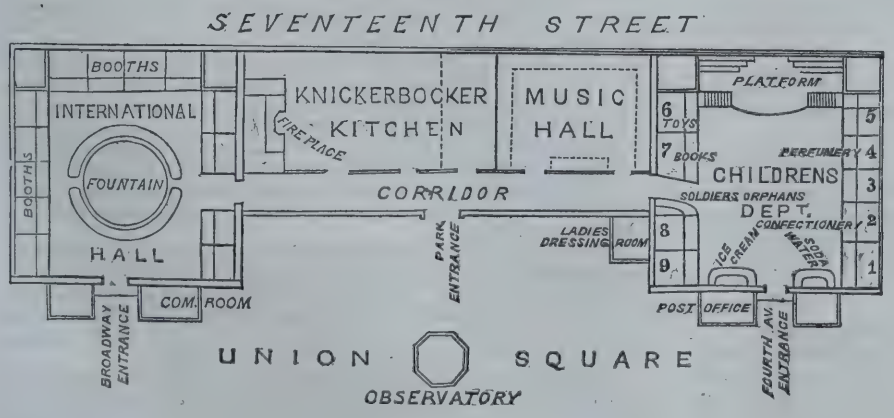

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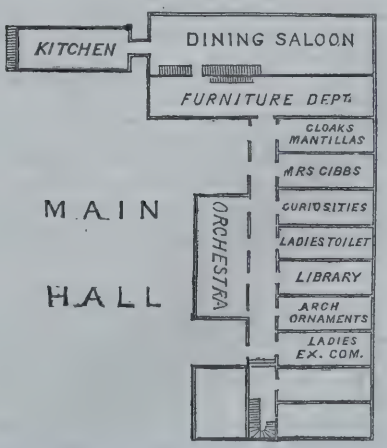

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NORMANDY CAPS AND GAUFFRE CAKES.

We humbly beg pardon of the fair ladies at the Normandy Table, whose graceful and gracious presence gives to the quiet corner it occupies so rare a charm, for so long delaying the full meed of justice due them. No one, who has once tasted the delights, both of eye and palate, which that favored corner affords, will dissent from our opinion that it is one of the most delightful attractions of the Fair; to him who hath not been so supremely happy, we can only say: poor wretch, we pity you!

The extreme modesty of the corner where the Normandy Table stands, has doubtless prevented many from noticing what would otherwise have surely attracted general attention. The occasional flittings through the mazes of the crowded main room of a charming combination of graces, consisting of a quaint and picturesque *coiffure* adorning the head of an extremely bewitching young lady, has been the signal for a general explosion of audible exclamation points. Whence it came, or whither it went —we refer to the *combination*—was to the majority only matter of conjecture. Not a few, however, have learned the place, as the large receipts at the table clearly attest. This table was the result of the untiring efforts of Mrs. Mortimer Brown, who has certainly earned high praise for her energy in planning and perfecting so unique an entertainment. The idea was suggested to her by seeing, at a restaurant in the quartier St. Jacques, Paris, the waiters, arrayed in the pretty Normandy caps, dispensing hot and delicious *gauffre cakes*, just from the griddle. The perfect manner in which the arrangements have been carried out, the exactness of the reproduction, and the exquisiteness of the cakes, are the theme of high compliment among all who have seen and tasted the originals in Normandy and Paris. The style of head-gear belongs to the ancient costume of Normandy, and is still maintained, through all the endless mutations of fashion at the capital, the pride and ornament of the fair Norman girl. An elderly lady, a native of the province, who visited the table, was delighted beyond measure, by the truthfulness of the representation. She had one of the caps at home, she said, and would "do it up," and lend it to one of the young ladies, who attracted her particular attention. The charming effect of these caps, it is impossible fitly to describe. Perhaps the exceeding comeliness of the fair damosels who wear them, may lend to them an additional grace—no doubt it does—but it is certain that all the gentlemen are bewitched—enchanted—overwhelmed with admiration. The ladies—bless their dear little hearts!—are in a flutter of excitement about them. Already several have been spoken for, and patterns are in great demand. The priestesses of the Temple of Flora besiege the fairies of Normandy to "show them how to do it," for O! how delightful they will be for breakfast-caps at the watering places this summer! The caps now in use will be disposed of at the close of the Fair, and we doubt not that many more would find a ready sale.

The "Normandy cakes" are a kind of celestial waffle, or gauffre, as the French persist in calling it, instead of talking plain English like other folks. Prepared and baked on a little gas-stove by the fair hands of the charming attendants, nothing could be more utterly delicious. Talk of Ambrosia! Nonsense! No doubt it was very nice, but had the jolly revellers on Mount Olympus, who had a "gentle weakness" for good cheer, once tasted these gauffres—no more ambrosia for them! By the way, we have, after much research, discovered a "classical allusion" to gauffre cakes—not of this make, however—in an ancient work (positively it appeared ever so long before the war!) called "Queechy." The allusion may be found on the 292d page of vol. i., and in the following words:

"'*Except the almond gauffres*,' said Hugh, smiling."

Gauffre cakes are therefore of very ancient origin. It may be well to add that the recipe may be obtained at the table for a small consideration.

Not the least attractive feature of this table is the assortment of exquisite *cartes de visite* of the young ladies in charge, taken in costume. They are very beautiful, and the statement that more than twenty dozen have already been disposed of excites not the least surprise among those who have seen them.

The extreme politeness and suavity of the attendants has exerted a most captivating influence upon the susceptible hearts of the "sterner sex." The same enraptured gentlemen may be seen, night after night, awaiting, in solid phalanx several deep, their turn at cakes and smiles. And happy he who may partake of a Normandy roll, made doubly delicious by a peculiar mode of administration, "which must be seen to be appreciated."

A great deal of attention is excited by the cocoanut palm, which stands conspicuously in an open space beyond the Floral Temple. People who have often regaled themselves on the rich meat and refreshing milk of the cocoanut, but had no idea on what a curious tree it grows, stop and admire with unmixed astonishment. Two young officers, who had "seen service" in South Carolina, were greatly exercised in regard to its native habitat. They thought it must be a palmetto; but said one, "It isn't like what we saw down at Beaufort." "Well," said the other, it may not be just the thing, but it bears a mighty strong resemblance, any way." Yes, about as much as a hideous dwarf resembles a full-grown and well-developed man, or as some people's loyalty resembles true *amor patriæ*.

In the Curiosity Shop we were gazing admiringly at a gorgeous imperial robe, curiously worked with Chinese "dragons and things," a part of the "loot" captured at the disgraceful sacking of the Palace of Pekin, when up walked a rustic swain, with his buxom damsel under his arm. "There!" he exclaimed, "see that splendid Chinese shawl, worth $2,000! And there," pointing to the precious Washington relics below, "are some Chinese teapots, tureens, &c.!"

Standing before Church's "Heart of the Andes," our vision was suddenly interrupted by an elderly gentleman, who was accompanied by a charming young lady. "That, my dear, is a very fine picture." "Who by!" "It was painted by Mr. Church, and sold for $15,000!" "Is it possible? *Oh-h my-y!*"—and they pressed eagerly forward to get a nearer view of so astounding an article of merchandise. No doubt they thought it extremely pretty.

The Methodist Episcopal Church is very handsomely represented at the stand under the charge of Mrs. John Kennedy. An assortment of afghans, sofa-pillows, breakfast caps, children's fancy dresses, and all manner of elegant worsted work, invites the eye, and appeals to the purse of the crowds who throng the Fair. A large Chinese robe of yellow silk, embroidered with tinsel, was presented by a gentleman, who fixed a price for it, which had escaped the memory of the lady in attendance; $200 had been offered for it. An ancient toy grandmother, attired in good old style, excites much amusement at this table. She is engaged in knitting. On a table beside her is a basket, and she is saying, "I'm doing all I can for the soldiers, but I cannot get along very fast, and will be very glad to receive any contributions for them *in my basket*." We are happy to say that her receipts have been most encouraging thus far. Besides the articles mentioned, there is a number of very beautiful gentlemen's writing-desks, gentlemen's wrappers, a very handsome lady's "red-riding hood" cloak, wax bouquets, and two large and very handsome ornamented cakes, valued at $40 and $60 respectively. This table represents nineteen churches, and the receipts to Thursday night amounted to $2,500.

Knickerbocker Kitchen Gossip.—Every young married couple of the good old time of Dutch rule received from their parents a ponderous Dordrecht bible, ornamented with brazen clasps, and illuminated with pictures. Several of these Bibles, ancient and well worn, are on exhibition in the Knickerbocker Kitchen. Over the old-fashioned fireplace hangs a long gun; the identical Van Tassell gun, which is said to have frightened the crew of the British sloop-of-war Vulture terribly. There is a long story about the gun; visit the Kitchen and hear it. Also, look at the cradle made in 1754, belonging to the family of the Hon. James W. Beekman. In one corner of the Kitchen stands a cupboard stocked with the quaintest of queer old-fashioned China, belonging to Bruyn Hasbrouck, Esq., of Kingston, Ulster Co. The cupboard is one hundred and fifty years old. There is also a number of pieces of rare old China belonging to the family of Mr. Egbert Benson. The Van Antwerp family have contributed for the ornamentation of the fireplace many goodly pieces of brassware, kettles, and candlesticks, ancient in manufacture, but new in brightness. Our ancestors were famous for the cleanliness of their household wares—and in Holland, at the present day, the day of the week can be told by noting the kind of household utensils that are drying in the sun at the door. Mr. Mezier has sent to the kitchen a clock two hundred years old. A remarkable handkerchief, emblazoned with all the arms of the Lowlands, belonging to Mr. Egbert Dennison, is worthy the inspection of the visitor. A lady of New York contributed specimens of China ware over a hundred years old, which were brought over from Holland by her sister. The ancient mirror which tradition says was the property of Governor Stuyvesant, having arrived here in the same vessel that brought the Governor out, hangs in the Knickerbocker Hall. Take a look in it. The Van Tassell gun referred to above is the property of Mr. J. C. Brevoort, of this city. Among the remarkable portraits which grace the walls of the hall are those of Governor Stuyvesant, Admiral Van Tromp, Peter Clopper and his wife, Chief Justice Jay, Egbert Benson, first Attorney-General of the State, Gen. Marinus Willett, Brockholst Livingston, Rev. Dr. Livingston, Henry Rutgers, Dr. Wm. Beekman, father of Hon. J. W. Beekman, of this city; Governor Colden, Governor of this State before the Revolution, and Warren Delancey, in one picture, and a great many other portraits equally interesting and valuable. By all means visit the Knickerbocker Kitchen.

Contributors to the Fair will no doubt appreciate the labor of making out the catalogue which we daily publish for their benefit as well as that of our other readers. The work would have been scarcely possible without the intelligent aid of Mr. Hamilton Mills, of the Cashier's office of the Fair, who has found time amid his engrossing and responsible duties to furnish full and accurate materials for this purpose.

In the Machinery Department, Messrs. Willcox & Gibbs have fitted up one of their Sewing Machines to run by steam. A large crowd of people is generally in attendance, who express themselves highly delighted as the fine narrow hem comes noiselessly from the machine, turned down and stitched at the rate of 2000 stitches a minute. It is worth seeing.

THE QUARTERMASTER'S STORY.

It was during the Rebellion, in the second bloody year,
And we lay, at single anchor, with our guns for action clear;
And I walked the deck with anxious steps—"two bells" was drawing near.

It was in the good sloop Cumberland—a gallant ship was she,
With ribs of oak and masts ataunt, as meet 'tis ship should be,
To carry abroad our Country's Flag of her own good will and free.

And ever as I seaward turned, with weather-eye awide,
I gave a look from Newport News off to the Rebel side;
For I felt that, ere the glass was turned, might something strange betide.

For we knew the cursed Rebel crew had raised the Merrimac,
And cut away her brave broadside and hogged her with a back,
Making her look less like a ship than a pedlar with his pack.

And yet she was a fearful thing—with sides in iron cased,
With iron roofing laid apeak, with heavy timbers braced,
And a beak that, like a pilot-fish, her deadly errand traced.

And looking thus toward Sewall's Point, I saw a flake of smoke,
And then a puff, and then a flash, and then a cannon spoke,
And then athwart my straining eyes the horrid vision broke.

Lads, I had seen the Kraken, and the great Atlantic snake;
Had seen the Arctic icebergs oft against each other break;
But I never had seen such a hell-born thing—at least with eyes awake.

And now we're all at quarters, for her prey is singled out,
And to bear upon the Cumberland she brings her iron snout,
While all of us unlock our teeth for the seamen's battle shout.

Three cheers, defiant, loud and long, that said: nor man nor hell
Can make a thing to frighten us who know our duty well— [fell.
Then we gave a glance to the Flag and to Heaven, and stood with purpose

Slowly, securely, sullenly, she down upon us bore,
Till, when about at pistol-range, both opened with a roar,
And, at once, upon our decks there lay of mangled men a score.

But not a shriek, and scarce a groan, and no one flinched from fear;
Nay, the last gasp of the dying man was strained into a cheer
That told, however faint it was, how the old Flag was dear.

And fast and hot we plied our shot, but all, alas, in vain,
For they plashed upon the creature's scales as if 'twas summer rain,
While fearfully our tally ran of wounded men and slain.

Anon there came a brazen voice out from the monster's maw:
"Lower your flag!"—'twas scarcely said, when, quick, she gave a yaw,
And there she was, confronting us, as a bowler stands at taw.

Then, from our open quarter-deck, came answer prompt and free:
"No! never will we strike our Flag to traitors such as ye,
And still it shall float over us till we sink beneath the sea!"

Thus gallant Morris spoke for us; and, high above the din,
Two lusty and responsive cheers their upward way did win—
The third was drowned in the bellowing sound of our broadside staving in.

The good ship gave a lurch to port, as the sea rushed through her side,
And our wounded men embraced their guns, as if each one clasped his bride;
And the last shot from the quarter-deck struck square on the comb of the tide.

Living and dead went down, amain, in that wide-yawning grave;
One hundred bubbles floated up, the last prayers of the brave;
And then, o'er all that wreck beneath, sparkled the laughing wave.

But the royal-mast still stood erect, and the Flag streamed from its head,
And its rustling folds seemed whispering the service for the dead,
Whom, with that pall immovable, the waters overspread.

All honor to the Flag that won a sacrifice so grand!
All honor to all loyal hearts who for their country stand!
All honor to the braves who fought in the good ship Cumberland!

New Orleans, *March 4th*, 1864. W. W.

THE FLAG OF THE EAGLE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

The Flag of the Eagle will never be furled,
Though battle-skies scowl with the wrath of a world!
Like the brave bird, its emblem, the wilder the blast,
The broader its storm-scorning folds will be cast:
Mighty Flag of the Eagle!

Grand sign to the nations that Liberty here,
A sun-burst from darkness, shines fixed in her sphere;
Where, free from the clouds that long clung to her way,
She will watch the world kindle its light from her ray:
Beaming Flag of the Eagle!

Our broad fold of glory was wrought in a loom
That arched from Maine's snow-drifts to Florida's bloom:
And the North by the God of their Fathers have sworn
That ne'er into fragments that Flag shall be torn:
Dearest Flag of the Eagle!

This bright-beaming banner, this Red, White, and Blue,
Brought down from its birthplace each beautiful hue;—
The dawn and the noontide, starred night and the moon
Have each in one splendor there blended its boon:
Sky-born Flag of the Eagle!

Proud symbol of Freedom! man's footsteps are pressed
Unchecked to the Canaan that beckons him west;—
Where the Flag with its dyes glows, the sign that our clime
Shines the autumn, the full gorgeous Autumn of Time:
Oh! grand Flag of the Eagle!

As night brings to view the stars ever on high,
Our gloom has revealed us our glory of sky.
We will still pour our treasure and blood thick and fast,
But shall not the Flag stream in triumph at last?
Flashing Flag of the Eagle!

Oh, yes, the signs deepen; the Nemesis blow
His own sword shall plant in the heart of the foe.
Down, down shall he fall to his own battle-spear,
That will turn to a staff, with wild rapture to rear
Our land's Flag of the Eagle!

ON A LATE INTERESTING EVENT.

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO THE "L—ND—N T—MES."

When dreadful thunders shake the stage,
And all the pretty pasteboard scenes;
'Tis sweet to know the awful rage,
Only the rumbling is of beans.

When Jupiter heard Cobden call,
His wrathful thunders roared in vain;
The rent cloud showed no Jove at all,
But only Johnny T. Delane.

George William Curtis.

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, APRIL 19, 1864.

AUTOGRAPHS AND AUTOGRAPH COLLECTIONS.

BY DR. J. G. COGSWELL.

Autographs are of great value as personal and historical memorials. They are more a part of the individual than the ordinarily preserved memorials of arms, articles of apparel, seals, canes and the like, they are his living self, the spiritual essence of his mind. "Next to a portrait," says a writer in the Retrospective Review, "an autograph of a great man is the most valuable notice of him." Even more might be said of an autograph; in some respects it is to be preferred to the portrait. A portrait is not always a correct delineation of the individual, and at best is a delineation of his person only; an autograph is more or less a transcript of mind and character, is more enduring and easier of transmission to future times. Thus much may be accorded to the importance and value of autographs, without unqualifiedly admitting that they are perfect exponents of individual character. There are instances, no doubt, where character, particularly in its moral force, has shown itself unmistakably in the handwriting. Who could look upon the signature of Washington, without seeing in it the hero possessed of every quality that constitutes greatness; or of Sir Philip Sidney, without recognizing it as the signature of a man of a pure and noble and chivalric character; or of Queen Victoria, and not trace the combination of queenly dignity with every womanly virtue? So, on the other hand, there are instances equally strong of the opposite characteristics discoverable in handwriting, as in Peter the Great's of Russia, Charles the Twelfth's of Sweden, and Napoleon's, all denoting impetuosity, recklessness, and ungovernable self-will. Another remarkable instance is seen in Lord Byron, whose manuscripts, like his character, are disfigured throughout by blots and erasures, and alike illegible. With a few such exceptions any portfolio of autographs will show that the idea of handwriting being a criterion of character is far more fancied than real. Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to his son on this subject, says that "every man who has the use of his eyes and of his hand can write whatever hand he pleases." This is saying too much; it is not enough for a man to have the use of his eyes and of his hand to enable him to become a good penman; it requires a correct eye and a mathematical precision in tracing the outlines of letters, good instruction and patient practice, to effect it. Not many centuries ago no persons, however high their rank, except ecclesiastics and professed scribes could write a legible hand, and but few could write at all. Henry the Fifth of England, who reigned from 1413 to 1422, is the earliest sovereign whose sign-manual could be considered legible. Previously the royal signatures were mere monograms; that of Richard the Second, about thirty years earlier, is the most ancient of any kind, of English sovereigns, known to be in existence. The invention of printing, in the middle of the fifteenth century, superseded the necessity of manuscripts, and consequently forced the professed scribes to find other occupations. The art of writing thus became a general necessary attainment, but the formal engrossing hand was the one first adopted, and the same continued in general use in England for nearly a century. The freer and more graceful hand, borrowed from the Italian, first appears in the writing of Roger Ascham and Sir John Cheke, the former tutor to Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey, the latter to Edward the Sixth. Under their instruction these three royal personages learnt to write a fair, and for the time, a beautiful, hand. Ascham, in his "Schoolmaster," remarks of Queen Elizabeth, "she has obtained excellency of learning to understand, speak, and write both wittily with her head and fair with her hand, as scarce one or two rare wits in both the universities have in many years reached unto." The hand taught by these two eminent scholars became the type of what has since been called the English hand, combining, with the neat Italian, a bolder and stronger outline of letters, characteristic of the country in which it was adopted. Shakespeare, judging from the three or four autographs of his now extant, appears not to have given up the Gothic hand, but Ben Jonson, Sylvester, and most of his other contemporaries, followed the example of the queen in using the new one. The same type passed over to this country with its first English settlers, where it has been improved, as all arts and institutions are. The American handwriting, both of men and women, is now unsurpassed in neatness, elegance, and legibleness, the three great requisites of chirography. This is observable in every collection of autographs and in every original document to which numerous signatures are appended, particularly in the Declaration of Independence. Of the fifty-six signatures to that manifesto, there is not one, except that of Stephen Hopkins, which is slightly tremulous from age, that is not a fair model of a strong, statesman-like hand. The spirit of the instrument is expressed in every one of them, nor is there an equal to it with respect to fairness and beauty of signatures in any state paper extant.

The author of a small volume, published in Paris in 1816, entitled "L'Art de juger du Caractère des Hommes sur leur Écriture," concludes a long and ingenious course of reasoning in connection with his subject, upon gesticulation, or the language of action, as a surer test of the sincerity of a speaker than his words, with the following inference: "Thus it is seen how an attentive and sagacious observer can judge of many traits of the character of a man from movements which seem to be most indifferent. So it is seen, in applying the general consideration to handwriting, that it must furnish all the data above indicated, and that, following the movements of the mind, it must bear the imprint of its emotions, and hold a direct relation to its faculties." In illustration of this theory, he gives fac-similes of autographs of Louis XIV. and XVI., Marie Antoinette, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Frederick the Great, Pascal, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Franklin, and several others. Of all these, Franklin's is the only one really characteristic, indicative (as he says) of mildness, amenity, tranquillity of mind, and a certain delicacy of taste. The list is composed entirely of strongly-marked characters, but in only one instance is the handwriting so strongly marked as to be expressive of the character of the writer. Pascal, whose mind was of the highest order, and whose genius for mathematics was never surpassed, if ever equalled, is a perfectly illegible scratch; on the other hand that of Rousseau, who was capricious and erratic in everything, is as precise and regular in outline as copperplate. The stamp of grandeur which he finds impressed upon the handwriting of Louis XIV. is seen only in the size of the letters, a criterion which would make John Hancock the greatest man of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. With regard to Queen Elizabeth and Mary Stuart, this writer comes to a like foregone conclusion; in the handwriting of the former, he finds inflexible severity and ostentation; in that of the latter, simplicity, mildness, and majesty; whereas the principal difference discoverable is the difference between English and French teaching.

The general inference to be drawn from all which has been said on the subject is, that although character may sometimes be an element in the handwriting of a person, it can never be the principal one—that it is more national and professional than individ-

ual—that other differences come from early instruction and accident. The professional differences are very great, not only between the different learned professions, so called, but also with reference to the broader distinction of active and sedentary life. The pen in the hand of a merchant's clerk is a mere material instrument; in that of the author, it moves in concert with the mind—that is, in the one case it is partly an intellectual action; in the other, altogether a mechanical one. The difference in the handwriting of men and women is too obvious to be questioned; but identity of occupation soon overcomes this characteristic distinction, as is seen in legal and other papers written by women who are regularly employed as copyists. In letter writing it is more sure to be retained, for in that the mind is the great element of movement, and this exercise of it is one of woman's peculiar gifts, where her superior gracefulness, delicacy, and elegance, are most manifest both mentally and materially. One other point only remains to be settled in regard to handwriting, and that is of family resemblances; these are often strong, like those of features, gait, gesture, manners and temperament. Persons of the same family who are taught to write by the same master, will naturally form a similar hand in early life, and every trace of resemblance may afterward disappear, under the influence of difference of occupations and condition. It is unnecessary to say more upon the art of judging of the character of men by their handwriting, the theory is now so generally exploded.

(*To be continued.*)

JEFFERSON DAVIS, JOHN C. CALHOUN, AND THE REBELLION.

THREE SONNETS.—BY C. P. CRANCH.

Beelzebub, the god of flies, I would
Embalm in sonnet-amber. Hear me, Muse!
Let not his wings, his horned head, the blood
Of martyrs sticking to his sting, excuse
This Southern traitor, who is wont to abuse
God's boundless patience and the pliant mood
Of ignorant man too long. I fain would use
This monster dragon-fly, and all his brood:
Shew him (*in corpore vili*) chained in verse
And pilloried in rhyme; anatomise
His heart, if heart he has, and see what breeds
About it; while the wondering universe,
Angels and men, shall marvel at the lies
That choke God's harvest with such baleful weeds.

Yet are this fly-god and his poisonous swarm,
Who ply their fiendish tasks with bloody hands,
But baser spawn of one whose giant form
Still towers Titanic o'er those Southern lands.
Arch-fiend of this fair continent, he stands
Foremost, though dead; and in the direful storm
Of battle, lies the spirit that commands
The rebel's code and keeps their courage warm—
Slavery's apostle and Secession's sage,
His name still rings as teacher and as guide.
The very frogs of Dismal Swamp still croak
The name Calhoun. That name from age to age
Shall stand accursed. Southern hate and pride
Are branches—he, the acorn of their oak.

Oak, did I write? Say rather upas tree!
The root is poison, poisonous is the crown
Of leaves and blossoms, blighting all that's free,
South, north, east, west, with sickness. Cut it down!
Why cumbers it the earth? From field and town
The cry comes thicker, louder—we will see
The end. The axe is sharp. No threat or frown
Of slave-lords or of copperheads heed we.
On with the work! Strike at the root, nor fear;
White men and black men! Now while shrinks the foe;
Now while with desperate strength one dying thrust
He aims at all that makes our country dear,
Band we together, till we overthrow
And trample down Rebellion in the dust!

March 30th, 1864.

A BURIAL AT SEA.*

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

Again, I see the sun on a great reach of level water, that has only a wavy tremor in it—as peaceful as the bowing and the lifting of grain in the wind. The yellow-haired German is at her knitting; her red-capped admirer is filling his pipe. Our quarter-deck's company are all above board, and luxuriating in the charming weather—when a lank, hatless, bearded man strides with a quaint woollen bundle in his arms to the lee gangway, and "plash"—goes his burden upon the water. It is a sudden and sorry burial; for it is the dead infant, whose eyes looked beyond us, three days ago. I see the Swiss lady, with her hands met together; and her little ones, when they learn what has befallen, grow pale, and leave their play, and whisper together, and look over astern where the white bundle goes whisking under the inky blue.

Even the French lad bestirs himself into asking what it may be?

"A child—dead—that's the body."

"*Sacr-re!*" and he, taking his cigar from his mouth, looks after it too,—shadowy now, and fading in the depths. There are times when the weakest of us, as well as the strongest, eagerly strain our eyes and our thought toward that great mystery of Death.

It is but a shabby funeral, as I said; no prayer save the silent one of the Swiss lady. God only knows what worshipful or tender thought of the child's future, was in the mind of the emigrant father, as he tossed the little package from him into the sea. He staggered as he walked back to the hatchway, to climb below; but it may have been only from the motion of the ship.

After this—it was perhaps a matter of two days—I remember a somewhat worthier burial. It is an old man of seventy (they said) takes the plunge. He has been ailing from the day of sailing;—going with his daughter and grandchild to try the new land. She is chief-mourner. There is a plank the carpenter has brought; and he has placed one end upon the bulwarks and the other upon a cask; they lay presently a long canvas bundle upon it; the old dead man is safely sewed in, with a cannon shot at his feet. Some one among the emigrants reads a guttural prayer. The captain pops out an "Amen!" that sounds like a military command; and thereupon the carpenter, with the second-mate, tilt the plank; and away the old man slides with a sullen, heavy splash. The daughter rushes to the gangway, with a scream—as if they had done him wrong, and looks yearningly after him. If she saw anything, it was only the gray sack going down—full three fathoms under, before our stern had licked the little whirlpool smooth, where he sank.

I observe after some days, that the captain is growing more

* Extract from a work entitled "Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic," by D. G. Mitchell, shortly to be published by Charles Scribner, New York.

crotchety and testy; it irks him to share the night-watches as he does, with only the plucky little second mate; who, though sailorly enough in his air, has, I notice, a very awkward handling to his sextant; but he makes up for his lack of the science of navigation with a pestilent shower of suggestions to the helmsman: "A pint nigher the wind!" "Kip her full!" "Now you're off, you lubber!" Thus I hear him, hour after hour, as he paces off his night-watches upon the deck above my head.

I look back upon a sunny noon shining down upon the vessel, and upon the little Swiss children, who have forgotten the dead baby, and are rollicking up and down the decks with glee. The mother seated by the taff-rail, with a book under her eye—is not reading, but looking over the page at that romp of her little ones—to which I have contributed my own quota, by joining in the play of "Puss in the corner."

Suddenly there is a swift, angry outcry from the waist of the ship—the sound of a quick blow—a scuffle, and loud shouts. The little children cower away like frighted deer, and the mother swoops forward, her face full of terror, to give them the protection of those outstretched arms. I step to the little bridge that reaches from the quarter-deck to the long boat. There is an excited, clamorous group of sailors and of emigrants below me; in the middle of them is the captain, hatless and panting, and with his hand streaming with blood; the tall, mulatto cook confronts him, his face livid with rage. I learn about the happening of it all, afterward. It seems that the captain had given an order, which the cook has chosen either to neglect, or to treat with indifference. "But by ——, sir, on my ship, sir, I'll have my orders obeyed:" —and thereupon, he has seized a billet of wood (an ugly stick, I remember,) and rushed upon the mulatto. The blow it seems only stunned the man for a moment, for he has rallied so far as to give an answering blow; and as the captain springs forward to seize him by the throat, he has caught his hand in his teeth (they are as white and sharp as a leopard's) and nearly torn away his thumb. There is a manifest show of sympathy with the mutineer, on the part of the sailors; but the instinct of obedience is strong—strong even in the culprit; for he makes no resistance now, as the carpenter and second officer place the irons on his wrists. And presently he is safe in the meat house, under the jolly boat; at least we think so—and the captain, as well—who coolly pockets the key.

IN THE STUDIO.

It was midnight. The Moon looked into the studio through the large uncurtained window with her cold, selfish eye, and saw everything. The Moon is not modest! She likes very well to be looked at, and indeed, she contrives to shine in such a way as to make every place where she does not shine ten times blacker than it is at midnight, when not a star is in the sky.

Just so, to-night, she drew away a large black cloud from her face, and looked in, as I said, at the studio window. She sent in a broad, cold, steady look;—a beam, in short with the exact pattern of the window sash on it, cutting clear across the room, and up the opposite wall, making it light as day wherever she touched, and dark as a pocket, if you will allow me to say so, everywhere else in the room.

Against the wall, in the full light of the broad moonbeam, stood a pedestal, and, on it, the marble bust of a lovely Grecian nymph. Seldom, in this work-day world, do we see any human face so pure and sweet as hers! A radiant beauty streamed forth from every feature, as if the marble bust were a lamp of lucid alabaster, with a flame, caught from the very altar of Vesta herself, imprisoned within its delicately sculptured walls. It is true, that, if the spectator had stepped a little to one side, he would have perceived that a large slice appeared to have been cut from the top and from the back of her head, and, from certain points of view, this mutilation almost destroyed the marvellous beauty of the otherwise perfect bust, but the face was untouched, and if you just kept your eyes fixed upon that, you could not but be satisfied. Not the merest idler came into the studio; the chambermaid, to sweep and dust; the landlord, to get the monthly rent; the postman—and what could be more stupid than a postman!—but each and every one looked at the beautiful nymph, and thought to himself, aye, and often spoke his thought, too—"Well, now, that is a sweet pretty kind of girl!"

Just beyond the moonlight stood another pedestal, and, on it, another bust not of a nymph but of a young hero; a noble head, with wide eyes, a sweet, strong mouth, and thick, clustering curls.* He never turned his eyes from the beautiful nymph, but looked at her, in the most loving way, from morning until night, year in and year out.

It was a desperate case. The very shovel and tongs, who, after having loved one another many years, standing on opposite sides of the fireplace, had seized a lucky moment when the chambermaid had, by accident, put them together, to plight eternal troth and marry, expressed themselves very strongly on the indelicacy of the nymph in permitting such public attentions, without compelling the gentleman to bring matters to a conclusion. But the beautiful nymph, all this time, had never once looked at the hero! No, her eyes were fixed upon a very different object, on whom she looked with unutterable fondness. Yes, she was in love with the lay-figure! There he stood, in the middle of the room, in the broad moonlight, dressed in a splendid Spanish suit, all green velvet and gold, with the whitest of stockings on his shapely leg, and, on his head, as fine a hat with streaming feather and diamond clasp as ever graced the head of the very King of Spain himself.

The nymph thought him an adorable creature. To have looked at her face, so purely beautiful, you would have said that nothing less than an angel, no, not even the noble young hero himself with his magnificent, manly head was worthy to carry off such a piece of perfection; and yet, although one look at the hero who stood so near, the least bit of encouragement, would have brought him to her feet at once, she persisted in giving him the cold shoulder. But, then, you see, she had no head! There was the secret! Perhaps it was just as well for his peace of mind that the young hero stood where he could not possibly know that all he was in love with was a face! A sweet, expressive, lovely face, it is true; but, only that, after all. But, he is not the first fine young fellow who has never seen his beloved one without a head-dress, and has taken it for granted that such a lovely face must have a brain behind it!

And yet, the lay-figure had not everything his own way, either. The truth was, that, for all his fine clothes, he felt uneasy. His joints were stiff, and one of his legs was broken, and had been mended with iron, so that it could no longer bend. Besides, although his clothes were very fine, and stuck out as if he were really a stout man, he was, in truth, thin as a rail, and had nothing but a straight-jointed stick for a body; for, although he often boasted to the nymph that he was all heart—heart of oak—yet that was only a figure of speech and intended to deceive, and he stood in daily terror lest he should be stripped of his disguise, and the truth made known. That would have been a sad day for him; for, next to his taste in dress the beautiful nymph admired his figure, and, especially, his leg! "Legs," she thought to herself, "must be as useful as they are becoming! How charming it must be to have them!" She, herself, you will remember had never been off her pedestal.

I know not how it chanced, but, to-night, the bust of the nymph had been turned a little, just the least bit in the world, so that her eyes rested both on the hero and the lay-figure. Now, it must be thought, she will certainly relent; now that she can see them both, she will choose the noble hero. Surely, she cannot prefer to him, so young and handsome, such an awkward stick as the lay-figure. It was plain to see, too, that the hero, modest as he was, felt that there might be, now, a chance for him, and he

* In his description of the bust of the nymph, the writer seems to have had in his mind the beautiful bust of Psyche, which is mutilated in the manner he describes. It is to be found in every statuary shop. We cannot guess what antique is the original of his hero. It may be the "Antinous," or, perhaps, the "Giulian de Medici," of Michael Angelo. Neither suits the description, exactly.—Ed.

resolved to speak and plead his cause before she should again be turned away from him.

So he began. He talked for an hour, and in the most interesting way. It is true that the shovel thought his compliments very flat, but that was only because they were not paid to her. She heard the tongs say a great many dull things without finding out how dull they really were; for "flattery" only means, praise of other people; when people flatter *us*, we call it, "appreciation." The hero paid his mistress some compliments that were really fine, and made her think him not so contemptible, after all. Then, he told her his experiences, his adventures, and a very interesting tale they made; his language was as choice and classic as heart could desire; and in every sentence there was this touching thought expressed, every time in different words—that, in all his travels and among all the people he had seen, he had never, no, positively *never*, seen any one so fascinating, so beautiful, so loveable as she!

Was it the firelight reflected in her marble cheek that made the sweet face of the nymph seem to blush at this delicate compliment? That, indeed, said the shovel, is both delicate and new. That is worthy, or, at least, almost worthy of the tongs in his best moments! And, whether she blushed, or only seemed to blush, the nymph thought the same. If it had not been for her maidenly modesty she would almost have looked encouragingly on the hero. He stood there in the pale moonbeam—which had become so much interested in his adventure, that it had crept nearer and nearer, and now stood close to him—and wished with all his manly heart that the beautiful lady would but give him one smile; and who knows but that she might have done so, had not the lay-figure, seeing that matters were getting desperate, given himself a twist which nearly broke every stick in his body, and, in his hurry to put in a word, nearly overset himself.

How he blustered! How he boasted! If the hero had talked an hour, this bragging lay-figure talked for three! Stories of France and Spain and Italy! Terrible adventures in all sorts of fine clothes! Spangles, velvets, plumes, and swords! The nymph was obliged to hold her breath, the tale was so exciting. It made the hero appear a very second-rate hero, after all; and when, at last, the lay-figure declared that unless he could marry her, the only lady he had ever seen who was worth dying for, he should pine away until he became nothing but a bundle of useless sticks, the nymph became so frightened, that, without even looking at the despairing hero, she nodded at once to the lay-figure, and promised to be his.

And so she was! Yes, she married the lay-figure, although everybody in the studio, especially the easel—who, because he held the pictures, had come to think he painted them, and that he was a great judge of art although he had no suspicion that there was anything more on the front of the canvas than he saw on the back;—the easel expressed aloud the opinion, stretching his legs very wide apart, and supporting himself behind on his cane, that the bridegroom was a well-dressed nobody, and that the bride had only half a head, and he believed nothing but misery would come of it.

This made a terrible quarrel, you may be sure. The coal scuttle added fuel to the fire by saying the very bitterest things he could think of behind the lay-figure's back. But then, everybody knew that his bad temper was occasioned by his own unhappy marriage relations with the grate whom he was obliged to feed and support, but who always insisted on his being kept as much out of sight as possible. Theirs was a truly unhappy marriage, as every one knew.

The poor hero, however, had a hard time of it, and felt no heart to quarrel. He grew paler and paler, and stood sighing in the corner, a most pitiable spectacle. No one ever knew how it happened, but, when the maid came in the morning, to sweep and dust, or, rather, after she had gone—the hero was found lying upon the floor behind the nymph, broken into twenty pieces, and with his beautiful eyes fixed upon the back of that lovely creature's head!

What a pity that he could not have seen it, a little earlier!

Since in the world's eternal chorus
Some voices must be high and low,
Let those who like it bawl and bore us,
But only in the things they know.

Houghton.

SONG OF THE IRON KING.

I am King, I am King, let who will call me slave,
King of men from the hour of their birth,
'Till I screw them at last in the grave,—in the grave,
And shovel them into the earth.

I am King of the Skies, for my tridents arise
To the realm of the thunderbolt's ire,
And I pierce with my spear as it flies,—as it flies,
The angular serpent of fire.

I am King of the Earth, for I hold in control
The world, in my fettering bands;
And my steeds are the steam, as I roll,—as I roll,
With the commerce of men in my hands.

I am King of the Sea, through whose fathoms I sink,
'Till I grapple its slippery bed:—
Ah! vain is the storm if *I* link, if *I* link
The argosies floating o'erhead.

I am King of the Air, for my subtle wires swing
Where the pen and the press cannot reach,
And the nations afar through me ring—through me ring,
In the currents of timeless speech.

I am King of the red flaming pageant of War,
And my laugh is the bayonet's flash,
I drink to both foes in their gore—in their gore,
And I shout in the serried ranks' clash.

I am King of the bountiful harvest of Peace,
I strike, and the wilderness blooms,
I wave o'er earth's golden increase—increase,
And I dance in the echoing looms.

I am King of dark Sorrow, and King of bright Joy,
For I toll when they hear not,—the dead;
And the maiden's heart leaps, tho' so coy—tho' so coy,
When my bridal bell peals o'er her head.

I am King of the Poor, I am King of the Rich,
For I hold fast the wealthiest store,
And my gleaming point guides the quick stitch, the quick stitch,
That keeps misery out of the door.

I am King of the glorious kingdom of Toil,
Whose bounds are the limitless light,
Sweet harmony springs from my turmoil—my turmoil,
And grace from my demons of might.

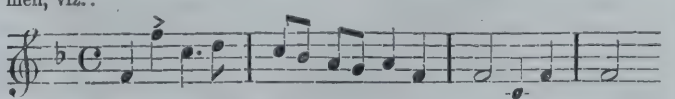
Hail me King, hail me King of humanity then,
Supreme on Utility's throne,
For I rule over matter and men—over men,
By the power of Endurance alone.

C. K. T.

MUSIC OF THE INDIANS.

At the exhibition of the Indians at the Metropolitan Fair, the strangely weird vocal melodies used, in part, as accompaniment to their dances, are really noteworthy. These monotonous melodies are usually comprised within the first four steps of the diatonic scale. They are sung to the accompaniment of a little drum, and a few rattles, while the feet are kept in motion, by those accompanying, *à L'Afrique*. The following snatch is a specimen: This is repeated *ad infinitum*.

Occasionally a melody is introduced, where the octave is heard, although this is usually covered by a shriek or howl, which is considered a relief to the otherwise nasal and dreamy mode of singing. Here is such a specimen, viz.:



The mark > indicates the shriek.

S. Lasar.

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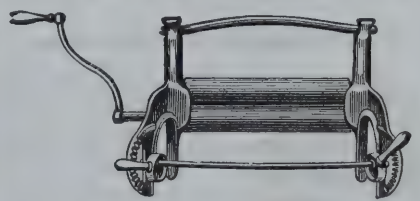

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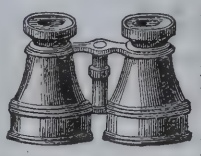

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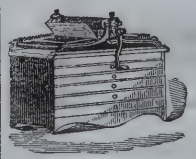

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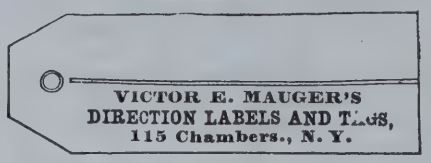

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BUBBLINGS AROUND THE FAIR.—No. II.

ACCOUNT OF THE GRAND MATINÉE AT THE HOTEL DE FINNEGAN.

By "Jenkins," formerly of the "London Morning Post."

This elegant and *recherché* festivity, long anticipated by the votaries of Fashion and Terpsichore, took place on Wednesday evening last at the new and spacious saloons of the Hotel de Finnegan, which were brilliantly illuminated for the occasion, and gracefully decorated with the variegated productions of Flora.

The urbane and ubiquitous Mr. Brown, the grand Mercury of the metropolis, and mediatory dispenser of all its modish festivities and solemnities, was early on the field; and his summoning whistle was never so cheering and vibratory as when announcing the arrival in succession of the specimens of animated and varied fashion and loveliness that at the early hour of eight began to deposit themselves at the elegant vestibule of the Hotel de Finnegan.

Dancing began punctually at nine. Helmsmuller's well-known artistic band discoursed most eloquent and moving strains for the gay throng that soon, as by impulse, began to *pirouette* on the "light fantastic toe."

Among the distinguished guests present we noticed: The Hon. Mephistopheles Q. Bunkum, M. C.; Hon. Pasmequoddy Y. Doublesides, M. C.; Hon. Jarl Carl Snarl Von Shirts, U. States Dutch Minister at the Court of her most Catholic Majesty; the Hon. John Bull R. Daily Owing, U. States British Plenipotentiary to the "Ghostly See"; Hon. Julius Cesar Hannibal Pompey de Smash Johnson, U. States Ethiopian Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of St. James; the Hon. Barney McScrabbleup, President of the Board of Aldermen; Ex. Brigadier-General Faddle O'Moriarity (who resigned after the great victory at Bull Run, because he was not immediately made President of the United States); Pow-wow-how-how-crash-smash-cash, or, "the bear that walks with the sore head," Chief of the Wall-wallah tribe of Indians; Hon. Phelim Polypus O'Swindleman, Alderman elect of the 6th Ward; Smirkey S. Nosearound, Esq., President of the New England Saponaceous Society; the Hon. Bardolph O'Swizzleman, Judge of the Dudheen Court; the Count Joannes; the Rev. Janus Saccharine Foxylove, President of the Anti-Raffle Society; the Hon. Fishy Hard Case, Secretary of the Treasury, leaning on the arm of Barnum's lightning calculator; the Original Jacobs; Patrick O'Grady, Esq., permanent contractor for changing the grade of the Fifth Avenue; General Tom Thumb, and Aids; John Smith, Esq., and numerous other distinguished public characters.

For the benefit of our lady readers we will endeavor to describe some of the most elegant toilettes that lent their lustre to a scene of almost dazzling splendor: Miss Van Dunderdunck was elegantly attired in a cloud-like tulle, with green geoffered ribbon graplings, running up and down the dress like sportive water snakes. A few ruches around the corsage, also entwined in a serpentine manner, added to her fascinating appearance, sympathising with the medusaean effects of the coiffure. This consisted of a gorgeous aigrette of white and red spun glass; which, placed on a blue ribbon, gave the usual patriotic effects; on either side of this was a mother of pearl star—and, above all, a green velvet coronet, on which was perched the "emblem of the free," with a miniature thunderbolt in his beak. Miss Van D's luxuriant chevelure hung down in meandering ringlets, beneath this brilliant conception (we believe) of the celebrated Holderman of Bond street.

The Misses Teeter, of Thirty-sixth street, were harmoniously attired in white tarletane, with forty-five rows of bright red tulle ruching upon the skirt, sewn on to form Vandykes. A series of miniature flags on the corsage, and a number of lace rigadoons swung à la desinvoltura, from the back of the dress, just above the belt, added to the aërial effect. The device of the head was as chaste as effective; representing an apple tree in full bearing, with a miniature of Adam and Eve reposing under the umbrageous foliage. In the rear a little serpent en pantalon was perched, whose saltatorial jerks as the Misses Teeter moved gracefully (as ever) in the mazy dance, caused much merriment.

The elegant Mrs. X., of Madagascar Square, was attired with her usual elegance and Parisian taste. Her dress was couleur de maize, with large parallelograms of red and blue velvet shot over it; these being trimmed round the edge of the skirt and up to the waist with tufts of red and blue feathers resembling periwinkles, in nests of white blonde. The bodice was ornamented with bands of isinglass and red feathers speckled with black. The head dress was à la catscradle, lit up with jets of gas and with sprinklings of sand paper mixed with silver foil, which, when falling, gave the effect of a pantomimic snow storm, as the fair wearer moved gracefully around the room in the arms of young Van Legshaaken, who led the German cotillion that evening in a manner to make even the veteran Spriggs tremble for his laurels.

Miss Velveteen S——y, of Mariposa Avenue, was attired with her usual simplicity and good taste. A white satin, ornamented about half way to the belt with narrow picked out flounces of silver and gilt, moving obliquely in alternating colors of cerise, maize, and sky blue. A series of *ruches* of varied hue, representing a gorgeous collection of caterpillars, ornamented the front of the bodice, embracing a form of Psychean mould; a voile of white tulle fell over the bouillonnées, which were festooned around the skirt with miniature green and gold horse shoes. The voile was looped up on the left side with a large bow of mauve velvet, shot with asparagus sprigs, meeting the chevelure which fell en cascarade. On one side of the head was a little miniature Cupid playfully represented as angling, and on the other, the pleasing device of a Maltese cat in chase of two of its natural enemies. The whole effect was pleasing in the extreme, and elicited many warm encomiums.

We also noticed the Misses Succotash vindicating the old family reputation for grace and loveliness; Mrs. Ahasuerus Solomons, the still *distingué*, though matronly lady of A. Solomons, Esq., President of the Coal Hole, whose recent brilliant manœuvres in gold have so electrified the financial community. There was also to be observed the elegant and blooming bride of A. McFungus, Esq., editor of the Daily *Spiflicator*—the Misses Whirligig, daughters of the Rev. Hieronymus Whirligig, of St. Modus; the gay and dashing widow, Mrs. Keepitup. Young Shuttlecock, the millionaire, joined also in the mazy dance, upon whose arm hung the fascinating Miss Van Spuyten Duyvil, of Fifth Avenue. We also observed the brilliant Miss A ——. electrifying our susceptible friend, the author of "a tribute to the Fair,"—the entrainante Miss Sallie B, the sprightly Miss Kittie M——, Miss R——y, Miss L——, and Miss ——, and a host of others, each a bright and coruscating star, where all were stars in the galaxy of beauty, fashion and talent presented to the admiring eye of the connoisseur in æsthetics on this unique occasion. The festivities were prolonged till the "rosy fingered dawn" drew aside the "solemn curtained night" and, need we say more, than that the "utmost good humor and hilarity prevailed?"

The Messrs. De Finnegan catered as usual in their superior style, and were all attention to the wants of their guests. For the curious and tasteful of our readers, we shall hereafter furnish a copy of the unique *menu* served on this, the most festive and successful occasion of the season.

G.

The New York Institution for the Blind, among other charitable institutions, is represented in the Union Square Department. The articles contributed were manufactured at the individual expense of the managers, as it is contrary to the by-laws of the institution to dispose of any of its property save by sale. The articles consist of mattresses, mats, brooms, bead and needlework, all manufactured by the blind inmates of that institution. They are particularly worthy of attention, as attesting the degree of usefulness and proficiency to which these unfortunates can be trained. New Yorkers are pretty well aware of the system of culture adopted, but strangers in the city should not fail to visit the Institution itself and judge for themselves of its usefulness. It is situated in Ninth Avenue, between 33d and 34th streets. More than half its support is derived from private aid.

POEMS—BY MRS. GEORGE T. WILSON.

PRINTED FOR THE FAIR.

Some things women unquestionably write better than men. She who soothes our sorrow, refines our passions, and points our hopes to the highest objects, can surely tell more clearly than we can what she does so much more tenderly. From such a source of home-experience springs this un-

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Augustus R. Macdonough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N. Y

pretending tribute to charity. These verses speak only what every one has felt, and what every finer eye may have observed in the life about us They touch with truth and grace upon early memories and associations of affection, and dwell on the every-day miseries of the poor without losing refinement by the contact, or missing the romance that lies hid under the commonest forms of real life. The "Match-Girl" and the "Rag-picker" are simple stories, pathetically told, of wretchedness such as passes us unheeded in the streets every hour. "What wakeneth the lone heart to love again?" and "Twenty-one Years," contain stanzas that betray both insight and experience, as well as power in portraying them. Patriotic verses, too, give a glow to this little book, and some cleverly turned charades and riddles deserve an hour's questioning from the ingenious.

Here is a musical bit of sylvan description:—

"The wood-dove's music, soft and warm;
The swallow, twittering to the storm;
The mockbird's song, like trembling light,
The trusting whistle of Bob-White;
The katydid, with fervor shrill,
The gurgling sound of mountain rill."

The good done to the cause by purchasing this volume will find itself amply repaid—blessed both in giving and receiving. It is to be found, with many others of the best gifts to the Fair, in the book-department.

There are also in the book-room some striking photographs, permitted by the kindness of Mr. Lenox to be taken from Peale's portrait of Washington in his possession. That august and sacred head should be honored, as a tutelary deity, in every household of our nation.

The same room contains among its treasures a very singular and exquisite work of art and fancy combined. The beautiful binding by Appleton, tempts one to linger before opening it. In this volume every broad page presents an enigma, inscribed in German text, and surrounded by a border, designed and illuminated in vivid colors with surpassing taste and richness. Most of the enigmas are ingenious, some of them little poetic gems, and the setting of them all is choice and finished beyond description. The exceeding zeal of the guardians of public virtue will prevent the disposal of this rare curiosity at anything like its true value, and the fortunate purchaser may boast that he owns a book without parallel for taste and originality in this country.

There are many works of art scattered about the Fair building which miss the attention bestowed upon others less worthy, but better placed. One of these deserves to be visited in the book-room. It is a bronze group, fresh from the recent touches of the famous Méné, sent from Paris expressly as a gift to our charity. The life and pose of the figures are varied and striking. Beside a horse, stretching his wearied neck, stands a huntsman holding up in the excited triumph of the chase, a fox, the only really dead thing in the group. Six hounds cluster about him in spirited attitudes, leaping, crouching, watching, but all intent in enmity to the poor creature so near their own kind, who makes the central interest of the scene. The price fixed upon this fine bronze, much below its value as estimated by connoisseurs, is $500. Every night in this city suppers are given which cost more. Real luxury and tasteful liberality could find in this a worthy object for their indulgence, and do good while buying enduring pleasure.

HUMORS OF THE FAIR.

Mild-looking old quaker gentleman, standing transfixed opposite the flower table, gazing at a young lady. Presently he remarks softly to himself: "Peradventure they may be antlers growing." An old lady approaches, and they shake hands. "Fanny," asks the old quaker gentleman, "can thee tell me what causes those two horns to rise on the head of that otherwise desirablel-ooking damsel?"

"Why, don't you know that it is her hair, dressed in the extreme of the fashion?"

"I knew that it must be the extreme of *something*, but I feared it was the extreme of a new disease. Oh! let us be joyful, joyful! and partake of the good things which are set before us."

Buys a bouquet of the young lady with horns, and walks slowly away.

In the book store: Comfortable old lady from the country with a leather bag.—"Got any books for children? which I wants one for my granddarter."

Pretty young lady selling.—"Oh yes! here is one quite celebrated; all the children cry for it!"

Old lady takes it, examines the outside, and pays for it.

Young lady, sweetly.—"Would you like an autograph with it?"

Old lady, looking annoyed and puzzled.—"Well, no; it's heavy enough without one."

Young lady is convinced that old lady thought "an autograph" was a large pincushion on which her hand was resting; but the author of the book, who had been standing close by, stalks off flaming with rage, and immensely disgusted at the back-handed compliment.

Loyalty at the South.—Among the donations to the Fair is a sofa cushion, made by a loyal lady, in Richmond, Va. It is to be seen at Table No. 26, and we hope all our readers will take pains to see it before it is sold.

If it be true that "who drives fat cattle, should himself be fat," then the counties of Livingston and Tompkins must rear a solid race of countrymen. The great white Ox contributed by the former county, has not remained without a rival. Tompkins has girded up its loins, or rather its sirloins, and sent down a monster not quite the equal of the first in weight—he is only the trifling armful of 3,540 pounds—but of pure Durham lineage, beautiful proportions, and peculiar silver-roan color.

There are no statistics from which we can judge how the bulls of Basan would compare with these monsters, but surely Pharaoh never dreamed of fatter ones. Livingston for weight, and Tompkins for beauty, and both for liberality, stand first among the growers of flocks and herds.

Perhaps no class of contributors to the Fair has done more substantial work for the cause, in shorter time, than that of the machinists. The Government has required lately from this most useful class so much labor at high speed and under great pressure, both mental and physical, that it is wonderful that they have been able to devote so much time and effort to the Fair as they have done. The committee on this class of contributions, too, was one of the latest formed, and has had but three or four weeks for preparation.

Besides the donations in kind and articles of machinery, engines, etc., sent in for exhibition, money has been contributed through this committee to the amount of nine thousand five hundred dollars, much of it through liberal subscriptions from the workmen themselves in the shops.

If any stronger evidence of enlightened generosity can be found among the high-toned chivalry of the South, than has been shown in this and other instances, by the greasy mechanics of the North, we should be glad to be reminded of it. One single contribution, by a working engineer, is that of a steam engine, worth seventy-five dollars. A walk through the machinery room, on Fifteenth street, would repay the ingenious and curious observer.

METROPOLITAN FAIR FOR THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

AUCTION NOTICE.

Heads of departments wishing to make sales by auction, will please hand in their invoices two days before sale, to either of the following auctioneers, or to the Secretary of this Committee. Each department will arrange with the gentlemen whom they may elect to make their sales, in regard to the reception and delivery of their goods.

All goods, wares, and merchandise will be received and accounted for by those employed, who will furnish their own clerks and attend to their own advertising.

The following are the names and places of business of the gentlemen tendering their services, in the order they were received:

Daniel A. Mathews, 66 Nassau street.
Edward Schenck, 60 Liberty street.
George Welles Nichols, 113 Pearl street.
Henry D. Miner, 37 Nassau street.
Daniel H. Burdett, 109 Wall street.
Henry Molton, 235 Broadway.
J. H. Draper, 36 Pine street.
Edward Sintzenich, 155 Broadway.
J. E. Halsey, 10 Barclay street.
Walter M. Lloyd, 15 Nassau street.
E. T. Wills, 47 Murray street.
John H. Austen, 340 Broadway.
Thomas J. Miller, 74 Broadway.
Alfred L. Curtis, 23 Murray street.

All goods sold by this Commission are free from United States duties, as well as the District License.

E. H. Ludlow, Chairman of the Committee of Auctioneers.
Henry D. Miner, Secretary.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

In a recent letter from George Sand, copied in our daily journal, addressed to a young poet who had asked her advice and criticism, she tells him, after describing the large amount of true poetry published yearly in France alone: "Poetry can never become a profession nor a means of livelihood."

This truth was continually experienced during a long life by William Blake, a man sent rich from heaven as prophet, poet, painter, yet richer still as the possessor of the sunshine of content through which the eyes of the world seldom looked coldly in. Robert Browning could hardly have had a memory of him when he wrote,

"Oh, thus to live, I and my picture linked,
With love about, and praise, till life should end,
And then not go to Heaven but linger here—
Here on my earth, earth's every man my friend,—
The thought grew frightful, 'twas so wildly dear."

The subject of this sketch was born under the mists of London, in November 1757: after seventy years of a life "thoroughly lived," his body was buried unhonored and unknown in the old burial place of Bunhill Fields, Finsbury, where lie the earthly remains of Bunyan, Defoe and Stothard. There was no headstone placed to mark the grave of Blake, and even now it is impossible to identify it.

The man lives for us purely then in his pictures, his visions, and his songs.

At a very early age he discovered so decided a love for drawing and such originality in design that his father apprenticed him to the well-known engraver Basire. There are verses, also, written at about the same period, which, although faulty in execution, and even in grammar, are full of the grand simplicity of true poetry. Almost simultaneously, too, was developed something of his inseeing faculty, for while his father was seeking among distinguished engravers of the time one to whom his son should be apprenticed, and having visited one of the most famous, at that period,—Ryland,—for this purpose, the strange boy remarked upon leaving the studio, "Father, I do not like that man's face; *it looks as if he will live to be hanged.*" This judgment proved to be prophetic.

William Blake married when he was twenty-four years old. His wife was "a dark-eyed generous-hearted girl," poor, and of a more lowly lineage, even, than his own. She had no education, as "X, her mark," in the parish register avouches, but she laid the pure tablet of her mind reverently open before her husband, who taught her everything he knew.

Steadily, earnestly, then, he set himself to the task-work of his life, a labor never to be wholly laid aside during the long coming years. The occupation of engraving was but a dreary refrain oftentimes, after weeks or months passed among his weird prophetic dreams. Yet he must always turn to that when he needed bread. Poetry brought him little, and designing as little; it was chiefly when his stylus followed obediently the lines of Flaxman or Stothard, that the platter was filled upon their humble table. Mrs. Blake used to say, he never wished to have her speak to him of money! She finally made it a custom to put what there was to eat in the house upon the table so long as it lasted, and when it was gone,—the empty platter. Then her husband would finish a job of engraving, and they would be relieved for the time.

The strenuous activity of genius belonged to William Blake. Even while he engraved, the book he was interested to read lay open before him, and many a clean page was stained with the mark of the engraving plate laid upon it. In this way the amount of labor he performed, was almost incredible. The simple catalogue of paintings, drawings, and engravings occupy sixty-four pages, octavo, in the English edition of his life and works.

The "Songs of Innocence" was written before Blake was thirty years old. They were followed a few years later by the "Songs of Experience," both volumes containing treasures for the poetic heart. There are two or three poems in the collection beautiful as light, and adamantine in their purity! This is not the place to quote *them*, but there are one or two fugitive verses which so enclose the secret of his life they should not be omitted: as,

"He who bends to his life a joy,
Does the wingéd life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies,
Lives in eternity's sunrise."

And again,

"Since all the riches of this world,
May be gifts from the devil and earthly kings,
I should suspect that I worshipped the devil
If I thanked my God for worldly things.

The countless gold of a merry heart,
The rubies and pearls of a loving eye,
The idle man never can bring to the mart,
Nor the cunning hoard up in his treasury."

But the divine faculties of poetry and design seemed insufficient for this Seer. The power of beholding visions was greater in him than in any man of his age. The fringe of the mantle of Isaiah and the prophets had touched his soul. Song books exist written and illustrated by himself, descriptive of these visions and filled with prophetic sayings, but the key seems to be wanting by which they can be made intelligible to us. He would be awakened in the night time by the coming of the spirit, and would arise from his bed and sit for hours writing as the vision dictated, while his faithful wife arose also to guard him gently from the cold, and to drink up the mysteries of his words in glowing faith and enthusiasm. Men called him mad, and do so call him now; nor will we dispute the question! Yet for such lives and such madness let us be devoutly thankful.

Blake sometimes sketched the figures which appeared in his visions. Many of these drawings exist. They are full of character. A pleasant picture lingers with us of his friend John Varley, who could never see anything himself but believed entirely in all that William saw. Often these two would sit together far into the night, the seer busily drawing one head after another, looking up occasionally as if a palpable sitter were before him, while honest John peered earnestly forward asking questions of vacancy which were never answered. One of these sketches is highly fantastic and tickling to the humor. It is the ghost of a flea, and a sufficiently fine likeness to have converted the whole flea family to the new faith!

William Blake's designs are a rare possession; if we except the illustrations of "Blair's Grave," none of them were ever, in any true sense of the word, published. His works were written, designed, illuminated, engraved, and sold by himself. Asking aid from none, and receiving it only from his wife, who became an invaluable assistant, they were emphatically, his works.

The artists of his time gained small praise, regarded from his lofty and peculiar point of view. He believed in the integrity of outline in drawing, and was a devout student of Michael Angelo and Raphael; but Sir Joshua Reynolds and his school were an abhorrence to him. Flaxman he never highly praised, although they were always friends; he bitterly accused Stothard of theft. Fuseli, who was fond of Blake, said once in his blunt way, "Blake is damned good to steal from."

The busy world of London swept noisily past his quiet door, and would sometimes threaten to carry away all good fortune with it, leaving him to oblivion and nakedness. Yet he seldom knew discouragement or depression! He continued designing to the last. Only a few days before his death, as he lay upon the bed watching the gentle movements of his wife, "Keep as you are," he said suddenly; "you have ever been an angel to me; I will draw you!" His quiet room looking out toward the Thames was but a short remove from the roaring heart of London. Here he composed and uttered songs to his Maker, so sweetly to the ear of his Catherine, that when she stood to hear him, he, looking upon her most affectionately, said, "My beloved! they are not mine! No! they are *not* mine!"

In August, 1827, his spirit left the body. He told his wife they would not be parted; he should always be about to take care of her, and during the four remaining years of her life she seemed to feel the continual solace of his unseen presence.

The story of William Blake points its own moral. The tale is self-adorned. He looked in the face of solitude and poverty with the calm eye of faith, and then smiling turned and "plucked a hollow reed."

"And I made a rural pen,
And I stained the waters clear,
And I wrote my happy songs,
Every child may joy to hear."

A. F.

March, 1864.

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 20, 1864.

AUTOGRAPHS AND AUTOGRAPH COLLECTIONS.

BY DR. J. G. COGSWELL.

(*Continued.*)

The history and utility of autograph collecting are now to be considered. Signatures or sign-manuals of sovereigns appended to official documents have been preserved in State archives from an early age. These at first were nothing more than marks or monograms, as that of Charlemagne, affixed to a diploma in 784, which is now to be seen in the archives at Paris. The most ancient sign-manual preserved in England is that of William Rufus about 1185, now in the British Museum, which is a mere cross, believed to be made by his hand in the centre of a charter. The mode of authenticating all royal and legal instruments was by seal and not by signature; hence there are no autographs proper of a very ancient date. Sir Henry Ellis, in his collection of English letters, says that the sign-manual of Richard the Second, who died in 1399, is the earliest of an English sovereign known to be in existence. The oldest in the French archives are those of Charles the Fifth of France and Charles the Bad, king of Navarre, both contemporaries of Richard the Second. Signatures of this kind do not, however, come into the history of autograph collecting. This is to be traced most probably to a custom which originated in Germany in the 16th century, particularly among students at the universities, of forming albums or blank-books for the purpose of getting their friends and persons of note to write their names in them, and whatever else they thought proper to add either in prose or verse, a practice which is now common everywhere, especially among ladies. But autograph collecting, as now understood, means something more; its object is, to collect and preserve manuscript letters and other writings of distinguished persons, authenticated by their own signatures. Great public libraries and museums became the first depositories of these treasures; accordingly, the richest collections are found in the principal institutions of the kind in London, Paris, Vienna, Florence, Rome, and Madrid, among which those of the British Museum in London, and of the Imperial Library in Paris, rank first. The earliest distinct mention of a private collection is found in a letter from Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, and for a few months Queen of Bohemia, written from the Hague about 1650 to Sir Simon D'Ewes. "In this letter," she writes, "I send you, as you desire, a letter of the King's, my husband, which he did write to the late Lord Dorchester, and one of my eldest son's to me. I thought you would be glad to see my cousin the Duke of Brunswick's hand, which I also send you." This letter clearly implies that Sir Simon was an autograph collector. Some fifty years after, Ralph Thoresby, the antiquarian, formed a general museum of natural and artificial curiosities, in speaking of which he says: "This reminds me of another branch of the curiosities that I began to collect of late years, viz., original letters and other matters of proper handwriting of persons of all ranks eminent in their generation." It begins with the kings of England, and in addition contains autographs of nobles, bishops, judges, and private persons of eminence in that country, and of the kings, princes, and learned men of other countries. The collection must have been very large, from the account given of it in the Museum Thoresbianum; it must also have been uncommon at that time, as a few only are mentioned in his Diary, or in the numerous letters addressed to him, although he often speaks of contributions received by him. His earliest signature was that of Henry the Fifth of England, about 1420, and none of a private individual before 1497, being a letter from Sir Henry Wentworth to Sir W. Calverly, relative to the landing of Perkyn Warbeck. A letter of John Evelyn to Thoresby shows that he must have at one time been the possessor of a large autographical collection; in it there is the following remarkable passage: "As to letters and autographs of eminent and famous persons, I was once master of a glorious assembly by abundance of original papers, which a relative of mine, who had the disposal of the inventory of the Earl of Leicester, prime minister to Queen Elizabeth, made me a present of: among which were divers letters under the hands of the then emperor, kings of France, Spain, Denmark, Sweden, and other potentates, besides not a few in public employment during the reign of James the First, and it was still augmenting, till the late Duke of Lauderdale, hearing I had some of the Maitlands, his ancestors, and others, under the hand of Mary Queen of Scots, came to borrow them." The sequel was that they were never returned; "and thus," he adds, "have I been deprived of being able to gratify that laudable design of yours." From this time onward autograph collecting became an object of interest with many persons, but nearly a century elapsed before any private collection of great extent was formed. Mr. W. Upcott, author of "A Bibliographical Account of the principal Works relating to British Topography," formed one of the largest and most valuable private collections that has ever been made, which must have been begun early in the present century. Dibdin, in the first edition of his "Library Companion," gives the following incidents connected with its history:—Being at Wotton, the residence of the Evelyn family in 1814, and sitting one evening with Lady Evelyn, Mr. Upcott's attention was attracted to a tippet of feathers, on which she was employed: "We have all of us our hobbies, I perceive, my lady," said Mr. Upcott. "Very true," she rejoined; "and what may yours be, Mr. Upcott." "Mine, madam, from a very early age, began by collecting provincial copper tokens, and latterly the handwriting or autographs of men who have distinguished themselves in every walk of life." "Handwritings!" exclaimed Lady Evelyn, with much surprise, "surely you don't mean old letters; if you care for such things, you shall have plenty," and immediately ordered an attendant to bring down a basket full of the papers contained in a certain ebony cabinet." Out of this cabinet came a large number of valuable letters that had been written to Sylva Evelyn, as he was called in the family, all of which were given to Mr. Upcott; and out of the same cabinet came Evelyn's Kalendarium or Diary, that but for the circumstances just related might never have been given to the public. In 1824, when Dibdin's account of it was written, Mr. Upcott's collection filled 154 folio volumes, and was much enlarged afterward. A descriptive catalogue of it was published in 1836, at which time it contained 32,000 letters. His death happened in 1845, and then it was understood to be the largest private collection extant. It has since been sold by auction and widely dispersed. Mr. Dawson Turner's, of Yarmouth, and Mr. R. Cole's, of London, were next to it in importance. The sale catalogue of the former gives the number of autograph letters contained in it at nearly 40,000. The example of Mr. Upcott had great influence in bringing autograph collecting into fashion in England, particularly among ladies. It would not be difficult to specify every collection of note that had been formed before his time; an account of those formed since would fill a volume. Nor was the fashion confined to England; it extended throughout the rest of Europe; rich collections were formed in France by Chateaugiron, De Fremont, Dolomieu, Guizot, Montmerqué, Villeneuve, Bargemont, and numerous others; in Austria, by Graeffer and Metternich; in Italy, by Morbio and Borromeo.

A few facts, collected from a work by Lalanne, entitled "*Dictionnaire de pièces autographes volées aux bibliothèques de la France*," published in Paris in 1851, show how rapidly the taste for autographs must have increased there. A sale catalogue exclusively of autographs appeared in Paris for the first time, in May, 1822. In the following thirteen years there were forty-six sales, numbering 12,000 autographs; in the next twelve years, from 1836 to 845, sixty-two sales, numbering 26,000; and in the five years from 1846 to 1850, thirty-three sales, numbering 32,000, from which it appears that of the 70,000 autographs sold by auction in 27 years, nearly half were sold in the last five.

(*To be continued.*)

NATIONAL HYMN.

BY JANE GARY FULLER.

God! hear the patriot's cry,
When troubles oppose!
Lead us to victory
Over our foes.
Traitors and treachery
Arm against Liberty;
Lead us to victory
Over our foes!

Dark lowers the battle-storm,
Heavy with fate;
Heroes for combat form,
Victories wait!
Sons of the glorious North,
Lead all your valor forth,
Every man prove his worth—
Prove himself great!

Souls of heroic sires,
Call from the sky,
"Brighten your Union fires,
Conquer or die!"
Woe to the rebel band,
Aiming with impious hand,
Blows at our fatherland!
Conquer or die!

God! hear the patriot's cry,
When troubles oppose!
Lead us to victory
Over our foes!
Traitors and treachery
Arm against liberty;
Lead us to victory
Over our foes!

Jacksonville, Florida.

Le monde est plein de foux,
Et qui n'en veut pas voir
Doit se nicher dans un trou,
Et casser son miroir.

TRADUIT.

He who fain would shun a dunce,
So many fools this world abide in,
Must break his looking glass at once,
And find a hole himself to hide in.

LETTERS FROM N. P. WILLIS AND COUNT D'ORSAY.

In our notice of the autograph collection at the Fair, we alluded to a very interesting letter from Mr. Willis, inclosing an autograph note from Count D'Orsay. Through the kindness of the lady to whom these letters were sent, we are permitted to lay them before our readers:

IDLEWILD, *April* 2, 1864.

DEAR MRS. S——.: During the two years of my residence in London, 1835–6, I chanced to see a great deal of Count D'Orsay, at that time the world's most celebrated specimen of the "man of pleasure." Till the time of his death (a year or more ago), I maintained with him an irregular correspondence, of which the enclosed half sheet, (with his signature), is an "autograph" specimen. I have thought it would be a valuable contribution to your album for the "FAIR."

Count Alfred D'Orsay, (it will be remembered), was voted, by all artists who saw him, "the handsomest of human beings." He was really quite a wonder in that way—a little above the common height, singularly athletic and symmetrical, quite perfect in feature, and as curiously red and white as any ideal Adonis. He was a wonderful horseman, the best of boxers and fencers, and waltzed and dressed only *too well* for a private gentleman! Added to all this, the Count was correspondingly well accomplished—spoke half a dozen languages, equally well, and (as afterward turned out), was quite gifted as an artist. When I first saw him, he had a studio as an amateur—(residing with Lady Blessington, in Seamore Place, May Fair)—but, after the death of her ladyship, he removed to Paris, and openly adopted the profession of a sculptor. The enclosed note is a proposal to execute a commission for our country—one in which he felt "inspired" to be successful.

D'Orsay's nights were too well known to be passed mostly at the gaming tables of Crockford's and the Travellers'; but he seemed to have separate health and spirits for his mornings and evenings—shining inexhaustibly at those famous "breakfasts and dinners," where Lady Blessington entertained Moore and Bulwer, D'Israeli and Horace Smith. He was truly a most extraordinary conversationist, and half worshipped by all these varieties of unrivalled wit and accomplishment.

D'Orsay died, not long since, of a most painful disease of the brain, and his latter years we suppose to have been made very painful by his reduced circumstances—too proudly concealed from his friends. His sister, the Countess ——, (at whose house he met Mr. Phalen, as mentioned in his enclosed note), is one of the "bright spirits" of intellectual Paris; and she and the famous Madame Guiccioli (Lord Byron's friend), attended him mostly at the last. I have wondered that the latter lady (somewhat literary in her habits), does not give us a "*biography*" of the Count. *Truly* written, it would be one of the most interesting books in the world!

Intending this note only as the necessarily explanatory accompaniment to the autograph enclosed, I remain, dear Mrs. S——.

Yours, very sincerely, N. P. WILLIS.

COUNT D'ORSAY'S NOTE.

* * * About my advices on the subject of a bronze statue that is to be erected at New York, to the memory of Washington, I am going to write to him. I would be glad to execute that statue, as I am sure that I could make a *moral* and a physical likeness of that great man—I could do it in one of the *atéliers* of the government, which is near the Seine, and it would be easily embarked. The bronze statue could be sent in pieces, and easily adjusted on arrival. Think of it. I spoke of you *last night*, here at my sister's, with *Mr. Phalen*, and Mr. Creighton, the son of my old friend—and I receive your letter this morning.

Yours very truly, CT. D'ORSAY.

P. S.—You would like very much the monument that I have erected at Chambourcy. When it will be engraved, I will send you one of the first copies.

An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless.
The world is wide—these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they are all. HOUGHTON.

THE ORIGIN OF CHAMPAGNE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Fifteen hundred thousand Devils
Once came up on earth to dwell,
Having found by sad experience
That it was too hot in hell.

But these careless little devils
Brought no money in their purse;
So they scratched their ears and whimpered,
"We have come from bad to worse."

On his throne in farthest limbo,
Satan laughed till he was lame;
"What a stupid pack of devils!
Best go back from whence they came."

From among these hungry devils
Up spoke "Pipi fox, the rough:"
"You are fools, and only this child
Is a devil up to snuff.

"Are we hungry, weary, thirsty?
See the cellar over there,
With its rows of musty bottles,
That's the stuff to banish cares.

"Are the doors fast locked and bolted?
Thro' the keyhole let us go."
"Hooray!" shrieked ten thousand devils,
"Hooray, hooray, ho! ho! ho!"

Off they scampered to the cellar,
Where was stored the generous wine,
Ripened by the sun's hot kisses,
From the red blood of the vine.

Giminetey! How they chattered,
Swarming pell-mell thro' the air;
Every devil got a bottle,
Every devil drank his share.

High old times they had, carousing,
Heedless of the midnight chime,
While they wildly sang in chorus,
"Nought compares with love and wine."

When the bottles were half empty,
And the devils all were full,
Father Satan came among them,
Soundly sleeping found them all.

For a joke he put these devils
In the bottles every one,
Wired the corks and put the pitch on,
This he thought was devilish fun.

Fifteen hundred thousand devils,
In glass prisons close enthralled—
Since which time these devil's bottles,
"Heidsick's champagne" have been called.

When you ope these famous bottles,
Out the devil leaps straitway;
If you drink the wine that's in them
Then the "devil is to pay."

Songs and laughter float around you
All the air is full of glee,
Pent up joy seems overflowing,
For at last the devil's free.

And next morn, on calm reflection,
You will own up, I opine,
That this story's true as gospel,
And the devil's in that wine.

THE WASHINGTON WIDOW.

A True Story.

BY ROSE TERRY.

We had been driving all day through the heart of Massachusetts; an autumn day, with a sullen leaden sky behind the gorgeous hills, and a keen east wind, with foreboding on its breath, and unutterable chill in its contact, blowing into our faces. We were on our way to Perry's Furnace, where Mr. Smith had business to transact, and hoped to reach there by nightfall, having left L. early in the morning, and our home in Connecticut the day before. But these mountain roads were steep and winding; hill after hill, with its garniture of gold and scarlet, and deep evergreen woods was overcome, and no sooner had we passed the brawling stream, or narrow strip of swamp at its foot, than another hill rose before; and as we went on the hills became higher, more rocky, less wooded, till the middle of the afternoon brought us into a barren region of rocks and yellow pines and sand, that daunted the courage of our good gray horse, and no less wearied the patience of his master.

"We never shall get to the furnace to-night," said my husband, drawing a long breath. "Hallo here, boy!" The boy who suddenly appeared on this lonely road, driving a one-horned red and white cow, stopped and stared at this sudden call, while Mr. Smith drew up Peter, and proceeded to question the native. "How far is it from here to Perry's Furnace?"

"How far is't to the furnace?"

"Yes!"

"Well, I dono'; guess 'ta'n't fur from fifteen mile. Shouldn't wonder ef 'twas eighteen by the turnpike."

"What's the name of the next town."

"Well, they call this here place Washin'ton; you a'n't right to the centre yet, but I guess you're into the township."

"Is there any tavern in Washington?"

"No there a'n't; there's a school'us."

Mr. Smith ejaculated:

"Well, is there any place where they take in folks to pass a night."

"I dono's there is, and I dono' *as* there is. Mebbe you might get into Squire Tucker's; but there's a boy o' hisn down with smallpox, and his wife's took sick with suthin on the chest."

Mr. Smith groaned.

"There has been folks took in over night up to Widder Phelps', 'tother side o' Cranberry Bridge, long up the hill quite a spell. Guess likely they might 'commodate ye there; 'tis a red house 'an two popple'r trees to the front on't, an two front doors, only one on 'em's to the side."

"Thank you!" said Mr. Smith, somewhat appeased; "but where is Cranberry Bridge."

"Well, you go 'long this road you be a goin', and keep haw for a spell, and then gee, and it's the first brook ye come to: quite a brook 'tis; dreadful swift and black-lookin, an a red-covered bridge acrost, with a sharp turn to the road at the end on't."

Mr. Smith and the boy exchanged nods, and Peter, somewhat breathed by this rest, resumed his steady trot. We kept to the road for some time, as it bore away to the left, or "haw," and then turned a rather sudden corner the other way through a gorge in the hills down toward the brook described by our informant. A strange wild scene it was, as we paused at the entrance of the bridge to look up and down the stream. It was a large brook, almost deserving the name of a river, and its deep bed was

bordered with great stones thrown together in wild confusion, telling stories of past freshets and ice-floods that must have swept down through the ravine in terrible power and speed: the water was rapid and broken, but made hollow murmurs and imprisoned sounds, not the gay leap and laugh of shallow and sunlit rivulets, but a tortured and eager noise, as if even its channel was rough with broken rocks, and full of black pools whirling and raging far below the light. On either side of this gorge rose abrupt hills like small mountains in their aspect; some with precipitous fronts of granite bare and gray against the gray sky; some with fantastic outlines covered with a stunted growth of hemlock and low clinging juniper-bushes; and others of more attainable summit stripped of their wooded growth by relentless axes, now bristling with the new growth, scrub-oaks, young maples adding a dash of color to the sombre scene, and thick bushes already leafless and brown. Not a vestige of human life stirred the silence, a hoarse crow flapped his black wings heavily past us, and screamed harshly as he flew, but no mate answered; and as we entered the old bridge, a certain indescribable gloom seemed to settle upon me, and I turned cold. I was glad enough to get safely across the clattering broken boards, and on to the narrow road that now turned abruptly up the brook and round the corner of a steep hill, leaving the dilapidated red bridge and the gloomy water course behind us. Now the road ascended a hill-side, barren and cheerless enough, but having signs of life in its progress. We passed, after about two miles of a slow walk on Peter's part, a new house with a paper on the gatepost to warn travellers of the pest within.

"Squire Tucker's, I suppose," said Mr. Smith, drawing a long breath; he had not spoken since we turned down to the brook, nor had I. Nor did I speak now; whatever spell lay on me in the Cranberry Bridge had not all gone. I could not yet breathe freely. A mile more, and we came to Widow Phelps's. There could be no mistake here; a gaunt old red farm-house, with a well-sweep by the woodshed, and a strip of garden with bean-poles, wilted fennel-plants, huge seeded sunflowers, and rank prince's-feather for all its ornament, and a thin thread of smoke from the kitchen chimney the only sign of life. Two Lombardy poplars, their ancient upright limbs partially clothed with little yellow shining leaves, stood sentinel, before the door; and a barn, gray with moss and aslant from age, looked from just behind the woodshed. Mr. Smith left me to hold Peter, and knocked at the back door with his whip-handle. Mrs. Phelps opened to him, a woman of forty perhaps, with a grave, reticent face, long and sallow, and sad, dark eyes. She did not receive his request very cordially, but at length consented to give us a night's lodging in consideration of the storm that seemed coming on. I was released from the carry-all and taken in doors; while Mr. Smith took Peter to the barn to make him as comfortable as he could, and fortunately for Peter, a bag of oats had been my footstool all the way from L.; the old barn offered him nothing but scant and time-dried hay. As I entered the long low kitchen that occupied all the west side of the house, Mrs. Phelps introduced me in her curt Yankee fashion to her mother and her two daughters.

"Your name's Smith, I believe. Mother, this is Miss Smith, that's my mother, Miss Case, and these is my daughters, Marthy and Mary Ann."

The two girls were rare specimens of New England girls; our barren hill-sides and stony valleys may raise abundant corn and waving grass, but scarce ever blossom in human beauty, yet both these children were beautiful, one with rich ripe color and outline; blooming and blushing like a red June rose; the other delicate and dark, with shy soft eyes of deep hazel, and scarlet lips; while in startling contrast beside them sat an old and wrinkled woman, with a face of clay, moveless and pallid, and helpless feet that dangled from her high chair. Yet when the storm burst in its fury, as it did that night, and raged all the next day, keeping us housed, it was not the youth and beauty of Martha and Mary Ann that kept me in absorbed interest all day, but the story of her life that old Grandmother Case recounted to me, with the strange composure and pleasure in narration, that old age often finds in relating its bitterest grief, its most sharp agony, to a sympathetic listener.

I woke in the night to hear a storm of furious sleet beating on the roof, and when I rose to breakfast, still the same icy tempest hurtled without; and after Mrs. Phelps had removed the thick coffee, fried pork, hot rye bread and dried apple pie, that made her breakfast, and repaired to the outer shed to do up her chores, while Mr. Smith groomed Peter, and smoked his cigar in the barn, I sat down by the old woman, and tried to draw her into conversation, which she was no way unwilling to begin.

(To be continued.)

MUM BET.

There is a stone erected in the cemetery at Stockbridge,—a lovely village of Western Massachusetts, where the hills have withdrawn themselves a little to let the sun down more warmly upon so sweet a spot—upon which is cut the following striking epitaph:

Elizabeth Freeman;
Known by the name of
Mum Bet:
Died Dec. 28, 1829.
Her supposed age
was 85 years.

She was born a slave, and remained a slave for nearly thirty years. She could neither read nor write, yet in her own sphere she had no superior nor equal. She neither wasted time nor property. She never violated a trust nor failed to perform a duty. In every situation of domestic trial, she was the most efficient helper and the tenderest friend. *Good mother*, farewell!

This epitaph was written by one whose delicate young life, sustained, under Providence, by the "good mother's" judicious and tender care, was long spared gratefully to remember her virtues, and to be a pattern and daily blessing to how many others! Now, they lie very close together, in the same "lap of earth."

Mum Bet was born in slavery in Massachusetts, and there became the first freedwoman of her own right. Waiting at the table of a master to whose service she had been bound for many years, she heard some discussion of the "Bill of Rights." She at once asked herself why she was not entitled to her liberty, and referred her case to Mr., afterward Judge, Sedgwick, who was then a rising young lawyer of Stockbridge. Her mistress interposed the objection that Mum Bet had been too long dependent to be able to take care of herself and her only child; but she retorted that "it was a poor hen that couldn't scratch for one chicken.

Mr. Sedgwick prosecuted her case to the obtaining of her freedom, and wages for her services from twenty-one years of age. This case was the wedge that split the rock of slavery in Massachusetts, and finally in the entire North. Mum Bet at once felt herself bound by her allegiance to her protector, and lived ever after in his family. The above epitaph epitomizes her faithful life. There is one short scene in it, however, which fairly belongs to the historical drama of her native State. At the time of the famous "Shay's Rebellion," in 1786, Judge Sedgwick's house, in his absence, was visited by some of the roving bands of insurgents who made Justice the watchword by which they violated her sacred name. The villagers, in expectation of a foray, had committed all their valuables to Mum Bet's care. She prepared a large cauldron of boiling pumpkins for the rascals, and awaited their coming. They finally appeared, and upon her asking what they wanted, answered "Prisoners and ammunition!" Once in, however,—for she gave them ready admission—they commuted their demand to one for drink. Quietly arming herself with a dipper full of the rather hot shot from the cauldron, she led them into the wine cellar, where, amid stores more worthy of song, there was a lot of sour porter. "There's the best we've got for the like of ye!" They rejected the "dam stuff," as they called it, so soon as tasted, and were glad to come away. One of the party, as Mum Bet was leading them out again, lingered lovingly over a pork barrel at the foot of the stairs. "Ha! ha!" said she; "prisoners and ammunition in a pork barrel!" They next demanded to be shown her valuables. Armed as before, she led them to her own room, where, in a chest, was stored a mass of material easily convertible to the "sinews" of their new calling. "Now," says she, "let me see the man that dares to touch it—there isn't one of you that dares;" and with the determined spirit that fired her eye and nerved her arm, they felt their little band outnumbered, if not surrounded. They quailed before her, and were glad to slink from the house, followed by her triumphant jeers. Ellsland.

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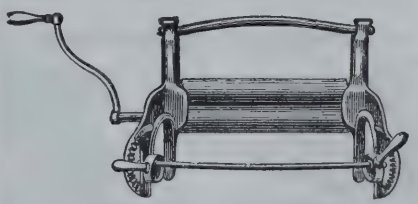

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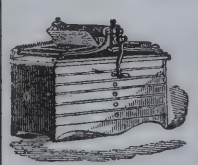

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No. 15.

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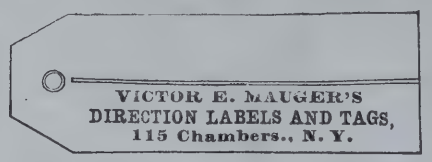

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Neither those who read us now, nor those who may glance at us as a relic in the next generation, need to be told that the New York Fire Department is a power in this metropolis. And that, moreover, it has an advantage over other corporations of possessing a soul as well as a well-organized and vigorous body. In time of peace there is no class of citizens who have more of the virtues of the soldier—his valor, his readiness to risk life for duty, his hardihood and endurance—than the firemen. We all remember with pride what they gave and suffered when the war broke out; and we have now to thank them, in the name of the community, for the spirit and generosity with which they have taken up their part of the burden its continuance lays upon us.

The Fire Department occupies at the Fair the most brilliant and conspicuous stands, and is itself an epitome of the whole enterprise. A capital photograph gives its appearance, splendidly decorated outside with jets of gas, costly colored lamps in cut glass from the steam fire machines, and patriotic devices of all kinds. Within, their wares are abundant, various, and beautiful, many of them produced by the labor and offered by the liberality of ladies belonging to their families, and many others rare and curious. The wonder is that *extinguishers* can produce so much brightness. They will perhaps pardon the admiration we offer, in common with all visitors, to the attractions of the fair donors, who toil as industriously to get rid of their stock as they did to bring it together. Already they have sold more than any other department, except New Jersey, and they maintain a close rivalry with that whole State. Two stands in their neighborhood, those of Buffalo and Hastings, have been absorbed within their range, and filled anew with their offerings. The Treasurer's return of Saturday shows a contribution from them, in gifts and proceeds of sales, of $21,000. They have nobly done their part in this grand charity, and added another page to their honorable record. The future New York will be as proud of them as the present one is.

M.

HUMORS OF THE FAIR.

Charming young lady—one of the assistants—walking with enraptured young gentleman, late in the evening. Bell sounds. "Fire!" exclaims the young gentleman.

At the same instant, policeman exclaims, "You can't go through here!"

Young lady, with prodigious energy, "Don't *speak* of such a thing!" meaning "fire." Policeman, supposing she is blowing him up, meekly rejoins, "well, marm, if you *will* go in, you will." (*Sotto voce*) "Jerusalem! what a scratch-cat of a temper that gal has got!"

Another lovely young lady walking about, her dress fastened up in festoons. Mysterious machinery gives way, and she trails a yard or so of cords behind her. Sudden pull! Bashful young gentleman has got his foot entangled in the cords, and is holding it high in the air, dancing frantically on the other.

"Get out! do!" screams the young lady. "Oh, good gracious! wont somebody cut it?" implores the bashful youth.

"You dare!" exclaims the lady, her eyes flashing fire and fury.

Four young knights spring to the rescue of the maiden, and extricate the mysterious machinery, and bashful youth darts away, sobbing with mortification.

FOR THE "SPIRIT OF THE FAIR."

Messieurs et Mesdames the Committee:

Permit me, as one deeply interested in the success of the Fair, and in that of the Sanitary Commission, which God speed in its good work, to call your attention to a matter of some importance.

Before the resolutions against raffling were announced, many ladies had made, as their donation to the Fair, rare and beautiful fancy articles; as delicate as they were valuable. These, they wished to dispose of at their real value, often amounting to a large sum. Now, let me ask, how can we do this, while raffling is rigorously and entirely excluded? With the exception of the more wealthy part of the community, people cannot afford to spend fifty or sixty dollars on a single fancy article, although perfectly willing to acknowledge that it is worth the money; and where they would gladly take a dollar share, go away without contributing their mite to the treasury.

Now, surely, if a man wins an afghan, or a bouquet of wax flowers at a fair stall, he need not go and ruin his family at a faro table. Assisting the soldier to fight our common enemy, is not an act likely to be associated with "fighting the tiger." There need be no raffles at the Children's Department, if they are thought likely to lead the youthful mind out of the way it should go; and surely, allowing beautiful articles to go to ruin in the dust, as they are now doing, to be finally disposed of at auction for a mere song, is not the best way to roll up a pile of substantial and much-needed "greenbacks."

Now do, most courteous, brave and liberal signors and signoras, who have so well sustained your part in this, our effort to aid our Sanitary brethren, yield a little in this respect. Don't strain at such a gnat as a dollar share in a wax doll, while the tremendous camel of an army of sick and wounded men remains to be disposed of. We are doing our best, but human strength, womanly strength especially, has its limits; and we, who are working at our stalls, feel that our labor will be indeed in vain as regards the more expensive goods, unless either an army of rich old codgers, with purses as long as their rent-rolls, and hearts as large as their incomes, march to our relief, or we are allowed to dispose *in a fair and honorable way* of those articles which otherwise will remain a dead loss on our hands.

Our soldiers have been not unready at that *great lottery, the draft.* Those on whom the lot fell, went gladly and willingly to yield up their lives and their all in the service of our country. Let us, bearing this in mind, avail ourselves of the readiest means in our power to serve those "who suffer that we may enjoy;" taking good heed meanwhile to enforce the weightier matters of the law, and be assured we shall be held blameless in this matter also.

An Assistant at the Fair.

New York, *April* 18, 1864.

The ladies of the New Bedford Marine Table request that the name of Mrs. Jones, which appeared among the list of managers in the number of April 13th, should be corrected by substituting that of Mrs. Ivers.

Among the many valuable autographs which have been contributed from Europe for the Metropolitan Fair, were those of King Christian IX. and of Queen Louisa, of Denmark, which, were sent by the Hon. B. R. Wood, our minister to Denmark, to whom they were presented by Gen. Oxholm, Marshal of the Court; who says in the letter enclosing them to Mr. Wood, "That the queen most kindly gave hers unasked."

The Grand Marshal Lovcus Riold also presented to Mr. Wood an autograph letter of the late King Frederick VII., together with a translation.

The kindness with which these autographs were given, for the cause of our sick and wounded soldiers, will be fully appreciated by the American people who warmly sympathize with the Danes in the unhappy war in which they are now engaged.

There has also been received from the Hon. C. M. Clay, the autograph of Prince Gortschakoff, and from the Hon. Mr. Judd, that of the crown Princess of Prussia and the Princess Royal of England, written expressly for the Fair. These and many other autographs of great value from many distinguished persons in Europe, have been most gratefully received, and merit the warmest acknowledgments of the American nation.

They are to be seen at the Autograph Table, in the Art Gallery.

A gentleman of this city, said to be Mr. Ketchum, has purchased the fine portrait of Cobden, painted and presented to the Sanitary Fair by Fagnani, for $1,000. It is Mr. Ketchum's intention to present the picture to the New York Chamber of Commerce—a most appropriate gift.

We are happy to learn that the Committees of our Fair are concerting measures to bestow a portion at least of the surplus of our *materiel*, at the close of the Fair, upon the three similar enterprises going on in Baltimore, Philadelphia and St. Louis.

METROPOLITAN FAIR FOR THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

AUCTION NOTICE.

Heads of departments wishing to make sales by auction, will please hand in their invoices two days before sale, to either of the following auctioneers, or to the Secretary of this Committee. Each department will arrange with the gentlemen whom they may elect to make their sales, in regard to the reception and delivery of their goods.

All goods, wares, and merchandise will be received and accounted for by those employed, who will furnish their own clerks and attend to their own advertising.

The following are the names and places of business of the gentlemen tendering their services, in the order they were received:

Daniel A. Mathews, 66 Nassau street.
Edward Schenck, 60 Liberty street.
George Welles Nichols, 113 Pearl street.
Henry D. Miner, 37 Nassau street.
Daniel H. Burdett, 109 Wall street.
Henry Molton, 235 Broadway.
J. H. Draper, 36 Pine street.
Edward Sintzenich, 155 Broadway.
J. E. Halsey, 10 Barclay street.
Walter M. Lloyd, 15 Nassau street.
E. T. Wills, 47 Murray street.
John H. Austen, 340 Broadway.
Thomas J. Miller, 74 Broadway.
Alfred L. Curtis, 23 Murray street.

All goods sold by this Commission are free from United States duties, as well as the District License.

E. H. Ludlow, Chairman of the Committee of Auctioneers.
Henry D. Miner, Secretary.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Augustus R. Macdonough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N. Y.

LETTER FROM SALLY POPCORN TO HER SISTER BETSEY, IN PUMPKINSVILLE.

Well now, wait a minit, till I get my breath, and bend my bonnet straight, and I'll tell you all about it.

I've been to donations, and county shows, and quiltin' frolics, but I never was so squeezed and twisted about in my life. I've chopped sassages and made currant wine; I've cleaned house and follered a green girl about her work, but I never was so beat. I've worn the ends of my gloves out holding up tickets, and broken the end of my parasol poking folks in the back, and broke my hoops trying to get through the little entry to the place where the Ingins do their yellin'. I kind o' shet my eyes at furst, it was so kinfusin. Everybody was goin' the contrary way to everybody else, and losing all their relations. I was glad I hadn't any. In the middle of the place was a kind of a big temple, all evergreens and laurel, and inside of that were girls sellin' flowers, and if a chap walked up to buy a rose for his button-hole, some woman with a ribbon over her shoulder would charge him a dollar for it so sweetly he was pleased enuff with his bargain. I 'spose I might have given him a great bunch of Johnny-jump-ups and he wouldn't have thought half so much of 'em. Queer—ain't it?

Folks wont let you stand still if you want to. One old feller as big as Deacon Roundtop was bound to go to the little summer house in the corner, so everybody in front of him was pushed right straight in, up steps and all, and a young lady kept tellin' us "ten cents." I thought Fatty ought to have paid, for he pushed us in there. I looked at the pictur of Mr. Irvin, who used to live there, and I think he looks like a contented kind of a man, who wouldn't mind puttin' up with small quarters, but I don't see what he had one door to go into and another right by it to walk out of, but I 'spose he did. I hadn't got through lookin' at Mr. Irvin's things when Fatty turned round and pushed me out at the other door. I didn't have to pay ten cents for that, which quite astonished me.

The next thing I spied was a great worked shawl. I wasn't certain about its bein' a shawl, so I asked a girl with a sash and she said it was "An African;" queer, wasn't it? I thought I'd heard enuff about Africans lately, so I walked away, but I can't see now what sense there was in the name.

I notice a great many pin cushions at the tables, some dreadful queer ones, I can tell you; some fat enough to burst, and some that have to be punched every time you look at 'em. That was an awful stuck-up girl that sold mine to me. She had given her whole mind to her hair, and I thought to myself she had more outside her head than in it. I jest let her see that I had a purse full of good yellow Pumpkinsville bank bills, and she was mighty civil. I don't want the cushion, tho'. It's got a meetin' house on in yaller, and a poplar tree in blue. It's a real humbly cushion.

Who should I see just then but Milly Breese. She said: "Oh, aunt Patty, I am so glad to see you. I'm lost. I don't know where mother is, and I'm fraid I never can find her. It's worse than the Cedar Swamp, isn't it, aunt Patty?" Milly's a dreadful pretty girl any time, but she looked like a rose to-day. She don't have her hair all mussed and tonsled up, but it jest waves smooth and easy. Well, there we stood, she holdin' onto my shawl like a little bit of a child, when a splendid looking chap came by in a great hurry, and the button of his coat and the tossel on Milly's parasol got in a tangle. He laughed a little bit and she blushed to her hair, and couldn't help laughing too. I do really think the fellow might have got loose before if he wanted to, but by and by he took out his knife and cut the button off his coat, and it rolled on the floor. After he was gone Milly picked it up—that was queer, too, wasn't it?

By and by I spied Miss Breese with a great big doll in one hand and a toy cart in the other. The doll's hands went in one man's eye and the tongue of the cart took the flower right off an old maid's bonnet, but Miss Breese didn't mind, she was so scart about Milly, and so glad to see her again. We concluded we would go in and get something to eat. There was a great crowd ahead of us, and I noticed after people came to a certain spot they fell down in the room full of tables. "Is there any steps?" says I, 'fore I got there, and the officer said there was, so I shuffled along and didn't fall. We got a table over by the winder, and told a man who 'peared to want to know what we wanted, to bring us some oysters. Milly didn't want anything but ice cream, and I saw her once lookin' at the button in her hand and smiling to herself. While we were waitin' for the oysters I looked round and there was brother John's son Samuel, who is in the college here, and he came up and spoke real cordial-like, and then I introduced him to Milly, and they had quite a chat. Pretty soon he nodded to somebody, and, lo! and behold! there was the very fellow who cut the button off his coat; he had a bunch of flowers pinned on the spot where he took it off. Sam motioned to him and introduced him to us, and then to Milly, and then it came out about the tangle. Milly's dimples did look sweet enough as she laughed and showed her little white teeth, and then she handed him the button. He thanked her, and took off the bunch of flowers and looked at Milly's mother and said: "With your permission, ma'am," and she said: "Certainly;" and he handed the bunch of posies to Milly. But I hav'n't a minit longer to write to-day. Sally Popcorn.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(*After the manner of the Sunday papers.*)

Nat, His Story.—I. Does seals come originally from Ceylon? II. How many legs has the Great Seal of England? I. No, but they *otter*. II. No legs at all, but very large arms.

Student.—What is the meaning of *Si Jeunesse savait?* It means "Go it while your'e young!" The expression was first used by Oliver Cromwell to Charles V. after the battle of Blenheim.

Tavern Keeper.—I. What kind of pillars are the best to put in a public dining room? II. Do you think I should be likely to succeed on the stage, if I gave all my mind to it? I. We should say cater-pillars. II. No, a dram-seller is not likely to become a dram-atic artist.

Jemima.—I. If I find my beau walking with another young lady, can I knock her over the head with my parasol? II. If a young man whom I have only seen once, sends me his photograph, what does it mean? I. It is sometimes done, but we do not approve of it. II. Probably that he has more of them than he knows what to do with.

The resemblance between ancient and modern minor civilization, noticed in General Dix's article, is strikingly illustrated by a passage in Athenaeas (Book II. Section 33). He says, "It was the custom at suppers, as soon as the host had taken his place, to give him a little writing (grammatidion) which contained a catalogue of the dishes prepared, looking at which he might tell what viand the cook was going to serve." In brief, a bill of fare.

"And he *lied* like a true British Sala." The last London reporter bears a peculiarly appropriate name, first, because he is more than usually at sea in reference to our affairs, secondly, because he was sent to our country on purpose to *assail her*.

SYNOPSIS OF CLARISSA HARLOWE.

By a reader who got tired in the middle and never finished it.

There was a young lady, Clarissa,
There was a man wanted to kiss her;
But she wouldn't let him
Which greatly did fret him,
And that's all I know of Clarissa.

Among our donations we have received a box from the young ladies of Mme. Chegary's school. There is so much taste displayed in the different articles that it is difficult to make a selection in mentioning them. There are, however, one or two things that deserve particular notice: one, a fine album of photographic views of Central Park; another, a work basket so beautiful that it would tempt one the most disinclined for work to purchase. A beautiful bench and a sofa cushion are the only other things that we have space to mention.

Among the objects of interest in the Machinery Department is a set of weigher's scales, of exquisite finish, contributed by Mr. C. D. Mott, of 130 Pearl street, an old-established weigher, who proposes to give a large percentage of his earnings from any orders in his line for the benefit of the soldiers, through the Sanitary Commission, during the war. Visitors will find Mr. M., or one of his assistants, constantly in attendance in the Machinery Department, ready to try their weight upon a superior platform scale, made and presented by Mr. R. Brown, of 3 Barclay st., New York.

FORTY YEARS.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

Struggle no more, fond, idle heart!
To settle on the shows of things;
Nor with such self-deceiving art,
Persuade thyself that thou hast wings,
And, like a bee, from field to field
Canst rove at will to gather sweets;
To thee no flowers much honey yield
Whose forty years this day completes.

Be conscious, rather, of the sharp,
Envenomed sting thou bear'st within!
Thy time is come to chafe and carp,
And pierce the gilded world of sin:
Yet courage, heart! beyond these skies,
That cheat us with their fleeting hue,
Thou hast a home where all these lies,
Will vanish and reveal the True.

Boston, *February* 17.

THE GONDOLA IN THE PARK.

It was in weather like this that Horace sang,

"Keen winter now the spring's soft zephyrs feels,
And from the dry-docks glide the unused keels."

The Central Park confesses the spring influence, and its lakelets welcome again the graceful forms and gay colors of those tiny prows that give them an unreal air of depth and space. But among these fairy craft, and through the fleets of swans floating like living lilies, what uncouth bulk is this, bearing solemnly down with its dismal hull? Is it a convict-galley, a water prison where guilt is expiated in gloom? Is it the bier of some defunct crocodile, borne in funeral procession by Egyptian priests to the tomb of their gods? or a modern model of Charon's ferry boat?

Let the æsthetic stranger repress his alarm. That is a Venetian Gondola. It is a shrine of sentiment, and a tribute to romance. It has been duly paid for, imported, pawed over by customhouse officials, and launched among its strange surroundings by the managers of our public amusements and decorations. Beautiful fitness, isn't it? Venice was a republic, and so are we. Venice had plenty of water for her pleasure grounds, and we have some. So let us deck our fresh American scenery with this tawdry tug of cast-off foreign fashion, and in return, ship a corporation muck-barge to their grand canal from our grande canaille.

That gloomy hulk with its hauntings of mystery, its hints of crime, is as incongruous as a Doge would seem in the mayor's chair, or a Bridge of Sighs across Harlem river. It frowns among the innocent shrubs and ducks like a ghastly nightmare—a spectre in crape. Its prototype looms shadowy in the weird distance of Leutze's picture, you remember it, under the arches, sweeping darkly with its freight of corpses toward the wild revellers upon the flower-bestrewn green flood.

Surely "some demon whispered, Visto, have a taste," when this sepulchral thing was cast upon our waters. Was there no tiny keel, apt and native to our land, for fitting ornament and true romance? No Mexican caïque, nor Peruvian pirogue, no Chippewa birch-bark, nor trapper's dug-out, nor Sandwich island surf-plank even, but we must borrow this broken-down water-hack to rot its melancholy timbers away upon our pretty pond? Pray, messieurs commissioners, commit this sombre blot to the flames, or strand it in some vacant lot, or sink it in some waters deep enough to hide it forever out of sight. So shall the people sing to you rejoicing,—"Our Gondola's waiting below, love!" and pardon you for the gone dollars the unsightly coffin has cost.

I sent my memory out
To choose a thought:
It brought back doubt on doubt,
But never caught
The fugitive, who will return some day
When I've no use for him in work or play.

Houghton.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

To the Editor of the Spirit of the Fair:

Sir:—A few years ago, thoughtful women in our land often asked themselves, "Have the women of our day any of that brave patriotic spirit which glowed in the bosoms of our grandmothers? Could we make such sacrifices for our country as they did?" And when they met and spoke to one another of the old Revolutionary times, they shook their heads, and talked very despairingly of our degeneracy, and of how far inferior we were in all that constitutes heroic womanhood to those who went before us.

But the test has been applied. Our hearts have been called to drink of all the agony of fear, suspense, and desolation; and to give our husbands, sons, and brothers, to die for our country. No one needs to be told how we have met this test, or what a record the women of the North have made for themselves on the page of history. Still it is pleasant to dwell on individual instances of heroism, and I will therefore give you one which touched my own heart greatly.

One day in the spring of 1863, I went to call on Mrs. ——, who was making a visit to her aged mother. As I rang the bell, I thought, "This will be a painful meeting; I almost dread seeing Mrs. ——, she will be so sad; for since we had met, her dear, her only son, and she a widow, had fallen on the battle-field. I knew how proud she had been of this son, and with what reason. Highly educated, improved by foreign travel and a residence at a German university, he was indeed a son to rejoice in; and perhaps more than ever had his mother's heart glowed with delight in him, when he gave himself to the service of his country in the ardor of his early manhood, entering the army as an officer, and rapidly winning promotion by his bravery. How the loss of such a son must wring his mother's heart!

I found her very calm and cheerful. I had not courage to touch the tender spot; but in those days everybody talked about the war, and we of course discussed the recent movements of our army. The grandmother, herself a noble relic of the last generation, said with a sigh,

"Sometimes when I think of all the bloodshed and suffering this war is costing, I fear there will be no gain sufficient to compensate for all this terrible loss of life and treasure."

"No gain that will compensate!" exclaimed the bereaved mother, her face kindling with animation, "why, mother, when I see the change which has been produced in Northern feeling in regard to slavery since this war began, and how the whole nation has waked up to a sense of what a bitter evil and curse it is, I feel that this alone is a rich compensation for all we have given up! And" she added, her eyes filling with tears, "they were very precious lives that have been given—very precious!"

"Here," thought I, "is living the spirit of the Revolutionary mothers, the heroism which can rejoice to lose all that is dearest and best for one's country;" but my heart was too full for words; and we passed on to other topics, with no further allusion to her personal bereavement.

A short time after this, I related the conversation to a friend of mine, then just leaving for Europe. After a stay of some weeks in England this friend wrote me, "I have repeated that remark of Mrs. —— twenty times, I believe, since I have been here to as many different circles of English women, and it never fails to fill all eyes with tears. 'If that is the spirit of the women of the North,' they say, 'you will succeed. If you feel like that, we have a hearty sympathy with you.'"

No; American women have not degenerated: let us rejoice in the past; and also in another, that the hearts of every truly noble English woman beats in sympathy with ours, when we show ourselves true to our country and to the cause of freedom.

F.

A SPRING SONG.

A bird sings sweet and strong,
In the top of the highest tree;
He sings: "I pour out my heart in song,
For the summer that soon shall be."

But deep in the shady wood,
Another bird sings: "I pour,
My voice over meadow and hill and flood,
For the summers that come no more."

George William Curtis.

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1864.

AUTOGRAPHS AND AUTOGRAPH COLLECTIONS.

BY DR. J. G. COGSWELL.

(*Concluded.*)

In this country, also, many collections have been formed, and although, as yet, they may not be so large as those above named in Europe, some of them are of great value in relation to our own history. First on the list is that of the Rev. Dr. Sprague, of Albany, which contains autograph letters of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence, of all the generals of the War of Independence, members of the Congress of 1765, and of the convention which framed the Constitution, also all of the Bishops of the Episcopal church, and of the Moderators of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, and nearly all of the members of the old Congress. Next in importance are those of the late Mr. Tefft, of Savannah; of Mr. Dreer, of Philadelphia, who purchased the collection of Mr. Robert Gilmor, late of Baltimore; of Mr. Zechariah Allen, of Providence; and of Miss Arnold, of Providence. In these collections there are doubtless many letters, and other papers of great interest, which, but for them, would not now be in existence. Had it been a custom of antiquity to preserve such memorials as carefully as they are preserved in modern times, in spite of "The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire," specimens of the primitive written language, and of the original manuscript of the Iliad and Odyssey, might now be found in the cabinets of the curious. Even as it is, we have great reason to regret that the practice of forming such collections was not begun earlier; had they existed in Shakspeare's time, would it have been possible for every scrap of his handwriting to have disappeared. except some three or four signatures to legal instruments. The same question may be asked as to Molière, who lived at a much later period, of whose writing nothing is to be found except a few receipts and orders. Accident has occasionally brought to light some valuable hidden manuscript, which had lain long buried, as in the case of Evelyn's Diary before mentioned; but it would be difficult to say where are the originals of a great majority of the most valuable books written since the invention of printing. As a consequence of collecting and preserving autographs, they have now acquired a pecuniary value that will be sure to save them from destruction. Pounds sterling are now paid for a few lines written by a man of eminence, which not long since might have been procured for a few pence. In London, an autograph signature of Shakspeare fetched five hundred guineas. In Paris, at the auction sales, rare ones fetch from a hundred to a thousand francs. In this country, foreign autographs of value have rarely been offered for sale; but those of our own great men always command high prices at public sales, particularly the autographs of Washington and the other revolutionary heroes, and of Washington Irving and other eminent writers.

The space assigned to this article has obliged the writer of it to confine it to a meagre detail of facts, and bring it to a close here with the copy of one or two curious letters, extracted from the "*Isographie des Hommes célèbres.*"

A fragment, extracted from the souvenirs of General Kleber, the bravest and noblest of Napoleon's generals, expressing his high admiration of Washington, in the form of a dialogue, with an interlocutor distinguished by the initials D. C.:—

D. C.—Quelle serait, Général, la réputation moderne que vous ambitionnerez, si en fait de réputation il vous restoit quelque chose à désirer?

Kleber.—Je passe sur le compliment et je répond à la question; c'est celle de Washington.

D. C.—Ah! ha! je ne m'y attendais pas.

Kleber.—Cela se peut.

D. C.—Et vous ne nous direz rien de plus?

Kleber.—Si; c'est que Washington a commencé et fini sa glorieuse entreprise, qu'il en avait calculé le succés sur des moyens qui y étaient proportionnés, et que lorsqu'il l'eut obtenu, il n'en fut point enivré; enfin que cette entreprise était louable tant sous les rapports politiques, que sous ceux de la philosophie, puisqu'elle avait pour objet, non des conquêtes, des pillages et des dévastations, mais l'indépendance et le bonheur de sa nation."

The purport of which in English would be as follows:

D. C.—General, what reputation of modern times would best satisfy your ambition, if anything in the way of glory remained to you to wish for?

Kleber.—I pass over the compliment and reply to the question; I answer Washington's.

D. C.—Ah! ha! that I did not expect.

Kleber.—That may be.

D. C.—And you have nothing to add?

Kleber.—Yes; it is that Washington began and finished his glorious undertaking, that he had calculated for success upon means adequate to effect it, and that, when obtained, it did not intoxicate him; in a word, that it was an undertaking in itself laudable, both politically and philosophically, as it had for its object not conquest, pillage and devastation, but the independence and the happiness of his country.

Letter in English from Napoleon, written during his imprisonment in St. Helena to Count Las Cases, who was assisting him to beguile the tedium of his situation by giving him lessons in that language:

Count las cases—since sixt week I learn the anglish and I do not any progress six week do fourty and two day if might have learn fivity word for day I would know it two thousand and two hundred it is in the dictionary more of fourty thousand even he could must twenty bout much of tems for know it or a hundred and twenty week which do more two years after this you shall agree that to study one tongue is a great labour who it must do with the young aged

longwood this morning the seven march thursday one thousand eight hundred sixteen after the tirty three years jesus christ.

In plain English this letter would read:

Count Las Cases, I have been learning English six weeks, and make no progress. Six weeks are forty-two days; if I had learnt fifty words a day, I should know two thousand and two hundred. There are in the dictionary more than forty thousand. If one must know about twenty thousand, it would require a long time to acquire them, or a hundred and twenty weeks, which are more than two years. Hence you will acknowledge that the study of one language is a great labor; how must it be with the young?

Longwood, Thursday morning, March seventh, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and sixteen.

The genuineness of the above letter is probable from the following account of Napoleon's attempt to learn English in the twentieth volume of Thiers's *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire:*

Napoleon experiencing the inconvenience of not knowing the language, resolved to learn it, and took Las Cases for his teacher. But this mighty genius, who had so remarkable a memory for facts, had none for words, and acquired languages with great difficulty. Still he made the attempt, and succeeded in learning to read, but never to speak the language.

Because your nature can extend
Its vision to a needle's end,
And you with self-sufficient air
Announce the wonders you see there,
You must not murmur that some eye,
Moulded and trained to range the sky,
Can read in yon far star as clear
As you can spy and potter here.

Houghton.

THE WASHINGTON WIDOW.

A True Story.

BY ROSE TERRY.

Concluded.

"Come acrost Cranberry Bridge, didn't ye?" said she, after various other interrogations. "Yes, we did," I answered; "and what a dreary place it is. I was glad to get away from it."

"Well, I guess you wasn't nigh so overcome as I was one time, down to that bridge. I shan't never get over it. I han't been acrost it sence, and I don't know as I could ef I wanted to."

"Why? were you frightened down there?"

The old woman settled herself better in her armchair, and looked out of the window askance.

"I guess I was! You see about seventeen years ago, when Marthy was a baby, Miss Phelps's husband was alive, an' they lived up above here about a mile, to Washin'ton Corners; I wan't no better then to get around than I be now. I'd had a kind of a palsy in my legs, and I'd lost the use of 'em, so I had to keep a girl to do chores, and Huldah Parker lived with us. Well, it came round October and there was goin' to be a cattle show and fair down to Taconic, the county town, and husband he had a pair o' steers jest broke to the yoke, that was as han'some creturs as ever you see. They was part Devons, with real red shiny hides and wide horns, jest as gentle as kittens, and every inch on 'em filled out and slick. So husband he said he guessed he'd drive them steers down to cattle-show, and see what folks would say to mullein-stalk fodder; for down to Taconic they used to say Washin'ton folks lived on huckleberries, and raised their creturs on mulleins. Well, I kinder egged him on to go. I thought 'twould do him good to see a few things he didn't see every day, and get a look at somebody besides me and Huldah, and the two geese; for men-folks will be men-folks, an' the best of 'em likes variety, and he'd been closeted up three year with a helpless wife, and never made no to-do about it; so finally he said he'd go; and when it come round to the week before, why Huldah, knowin' nothin' on't, come to me one day and asked if she couldn't have a play-spell next week to go down to Taconic to the fair. I was kinder beat when she asked me, for 't seemed as ef I couldn't be left alone; so I said I'd see and let her know next day. So when he come home from work at night I told him, and he thought 'twas best to let Huldah go, because we ought to favor her, bein', as 't were, kind of dependent on her; for she was an ambitious piece, though real handy to work, and if things didn't go just her way why they didn't go mine, I tell you! So he said I could go up to Sally, (that's Miss Phelps there,) and stay all day; but I knew Sally was goin' to Taconic with her husband, and Joel, the hired man, was goin' to be left with the house and little Sam. jest three year old,—he that died next year of scarlet fever,—so I couldn't go then. Well, husband he set a thinkin' sometime by the fire, and finally he spoke up, an' said he really b'lieved it would do me good to go to Taconic too; he could fix me up real comfortable in the covered wagon, and I'd always been used to drive old Black, and he'd got to walk to drive them steers, so he'd go ahead, an' be near enough for me to call, and I could jog along slow, and go to my cousin's, down in Taconic, and set a spell while he went to the fair; and he'd take along a lot of apples so't they needn't be at any charges for our dinner. I rather hung back at the idee; somehow or other I didn't feel right to do it; though I can't say but what I had a hankerin' to see somethin' once more outside of my old kitchen and woodshed, but yet I didn't feel quite hearty about it.

"However, he'd sot his mind on it, I see, and I told Huldy next day she could go; but when the days come one after another, seems as if every day my courage got lower an' lower. I fixed up my bonnet a little, and took in my black silk gown that I hadn't had on for three years, and Huldah she washed up my best collar,—but I felt more and more like hangin' back.

"I didn't want to spile husband's comfort a frettin', though; and I knew Huldah was bound to go; but I 've wished hundreds of times since that I'd ha' spoke out, and fretted, and everything else—but 't was to be. So it come round Tuesday morning, and Huldah got up by light and dressed me, and sot me in the chair, and got breakfast, and set off afoot for Squire Tucker's; he lived then over the hill two mile from here,—he's moved since; and his folks was goin' to give Huldah a ride to Taconic. We eat breakfast, and husband he got the wagon out and harnessed up old Black, and cleaned himself up, and then he took and lifted me up into the hind seat and kinder wedged me in with the old buffalo and my cloak, and then he turned the steers out, and put the yoke onto 'em, 'cause he thought it was handier to drive 'em so, and he locked up the door and started off.

"'T was a real fine day; the woods on Punkin Hill hadn't been cut then, and they was jest as bright as a posy-bed, and there wasn't a cloud to be seen, all the air looked as tho' it was full of sunshine, and the pine trees and the life-everlastin' in the lots smelt as good as roses, and there was lots of crickets singin' all round. I rec'lect it was a master hot day too. So I drove old Black along down that road you come to-day, towards Cranberry Bridge, and husband he went ahead with them steers, lookin' back every minnit to see how I come on; for I went real slow and steady lest the horse might step on a rollin' stone. I got along considerable well, though I felt uneasy, and I didn't know why. After a while we turned that corner where the road comes down by the brook, and he waited to see me turn it and give me a kind of a nod and laugh when I come in sight, but the steers had got ahead of him and he had to step out real smart to catch up with 'em, and I was quite a piece behind—when I see 'em go into the bridge with husband along side,—then I heard a kind of a great crack, and I see something come through the bridge floor and drop; and then one loud kind of a roar, and then it was all still. Old Black stopped, and my heart stopped too. I didn't know what had come. I sot there all of a sweat, lookin' at the bridge, and the black water and the rocks: there wan't a sound, it was dead still, only that brook a-cryin' and a-dashin' upon the stones as though it wanted to say somethin', and was dumb as a dog. I thought I was in a bad dream and tried hard to wake up, but I couldn't, and then I tried to think what to do. I couldn't set foot to the ground, but I could holler, so I drove old Black as close to the bridge as I darst, and there I see the horns o' one steer a stickin' through the bridge floor, and I called Eben jest as loud as I could, but he didn't say anything, and the rocks to'ther side they answered it back again; and they called Eben, and then it was awful still again; all but that kind of a mournin' the water kep' up; and then I called again, and it done just so again.

"Oh dear! seems as though my old head gets all afire jest thinkin' on't!

"I finally thought I'd better jest turn round and drive home and see if I couldn't get anybody to find Eben; I didn't think about helpin' on him; I knew better 'n that. So I turned old Black round the best way I could in that dreadful narrer space, and I whipped him up; but 'twas all the way up hill, an' he was old, and I wan't real smart to whip, and there warn't nobody nearer than Joel, to Miss Phelps's, a mile further 'n our house,—good four miles from the bridge. Seemed as though I was a whole year gettin' there; I never met so much as a hen all the way, and the air was so still and bright it burnt my eyes, and the horse was so slow! I guess I was nigh on to crazy when I got to Sary's. Joel he took me out and sot me down in a chair and give me little Sam to hold, for he was asleep; and he shut all the doors and took the harness off old Black and rode off bareback down to the bridge. I thought he'd never come back. But he did after a spell. He'd raised one or two menfolks up to the Centre, and they found the bridge floor had gi'n way in four planks, and the nigh steer had gone clean through into the brook and Eben along with him; but the off cretur, when the yoke broke, caught on a sleeper and hung by the yoke, his head jest above the floor; but his neck was broke. They didn't find my husband for quite a spell, and he was considerable jammed up,—so't I never see him again after I see him walk into that bridge alongside of them steers.

"I b'lieve they slaughtered that steer that was a-hangin'."

The old woman sunk back in her chair and looked again out of the window.

"I han't never been acrost that bridge since," said she, meditatively.

When some brave lad comes riddled through—
Fighting, oh friend, for me and you,
And, better, for our country too—
To quarters that he thinks will do,
And comforts that are canny very;
Let's know, that tho' we did'nt fight
To guard the law and save the right,
We did throw in our biggest mite
To stay his wounds and make him bright—
Who's cared for by the Sanitary. Ellsland.

WET DAY AT AN IRISH INN.*

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

On the 24th of December, 18—, I woke up at half past five in the old town of Armagh, near the north-east coast of Ireland. The day was lowery, the inn at which I was quartered, dirty and unattractive; my lonely breakfast in the coffee-room upon half-cooked chops and cold muffins—dismal in the extreme; so that I determined to brave all chances of the weather, and book myself for an outside place (all the insides being taken from Dungannon) on the coach for Drogheda. This left me, however, a spare half hour in which to ramble over the dreary old cathedral of Armagh, which my usher assured me "all the gintlemen allowed to be the oldest in the kingdom;" and another half hour, for an examination of the unfinished arches of the new cathedral, which the same veracious usher affirmed, would be "the foinest building in all Europe."

I hope it is finished before this, and that under its roof, my Irish cicerone may have repented of his sins of exaggeration.

The Drogheda mail-coach in those days passed through the towns of Newry and Dundalk; and long before we had reached the first of these, which we did at about eleven of the forenoon, the cold mists had given way to a pelting rain, and I had determined to give up my fare, and risk such hospitality as an Irish inn would afford. Black's coach tavern in Newry did not promise large cheer; the front was dingy; the street narrow; the entrance hall low and begrimed with dirt and smoke. Patrick took my portmanteau to number six, and I begged for a private parlor with fire, where I might dry my wet clothes at my leisure. A gaunt woman in black, not uncommunicative, and who appeared to unite in herself the three-fold offices of landlady, maid, and waiter, showed me presently to the "Wellington" on the second floor; and Patrick was directed to kindle a fire in the rusty grate.

The apartment was not such an one as I would have chosen for a merry Christmas eve. For furniture, there was a faded and draggled carpet, a few cumbrous old chairs set off with tattered brocade, an ancient piano in the corner, a round dining table whose damask cover showed a multitude of ink-stains, as well as a "Dublin Mail" of the last week, and a County Gazetteer. The solitary window was hung with sombre curtains of woollen stuff, and by great good fortune looked directly upon the main street of Newry. At least then, I might count upon the solace of studying the passers by, and possibly my opposite neighbors.

The first object, however, was to dry my wet clothes; nor was this easy; the coals were damp and did not burn freely; the chimney was foul, and there was a strong bituminous aroma presently floating through the room. But I met the situation courageously, thrust an old chair fairly between the jams, sat myself bestride it, unfolded the yellow "Dublin Mail" over the back, and entered valorously upon a conquest of the twenty-four hours, which lay between me and the next up-coach for Drogheda. The "Dublin Mail" was dull; there was a long discussion of the Maynooth College and its regimen; but who cared for Maynooth? There was "important news from Calcutta," but I had read it in Liverpool a week before: there was a column upon American affairs, in the course of which a careful consideration of the military career of General Fillmore—this was interesting, but short. There was a murder or two mentioned in retired country districts, of landlords, or bailiffs, neither of which possessed much novelty; there was a warm editorial, ending with a resonant period about "College Green," and a little poem in a corner, written to the air of "Eirie go bragh." I lay down the "Mail" and took up the Gazetteer. I read, and felt my coat; and read again—sometimes thumbing the sweaty leaves backward, sometimes forward—in such unceasing way, however, that before my clothes were fairly dry, I could have passed an examination upon the condition and prospects of Newry, and Armagh, and Portadown.

After this recreation by the grate, I betook myself to the window. The rain was still falling in torrents. Over opposite was a watch-maker's shop, with a curiously faced clock over the door-way, which I am sure must have hung there a score of years, and I venture to say, it is hanging there yet. Within the window of this shop, which was full of gewgaws, I caught glimpses of an old "Heriot," with a magnifier thrust into the socket of his eye, and squinting curiously over a medley of brazen cog-wheels; he looked, for all the world, as a watch-maker might do, in a country-town of New England; and I dare say, if I had stepped over to him with my watch to mend, he would have popped it open in the same unvarying way—glanced at the trade-mark—squinted at the cogs, and thrust in some long steel feeler, and closed it with a pop, and removed his one-horned eye, and hung the watch at the end of a row of invalid watches, and promised it on Saturday, and had it ready on the Thursday following.

A little further down the street, was the establishment of an Irish milliner; its lower windows so bedizened with bonnets and haberdashery, that I could see nothing beside—except once a pair of black eyes peeping out after a carriage that whirled by in the rain. On the other side of the goldsmith's, was the shop of a baker and pastry cook, which was decked prettily with evergreens, and within which I saw a stout woman with arms akimbo, staring out as gloomily as myself at the rain.

Over the goldsmith's shop was a window, at which I saw from time to time a pair of little rosy-faced girls, who may have been seven or eight; and between them, and seemingly on most familiar terms, a tall Newfoundland dog, who appeared as much interested as themselves, in occasional, furtive glances upon the reeking street. Once or twice too, a simply dressed young woman of uncertain age, who may have been the mother of the children, showed herself at the same window.

After making these observations, and pacing up the parlor once or twice, I betook myself again to the Gazetteer. Twelve, one, two,—sounded from the clock over the mantel: two hours yet to my dinner.

Again I turned to the street for relief: a little girl, in close hood, was stepping out of the door-way beside the jeweller's shop, and, with her, the dog I had seen above stairs, with a basket in his mouth; away they went, trotting familiarly out of sight down the street; this at least was an incident for me; and I sat myself composedly down to watch for their return. The little girl's mate in the window opposite, seemed bent upon the same object. After twenty minutes, perhaps, dog and child came trotting back, thoroughly drenched;—the dog still carrying the basket, now apparently weighty with some burthen. And the servant happening in at the moment to look after my fire, I called her attention to the drenched couple, as they entered the door-way opposite.

"Oh, aye, surr, it's a good baste, is that; he keeps by the poor little craythurs night and day; it's very poor they must be, and their mither's a lone woman; she's been opposite a matter of three months now in a little room she's rinted o' the gold-bater; it's not much in the way of niddle-work she'll be foinding; the Lord knows how the poor craythur lives."

By this time the pair had returned to their chamber, as I judged by the movements of the little girl who had been stationed at the window. Very likely she was dancing over the contents of the basket.

"Perhaps the dog has brought them their Christmas dinner," said I.

"And shure, surr, I hope he may: but it's a sorry dinner they have most days."

A sudden thought struck me. I was out of all reach of the little Christmas charities of home; what if I were to turn a few pennies to the cheer of my little neighbors over the way? A charitable thought is best closed with at once: it is too apt to balk us, if we wait: so I pulled out a five shilling piece, and said, "My good woman, you see the cake-shop yonder."

"And shure I do, surr."

"Would you be good enough to step over and buy a couple of little Christmas cakes, with a sprig of holly in each of them, and take them over to the two poor girls opposite, and tell them that a stranger who is rain-bound in the opposite inn, wishes them a merry Christmas for to-morrow?"

"Shure I will, surr; and the Lord bless you for't."

There was something in the manner of the gaunt waiting woman, that forbade my doubting her; still I watched—saw her brave the rain—saw her appear with the package, saw her enter the low passage opposite, and presently the two little girls came romping to the window, and kissed their hands to me; while the mother appears for a moment with a modest bow of acknowledgment.

(To be continued.)

* Extract from a work entitled "Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic," by D. G. Mitchell, shortly to be published by Charles Scribner, New York.

THE KING OF THULE.

TRANSLATED FROM FAUST.—BY C. B. CONANT.

THE Italian version of the ballad of Thule, which Miss Kellogg sings so charmingly, is very inadequate. Here is an English rendering, as faithful as the translator could make it, without too much rhythmical sacrifice. The ballad, itself, is one of the most peculiar productions of its author—concealing much art under a seemingly reckless rusticity of expression. Such words as *Buhle*, translated *sweetheart; Schmaus*, translated *banquet;* and *Zecher*, translated *carouser*, hardly have correspondents in our tongue that are admissible in pathetic verse. And then the rude old toper of a king is not such a subject as a less genius than Goethe would make the hero of a romance like this.

There lived a king in Thule—
A lover true and tried;
He had a cup his sweetheart
Gave him the day she died.

Nothing he set such store by—
And through the creeping years,
At every banquet drained it,
And never but with tears.

And when he came to dying,
Divided, one by one,
His cities to his followers—
The cup he gave to none.

Then to a kingly banquet,
His barons gathered he,
In the castle of his sires,
That stood beside the sea.

There sat the old carouser,
And bravely quaffed his last;
Then out into the ocean
The sacred goblet cast.

He saw it fill—flow over,
And sink beneath the main;
Then sank his glazing eye, withal—
He never drank again.

SAINT VALENTINE.

BISHOP VALENTINE sat in an oaken chair,
Conning an ancient book;
His features they wore a thoughtful air,
His feet they wore slippers, a velvet pair,
And a velvet nightcap adorned his hair,
And his cell was a snug little nook.

The moon through the painted casement shone,
And checkered the paven floor.
Bishop Valentine sat by his lamp alone,
As the length'ning shadows stole slowly on,
Till at last the Abbey bell tolled—one!
When the Bishop was heard to snore.

Now Satan, who hated the Bishop right well,
And had done him ill turns without number,
At this instant exactly, as it befel,
In taking an airing, flew over his cell;
So he carefully muffled his tail round the bell,
Lest its echoes should wake him from slumber.

Then down, with a grace altogether his own,
To the cell of the Bishop he slips,
Upsets a large bottle of eau de cologne,
Lest the scent of the brimstone should make him known,
And for fear of the light from his horns, draws on
An extinguisher over the tips.

He takes up the book that the monk had let fall,
And smiles as he reads the name,
As if he had dined upon wormwood and gall;
Then, flinging the volume against the wall,
He stamps on the floor, and forth at his call
An enormous black cat there came.

By the side of the Bishop he quietly sits,
And places the cat in his arms.
At once through the soul of the Bishop there flits
A vision of beauty that crazes his wits,
And far beyond all that the church permits,
His episcopal spirit charms.

Lucifer sits with a sly grimace,
Watching the Bishop dream.
He clasps his arms in a close embrace,—
When the cat starts suddenly from her place,
And fixes her talons in his face,
And the Bishop awakes with a scream.

Away through the roof flew the Evil One,
And away flew the cat through the floor.
"Now still on this day," quoth the monk with a moan,
"Shall men for my trials and sorrows atone,
And be fooled by false dreams of fair maidens alone;
Be it Valentine's day evermore!"

M.

CHARADE.

"AND take," she said, "the blue seas o'er,
This chaplet for an amulet;"
And round his helm my whole she flings,
Close pressed my first an instant met,
Then with my last to horse he springs;
But till his hands my whole restore,
My first shall know my last no more.

A red-cross knight, he led the war,
Scorning my last, on desert coasts,
And still, where'er his falchion burned
In wrath before the Paynim hosts,
My first forsook them, as they turned;
While from his crest my whole, afar,
Inwrought with gems, blazed like a star.

Long days she counts of doubt and fear,
Nor heeds my first before her cast
In mockery by the silken band
That feasts and revels at my last,
Till pilgrims come from Holy Land,
With tidings dark, and relics dear—
A withered wreath, a broken spear,

And all that Art from death withdrew,
Embalmed within a porphyry urn.
Ah! thus again my first must meet,
And only thus my last return,
And with its calm my whole complete,
That round their tomb its offering threw
Of fragrant sighs, and tears of dew.

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(To be continued daily.)

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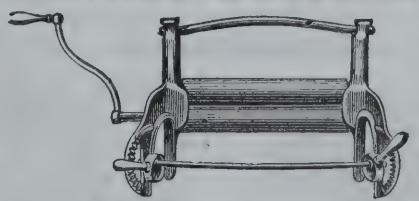

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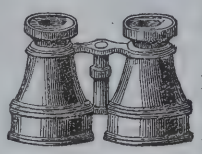

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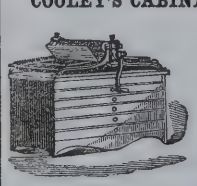

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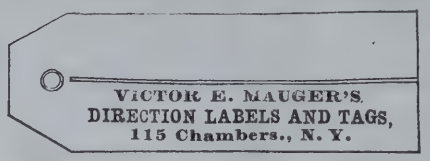

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BUBBLING AROUND THE FAIR.—No. 3.

In bubbling around the Fair yesterday, I encountered the usually placid G. G. G——y, Grand high functionary of the Executive Committee, looking somewhat "in the downs." On interrogating him as to the cause of his mental depression, he informed me that he was suffering under one of the usual attacks of dilemma to which every man is subject who is under stringent bonds to "please everybody." The immediate "causa causans" of his despondency in the present instance was the reproaches that had been visited upon him by the "Soda Water" man! It seems, with his usual beneficent intentions, G. had ordered the water that was supplied gratis to the community to be iced. This had turned the tide of travel from the soda water man, and hinc illæ lacrymæ. As I was sympathizing with G. under this attack, a new casus belli was presented, viz.: a female relative of —— Jefferds, Esq., came up to remonstrate because the pretty little testimonial, viz.: a revolver! presented by that philanthropic individual, had not been accepted by the Executive Committee! This was too much for poor G——y. When I left him he was wilting rapidly, but moving spasmodically towards the Floral Temple to restore himself by composing a new and startling bouquet, under an inspiration that had seized him, and which he (sub rosâ) imparted to me. It was to consist of a soda water fountain of red japonicas, with a stream of white rosebuds bubbling out of it and pouring into a tumbler consisting of a gigantic water lily.

Rambling along, I encountered my rural relative Van Dunderdunk (who prides himself on his Latinity), trying to turn into the vernacular the inscription on "The Irving Cockloft Summer House," gracefully presided over by Mrs. Frelinghuysen, Mrs. Wilson, the charming Mrs. R——y, and a half dozen other very attractive and active partisans of "la charité." Young man, pause, and go in, and buy a Cape Jessamine blossom there, and have it pinned on your coat by Miss Tilly. It is delightful, and only 25 cents. The motto on the little temple is:

"In hoc est hoax, cum quis et jokeses,
Et smoakem, toastem, roastem folkses, &c."

Van D. insisted it was from Plautus; I maintained it was from Dr. Faustus. The bet ensuing is to be decided by Charley Anthon, if we can find him.

After partaking of a few Normandy flap-jacks, and purchasing a forty cent oak leaf from the little bijou of a tabactarie, presided over by two irresistibles, we took a slant in to the Crockery and Pottery Department, presided over by Mrs. C——, Mrs. R, and a tall Hebe, with black eyes, which I would have bought at any price. There Van D——, was induced by the liquid tones of feminine persuasion to invest in a dozen flower pots, and a brown stone prediluvian quadruped, and under the influence of the aforesaid eyes was about contracting for a magnificent piece of Anti Ghobelin Tapestry, very cheap, at one hundred dollars. Serieusement—the tapestry aforesaid is very curious, and intrinsically valuable and artistic. We were diverted from the above investment, by an invitation from our respected and ever charming friend, Mrs. McE——rs, to visit the "Curiosity shop." Here are nuts indeed! for the Antiquarian and Pre Hadamite! How would the votaries of "ye good old time" revel over the Palissy ware, the crystal crucifix and ball, the Italian fan, three hundred years old, the fan painted by Guido, the old black Jack, out of which Sir Walter Raleigh used to smile, the old Hebrew bread plates, out of which the original Jacobses used to get their daily bread, the venerable and fantastic court suits, the veritable Egyptian Scarabæi bracelet, worn by Mrs. Potiphar, and above all, the real Japanese Mermaid, looking for all the world, like a Cherub monkey! Oh! its all nice, and—there goes that drum thunder again. G.

An interesting letter has been added to the collection in the Curiosity Shop, which already contains recent letters from Gasparin, Laboulaye and others, valuable for the sympathy they express with our cause, not less than as mementos of their eminent authors. The letter alluded to was received on Tuesday from Victor Hugo. He expresses interest in the Fair, and good wishes for its success, and as an earnest of his sincerity sends a pen and ink sketch, made by himself, of the house formerly occupied by Dr. Franklin at Passy, now destroyed, with a little account of Victor Hugo's reasons for making the sketch. It will be framed together with the letter, and exhibited for sale at the Curiosity Shop.

An Autograph letter from General Washington will be sold at Stand No. 36. Offers for it will be received until 12 o'clock Saturday, the 23d.

RAFFLING.

To the Executive Committee:

I am one of those patriotic and persecuted young women, who "assist" at the Fair, in the 14th street department.

I have talked like two auctioneers in one, smiled like patience on a monument, and dressed like a French costume day after day, in the desperate endeavor to induce sewed up pockets to open, and acute triangles of hearts to expand, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission and the soldiers. I am sure *I* shall need an Insanitary Commission to look after *me*, if I have to do this much longer: and the sole cause, and "first principle" of the whole trouble is—*we can't have raffles.*

Let me give you an instance: I have at my stall, a very beautiful bouquet of phantom flowers. Everybody who comes by admires it, and would be happy to negotiate, but the price is, of course, commensurate with the beauty and rarity of the article; and thus, what between the hard-heartedness of some, and the insufficient greenbacks of others, my poor flowers are being ruined by the dust, for want of a customer or—a raffle.

Your committee have made a very great mistake. Raffling is *not* gambling. A gambler always wants to make money; while not one in fifty who buy chances, wants or cares for the article in question. No, indeed! they come to give their mite, and they *cannot* afford to buy.

In and on many of the stalls, the most expensive things are left, not more than a tenth part of the articles have been sold. Pray, pray, let us have raffles, so different in their nature from gambling, and win the hearty thanks of many and many a poor, tired

Assistant.

April 18th, 1864.

Water from 2000 Miles up the River Amazon.—Two hundred vials of water from the greatest river of our globe were to-day presented by Rev. J. C. Fletcher, and will be found for sale in the Fifth avenue Presbyterian Church Department, and in the Swiss Department. Chateaubriand collected the waters of the various rivers which he traversed, and how many cabinets rejoice in a small vial of water from the mill on the Jordan, but the water of the Amazon is at present rarer than that of those famous rivers. In England the only collection of Amazon waters is that sent by the Rev. Mr. Fletcher to Sir Roderick Murchison, and is now in the museum of the Royal Geographical Society. Mr. Fletcher obtained this water when travelling on the Amazon in 1862.

No Department of the Fair has excited more interest than that devoted to Machinery. It is visited every day by crowds of people who inspect with critical or wondering eyes the creations of mechanical ingenuity. The display of agricultural implements is very fine; most of them will be sold at auction for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission. Nothing in the Department has excited more interest than the type-setting machine from the establishment of Mr. J. F. Trow. This ingenious invention has been in active operation every day.

A collection of engravings has been contributed to the Sanitary Fair by the poor children of the Infant Department of the Five Points House of Industry. From the little one who could scarcely lisp the words "I want to give my penny for the poor soldiers," to the oldest scholar of the class, these children of want have denied themselves the luxury of spending their few pennies, and with real enthusiasm have given them to the cause. Surely He who regarded the widow's mite will accept and bless this humble offering of these worse than orphaned little ones. The engravings can be seen at Stand No. 8, under charge of Mrs. Dusenberry.

A grand entertainment will be given by the pupils of 20th Ward Public Schools in aid of the Metropolitan Fair at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, 26th inst. The exercises will consist of Choruses, Recitations, Solos, Duets, Tableaux, and Military Drills. The music is under the superintendence of Professor Colburn. Dodworth's Band has been engaged for the occasion. Tickets may be had at Appletons', Broadway, and J. F. Williams, 442 Eighth avenue.

Florence Nightingale, from her own sick bed, has sent to our Fair, through Mrs. Bancroft Davis, three copies of her treatise upon nursing the sick and wounded, with the following dedication in her own hand writing, on the title page of each:

Of all sick and suffering
the faithful servant,
Florence Nightingale:
From her sick bed,
London, March, 1864.

These precious contributions of a charity that is circumscribed by no national limits nor prejudices, and that has especially approved itself to sick and wounded soldiers, are to be seen at the table of Mrs. Charles King, in the Old Curiosity Shop.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Augustus R. Macdonough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N. Y.

LETTERS FROM SALLY POPCORN TO HER SISTER BETSEY, IN PUMPKINSVILLE.—No. 2.

I HAVEN'T told you about the Ingins yet, nor the Trofee room, nor the pictur hall, nor the shop of curosities. Ingins first:—I worked hard to see 'em, I can tell you. I follered a solemn old feller who looked in at a square hole about as big a winder pane, and somebody in there looked at him, and then he said, "ticket," and the man in the box didn't say anything, but handed it out, and I done just so too. There we stood fur a half an hour like pigs in a box. If one turned round it upset ever so many others. Oh, don't that misrible policeman have a hard life of it! Fifty women talking and laughing all the time, and askin' questions, and crowdin' and beggin' to get in before the time! One woman is enuff to worry a man to death if she's a mind to. I heard a chap 'bout six years old sayin' "Oh, mother, I've got my hand in my pocket and can't get it out;" and I guess it was true, for I hadn't been able to put my umbril down at all. You know it's rather bulky. I had some trouble with that umbril the day before yesterday, for when I went to put it up to go home, I thought the handle had growed out like a sugar cane. I held on to the end with one hand and shoved the frame with the other till the stick come out entirely. I felt awful foolish. I stuck it fast agin, but you see if I'd ha' let it down in that crowd I wouldn't have ever pulled up anything but the stick.

Well, we got into the place at last: a room with buffalo robes hangin' all round, and a curtain hangin' across one end. Bym-bye a very nice lookin' gentleman came out and said that these wild Indians were Arg-Squaws, and very friendly to us, and came to show us how they danced whenever they was goin' to do anything. Sich a row of creeturs you never see—with paint on their faces, and feathers in their heads, and clothes with stragglin', stringy trimmin' to 'em, and two of 'em had rings in their noses. I guess they hadn't been out scalpin' lately, for they are as fat as can be, and don't look very murderin'. They danced a war dance that was very oncertain in its figures, and I don't really think the natyves knew what they were goin' to do next, but they yelled like loons and screech-owls, and shook rattles, and howled with all their might. Then they had a woman dance, and the four squaws shuffled and pounded around a bench where three of the men sat. It wasn't much of a reel. After that come a feather dance. The nice looking gentleman said that was a religious dance, but I didn't see much religion in it. I wonder what Deacon Bailey would think of any of our church folks cuttin' up so. Then there was a courtin' scene. The big Ingin sot in his tent playin' on a flute, as well as he knew how, and a squaw come walkin' about and tryin' to find out where the music was. Then she made bleeve she didn't care, and went home agin, and the tall feller he come out and peeked all round to find her, but it was no use, so he jest spoke to them other Ingins setting there doin' nothing, and 'peared to tell 'em to sing and play a bit. They laughed a good deal, which looked very mild in an Ingin, didn't it?

Big Ingin then went jumpin' round, comin' down solid, I can tell you, and I s'pose the Arg Squaw was charmed, for she came out and walked along as if she didn't know he was there, but she did tho'. It ain't only Ingin girls do that, is it? Then he talked to her, and tried to coax her to give him a string of beads, and first she wouldn't, and then she did, jest as natural as tho' she was white, and at last they walked off to her house, and the curtain was jerked to.

I went out of the Ingin department to the Trofee room, scramblin' to get another ticket (I shall dream of tickets for a month sure), and looked about me there. There's a cannon as big as our hay wagon in the middle of the room, and close by that, an awful lot of people all huddled together, lookin' over each other's shoulders. I didn't find out what that was fur at first, but I did after awhile. Overhead there was a big blue flag with "Don't give up the ship," on to it in big letters, and another awful dirty one with a ticket saying that it was carried by Washington, Evacuation day. Oh, Betsey, didn't I long to have some of those old flags in a wash tub, with plenty of suds, and make 'em look decent? Its a kind of a solemn place that Trofee room. There's the flags everywhere you turn, some with bullet holes and broken sticks, and some all torn to ribbons from flyin' in the wind, and some most black with the smoke of the cannons. They drop down kind of mournful as tho' they wus thinkin' about the poor fellers who had stuck to 'em as long as they could, and who won't fight under them, or any other flags any more. Then there's bullets that's done awful work, and canteens and haversacks that got too heavy for poor wounded men to carry.

There's a skull hangin' on the wall that is made into a cup, and marked and written on outside. Isn't that awful to think of! I wus afraid of it, and moved away. Up in the corner is a lot of things belonging to Ellsworth. There's the gray coat with the bullet hole in the breast, all scorched and torn; the knapsack and cap, and the last letter he wrote to his parents. That letter was too much for me. I choked down as I looked at the poor tired flags, I winked hard over the old caps and canteens, but I jist pulled out my handkercher, and had a good cry over that letter I tell you. The feller that killed the man that sent that bullet through that gray coat, is sittin' there most of the time, and I jist shook hands with him in earnest, and if I don't knit him some good stockins this winter, it'll be a pity. He looks kind o' peaked like, and the finest fleece in our flock is goin' on his feet.

There's lots of old swords, for all the world like those that stick up in the beams up garret, that Brother Jehial carried in the last war, and there's a figure dressed up in a suit of Continentals, such as father wore. The figure has such a smiling face, it made me mad. What on earth an old Continentaller would see to grin at nowadays, I don't know I'm sure, with the country in such an awful muss, and gold and butter goin' up yet.

I've writ out for to-day, SALLY POPCORN.

On raffling the parsons grew savage,
So they brought up this scriptural adage:
"As you value your life,
Remember Lot's wife
Drew a lot in the raffle of marriage."

Those loyal old Dutchmen of Penn.,
Wrenched money from poor wounded men,
Charged twenty *verts-dos*
For a single *verre d'eau*—
Those Samaritan Dutchmen of Penn.

METROPOLITAN FAIR FOR THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

AUCTION NOTICE.

HEADS of departments wishing to make sales by auction, will please hand in their invoices two days before sale, to either of the following auctioneers, or to the Secretary of this Committee. Each department will arrange with the gentlemen whom they may elect to make their sales, in regard to the reception and delivery of their goods.

All goods, wares, and merchandise will be received and accounted for by those employed, who will furnish their own clerks and attend to their own advertising.

The following are the names and places of business of the gentlemen tendering their services, in the order they were received:

DANIEL A. MATHEWS, 66 Nassau street.
EDWARD SCHENCK, 60 Liberty street.
GEORGE WELLES NICHOLS, 113 Pearl street.
HENRY D. MINER, 37 Nassau street.
DANIEL H. BURDETT, 109 Wall street.
HENRY MOLTON, 235 Broadway.
J. H. DRAPER, 36 Pine street.
EDWARD SINTZENICH, 155 Broadway.
J. E. HALSEY, 10 Barclay street.
WALTER M. LLOYD, 15 Nassau street.
E. T. WILLS, 47 Murray street.
JOHN H. AUSTEN, 340 Broadway.
THOMAS J. MILLER, 74 Broadway.
ALFRED L. CURTIS, 23 Murray street.

All goods sold by this Commission are free from United States duties, as well as the District License.

E. H. LUDLOW, Chairman of the Committee of Auctioneers.
HENRY D. MINER, Secretary.

HEADS of departments and subordinate departments, requiring the services of an auctioneer, will please send notice in writing to the Executive Committee Room two days before sale.

E. H. LUDLOW, Chairman Auction Committee.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN HOUR.

My hair, as you see, is white. It is not a dye. Horror and pain and woes unutterable have taken the buckram from my spirit, and the starch from my linen, and the color from my hair. The Experience of an Hour did the business for me.

I am the unfortunate holder of a season ticket to the great Fair. I say unfortunate, because the fact renders me a target for abuse and ridicule, scorn and calumny. The thousands that daily jam themselves at the Fair into what a Brooklyn wit calls the jammedest sort of a jam are composed partly of season ticketers and partly of visitors pro tem. The pro tems never cease to cry out, "It's these selfish season people who make the crowd. If they were out of the way, one could breathe." This is the tune, in the omnibuses, in the newspapers, and in the hotel parlors. Now I am sure the "selfish season people" are as much victims as tormentors. In proof of which, I point you to my white hair. Yesterday that hair was ambrosial, hyacinthine, abundant, beautiful, Jovine. Now it is—what you see! Ha! ha! I am not mad, oh no! but I was very mad last night, and all to no purpose.

Let me see! where was it? It was at the Fair. I went with my new season ticket, which had never been used. Owing to the admirable arrangements at the door I was slid easily in—alas, how easily! And now begins a horrid dream, which my crazed brain can scarcely recal. How long it was, I know not, ere my onward flow was arrested, and I was pressed back into the mass to suffer with some thousand others the tortures of the dammed. Outcry was vain, imprecation inadequate, motion impossible. Tighter and tighter closed around each victim the horrible prison-walls of flesh—like the walls of the celebrated cell, built by somebody for somebody else. At my right a sharp elbow was pressed into my side, which would have palpitated, but had no room. On my left, the giant from Barnum's looked compassionately down upon me and said in a squeaking voice, "I beg your pardon, Sir, I know I am standing on your feet; and I would cheerfully step off, if I could. But you see it is impossible." An old lady's nose was pressed against the back of my neck; and in attempting to turn my head and view the offending member, I nearly deprived her of it forever. Before me stood a soldier, whose cartridge-box and revolver have made indelible impressions on my diaphragmatic system.

A motion was observed at a little distance, and hope illuminated at once each wretched face. Some one was coming toward us through the crowd—the messenger of deliverance. As he approached, we saw at first a gentlemanly man in black with nothing remarkable about him except the very remarkable ease with which he threaded the dense throng. I (who have been a Police Justice in my day) felt a dire apprehension. This marvellous, gliding gentleman was Bill Green, the pickpocket, or he was the devil—which would be preferable. In a moment more, I recognized the features of Bill Green, and the whole assembly groaned with impotent rage when they saw upon his breast the placard, marked "Pickpocket," placed there by the Police. Green was smiling, self-complacent and calm. He knew the helplessness of his victims, and cruelly he toyed with them.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "my name is William Green. I am the Pickpocket of the nineteenth century. I have left, a few rods off, two good friends of mine, policemen, who are coming after me. It will be fifteen minutes before they reach this spot, and I shall clean you all out before they arrive. You will be more comfortable if you keep quiet; but you may call for help if you like. Of course it will be useless. Ah! yonder I see my friends. This way, gentlemen! here I am! Now then, lively, if you please!"

Beginning with the giant, he ravaged the neighborhood with surprising dexterity and quickness. I was reserved to the last. I went through a long, slow agony in seeing my neighbors plundered one by one, and in wondering what would be my fate. For I had my money sewed up under the collar of my coat, just in the centre, behind. Perhaps I might escape, for the police officers could already be seen making their way to us.

Mr. Green stepped rapidly to my side, and with one gesture, as it seemed to me, examined and rifled all my pockets. A look of perplexity crossed his face, the officers were not three feet the other side of the giant. Alas! the old lady in my rear complained that I had a lump in my collar that hurt her nose. In an instant, Green had cut out my pocket-book and a locket of my wife's hair. He returned me politely the locket, my handkerchief (which he said I appeared to need), and—my season ticket. "This, my dear sir," said he, "is not transferable!" At this heartless remark my hair turned white! ! ! !

I recovered from my swoon, to find that the villain had departed, leaving the horrible placard about my neck. But why should I prolong this harrowing story. I spent the night in a station-house. I suffered untold mental miseries; but of all the thoughts that sting me, the most torturing and humiliating is this, that even a pickpocket has too much sense of honor to appropriate a season ticket. Must I confess it? I had borrowed mine from a loyal man; and now I am bringing my white hairs to the grave with shame and remorse.

Do you know of a good hair-restorer? Absalom Briggs.

THROUGH LIFE

We lie in sunlight on God's earth;
However dark and chill the way,
Over us Love's supernal birth
Flings its inevitable day.

Abroad upon these gusty plains,
Wander at large Death, Change and Doubt;
Our cheeks are washed by frequent rains,
Until we say the lamp is out.

Then we go on in weary calm,
Forgetting if in dark or light,
Until the penetrating balm
Of heaven makes our being bright.

Bright with the world's own loveliness;
Bright with affection's answering gleam;
And bright with peace no words express,
Pouring from God's unquenching stream.

A. F.

March, 1864.

A gallant officer sends us the following amusing instances of Jack's ingenuity in obtaining grog:

Under the stringent restrictions respecting grog, to which the "men-of-war's men" are now subjected, they resort to many curious expedients, instigated by the insatiable cravings of poor weak human nature after "forbidden fruits." By the last supply steamer, one of the bluejackets, on a gunboat received a box from home; on its contents being inspected by an officer, as usual, a loaf of bread was found, which he suggested should be cut in two—the result was the discovery of a canteen, bearing Uncle Sam's initials, filled with whiskey. On a previous trip of the supply steamer, a box strongly bound with iron hoops attracted suspicion, was opened, and found to contain only sugar cured hams, nicely done up in cloth, and whitewashed in the usual manner; nothing being suspected, it was being nailed up again, when an unfortunate nail penetrated one of the innocent hams, and the result was an immediate flow of a fragrant stream of corn juice, thus adding another proof to the assertion that "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee." On another occasion the sailors on the New Ironsides purchased from a schooner what "passed muster" as a barrel of potatoes, and only after a large number of them had become unmistakeably intoxicated, was it discovered that the barrel contained a keg of whiskey, as well as the potatoes. These are merely specimens of the perverted ingenuity which is being constantly developed by the insane craving after grog.

'Tis a horrid idea
How the Chinaman queer,
With delight on a dish of rats messes;
But is it more strange,
Than for Blanche to arrange
On a boxful of "rats" her fair tresses?

Niagara, no doubt, is all
They sing, who rapturously adore it;
But give to me a "waterfall"
With Delia's charming face before it. T.

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1864.

NATURE AND LIFE.

BY HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

Art has taken deep root among us, and we have already the first fruits, which are but the forerunners of the abundant harvest that is coming. The trials through which we are passing will only quicken its progress: the mighty passions which sweep through the public mind do not injure its productive powers; on the contrary, they are but as the winds of heaven which rush in from all sides to nourish the flame of invention.

The great artist looks into the life and soul of his subject; he has an inward sympathy with it; feels with it; reasons with it; lives its life; thinks its thought; disdains to be content with imitating the outside with exactness. Take for instance the portrait of Booth as Iago, one of the few in the Art Exhibition of the Sanitary Fair; the painter was not content with a precise representation of the features and the costume of the actor; he embodies the very passion and thought of the ideal villain just as the death of Cassio is resolved on. The portrait of one of the United States judges, recently finished by Carl Brandt, is a most excellent likeness, and is finished with wonderful care; but what gives it peculiar merit is, that it represents the judge himself in his vocation, so that a biographer could deduce from it the cast of his mind and an outline of his character.

Perhaps the idea which I wish to convey will be more clear if we turn to Audubon's Birds, of which a splendid copy lies on the tables of the fair. Audubon, as he draws, lives the life of the bird which he sketches, thinks its thought, impersonates its nature. How wise and knowing is the owl under his hand. Every bird under his touch shows all its faculties at work; gleams of intellect struggle through its eyes, and pervade its attitudes and motions, and reveal the inmost character. The merit of Audubon appears the greater, if contrasted with an artist of a different manner. It seems impossible to exceed the splendor of coloring and exactness of representation, which make Gould's volumes of Humming Birds one of the most gorgeous and brilliant of all works on ornithology; but in his magnificent pages the poor humming-bird is dead, lying in state and courting admiration on his bier; but he neither moves nor lives.

Let us apply this principle to landscape painting. The true landscape painter is as one who had been present when the world was called into being by the Eternal Word. He knows that a thought lies veiled under every scene in nature. He has so much heart that he can call upon nature to reveal to him her secret; and she willingly comes forward to meet him half-way. From the mountains and torrents, the lakes and forests which he paints, mind breathes and music flows. He gives not a mere copy of rocks and moss; or a fantastic tree; or a close, painfully exact image of the outside of this dull earth on which we dwell. Under his pencil every landscape is instinct with spirituality, and passes out of its mere material form into a kindred with the world of intelligence. On his canvas the inmost nature of mind and matter are as one and identical. But we say, there must be on the canvass living beings, men and women, beings of the imagination; these shall be a revelation of the indwelling idea, an exposition of the sentiment shrouded in nature. A landscape without living beings may be most admirable; but it is as yet only a study, not a perfect picture. The perfect landscape on the canvas demands the companionship of life; it seeks itself under another expression, its own image and meaning, its interpretation, in living, moving beings. Is the sea beautifully tranquil, as if heaven and earth met in its serene depth? Let Galatea ride forth in her shell, as the complement of the scene. Have you the ruins of Greece? Let shepherds in their simple innocence gather round a broken tomb, in a sorrowing community of feeling with the ages that have gone by.

We know that some of our critics find fault with our best artists in landscape for introducing living persons; as if the presence of men and women destroyed the unity of the picture. A question may arise, whether a group of living persons is wisely chosen, or made too prominent; but as to unity, the thought and sentiment of nature in the landscape must find themselves again in the form of animate being; and then the two meeting together in perfect harmony, constitute the union that gives to the picture the artistic perfection of perfect unity. Nature and life join hands; and their coming together makes of the many but one.

Any one who stands in the Art Exhibition can test this for himself. Who would spare from the "Heart of the Andes" the peasant at the foot of the cross? The group reveals the idea of the artist who represents the confused masses of wood and water and cloud and mountains of the tropical wilderness, where man has not yet gained the mastery, where the spiritual religion has not yet been apprehended by the ignorant race that have pitched their tents in the sequestered shades; where grandeur and obscurity are combined, and the untamed, almost unfashioned sublimity of the scene is echoed by a vague, unreflecting, incipient civilization. Strike out the group, and you cannot interpret the thought of the artist or the thought of nature as there represented.

Among the pictures we see a quiet, rural scene, by our ever-honored Durand: in it a shepherd, attended by his flock, is sauntering along a road overhung by trees. Let any one stand before it, and ask himself if the shepherd and his sheep could be spared? To strike them out would be to make the picture dumb.

We have heard it said, that Bierstadt's Rocky Mountains would have been more admirable if he had reproduced nothing but the stillness and majesty of nature. We differ totally from such a view. In this noble work, the artist transports us to the almost eternal solitudes of nature: the mountains and river and lake and forest, as they have existed for untold ages; glorying in their unblemished grandeur, rich with the shining of the sun, which is as old as their oldest peak; and at the foot of the mountain, near the transparent water, on the green sward, you see the village of the wild people, who, like the mountains, are of unknown antiquity, and like them are basking in the light, full of life and mirth and action of their own, yet all of it life and mirth and action that are but the reflection and exponent of the inanimate scene. Whether the details of the village are too elaborately wrought out is a question that may be mooted; but we hold that the scene would have been comparatively voiceless, meaningless, and dead, but for the addition of the wild men of the mountains in their own life and manners. The one is the fulfilment of the other; the mountains find themselves reflected and revealed in a living generation of men, as wild and as joyous as themselves; the two blend together, making the picture, with its exquisite afternoon light, one action, one landscape, one harmonious whole; bright, cheerful, sunny nature in its savage mountains; bright, cheerful, sunny nature in its savage children, and the two combining to form one harmonious whole.

Critic.—A wicked boy who, under the pretence of investigation, cuts up a worm to see it squirm.

Club.—A stick: or, when several sticks are bound together with by-laws—a society.

THE MODERN POMPEII.

Careful measurements show that the dust has accumulated during the past three months, to a depth of three inches, about the base of Washington's statue, near Union Park. At this rate, allowing for an occasional rain storm, a period of between thirty and forty years will suffice to bury the sacred bronze in a tomb of street sweepings. Municipal reform will hardly be fairly at work before that time. When the traditional traveller, therefore, from the top of Trinity, then a little point lifting its head in vain above the waste, surveys what was once New York, he can point, with a good map and an antiquary's keen scent, to the very spot where Boole's ashes began to triumph over the great statue. As our prevailing winds come from the opposite quarter, the houses on the west side of the town may remain habitable, at least in the upper stories, for a few years longer. But every one will be too busy to raise a breeze about the matter, and men will continue to find it easier to shovel their way to the front door, than to go to the polls. When the Manhattanese, patient as camels under the sirocco's sand-storm, and heedless as the gay Pompeians before their doom, shall have been entirely suffocated and buried away, future explorers will find few things so inexplicable as the tools of a scavenger, and will write learned treatises upon the relics of a street-sweeping machine.

ADIEU, LITTLE DUCHESS!

Adieu, little Duchess! laugh low at your ease,
And cross your small hands on your delicate knees
With the air of a child—and the heart,—must I say
I'd thank God for my own, set beside it to-day?

You will never repent of the thing you have done;
You will dream in the dusk—you will smile in the sun—
You will blanch in the spasm of music—grow pale,
As you pause from your book, at the roar of the gale.

You will have your fine shudders, your exquisite thrills,
Your flushes of rapture—your desolate chills—
Your tears with the troubled—your jest with the gay,
And, no doubt—now and then—a vague thought of this day!

Just a touch of remorse—a shade more than regret;
Just a pansy, you know, to complete your toilette!
And some idiot will sigh, as he bends o'er your palm,
"Ah! madam, what sorrow sleeps under that calm!"

Hamilton.

ARMY VESPERS.

BY ROSE TERRY.

The night is dark and cold,
The lamp has lost its light;
The chime of midnight its tale has told,
But slumber has taken flight.

I cannot, cannot sleep,
My sad soul flies away,
O'er the wide and restless deep,
O'er mountain, lake, and bay.

Away to the lonely strand,
By the lonely glittering sea,
Where stretches a waste of desert sand—
The island of Tybee.

Silent the cannon's roar,
Silent and stern the ranks,
Save sentry-steps on the quiet shore,
And the sea on its crumbling banks.

Away where wild winds rave
Through the war-ships as they go,
And sand or sea is the freeman's grave,
By the Gulf of Mexico.

On to the mighty stream,
The river of the West,
Its ripples lit by the camp-fire's gleam,
And the gunboats on its breast.

Where the old flag southward flies,
Their stripes beside our stars,
Its blue field for the Southern skies,
The North-light for its bars.

Back to the sacred soil,
By many a fortressed hill,
Where the slave hath found a right to toil,
And the bayonet might to till!

Oh, sleep, that hast fled away
From my fevered eyes and brow,
Though never thou comest to me again,
Go bless the soldiers now!

Light on the weary eyes,
Like a mother's nestling kiss,
Fill every heart with sweet surprise,
And home-born dreams of bliss.

They fight, but we must weep
For our boys that are gone and dead,
God send the sleep we cannot sleep
To every soldier's bed!

WET DAY AT AN IRISH INN.*

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

(Continued.)

I think the fire burned more cheerfully after this; the room seemed to wear a new aspect; my clothes were thoroughly dry; my appetite was ripening for dinner; and I read the little poem in the corner of the "Dublin Mail" to the air of "Eirie go bragh" with a good deal of kindliness.

The waiting woman, with grateful messages, had come and gone, and I was deep in Maynooth again, when my attention was called by the rattle of a carriage in the street. It had apparently come to a stop near by. I strolled to the window to see how it might be. Sure enough, over opposite was an Irish jaunting car all mud-bespattered, two portmanteaus upon it, and a stout, ruddy-faced man in mackintosh, and in close-fitting skull cap, just alighting. He stepped into the goldsmith's shop, apparently to make some inquiries—seemed satisfied on the instant—returned to the car, ordered off the portmanteaus, and pulled out his purse—a well-filled one I judged—to pay the driver. The little girls I noticed were pressing their faces against the glass and gazing down—once or twice looking back as if to summon their mother to the scene. She also appeared presently (it was just as the drenched traveller had paid his fare, and had raised his face), and looking earnestly for a moment—drooped away, and fell, beside the window. There could be no doubt that the woman had fainted; there was terror in the faces of the children.

I rang the bell hastily, and stepping to the door as the waitress came, I said, "My good woman, there's trouble over the way; the mother of those children has just swooned by the window, and there's no one to care for her."

She came forward to look out, with true womanly curiosity, though there was no hope of seeing what the actual trouble might be. There was a vain glance at the opposite chamber, then her eye fastened on the newly-arrived traveller, who was busy yet with his portmanteaus.

"Good God," said she, in consternation, "it's Moike Carlingford!

* Extract from a work entitled "Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic," by D. G. Mitchell, shortly to be published by Charles Scribner, New York.

Yes, by the powers, it's Moike," and she clasped her hands together, in what I thought a most melodramatic way for a woman of her age, and presence.

"It's naught but Moike," said she again, as if appealing to me. "He was niver a bit lost then, and it's he, as shure as iver I live."

"And pray who may Mike Carlingford be?" said I, thinking the matter was getting a touch of humor; but her answer brought me to a dead pause.

"Moike? why Moike is a murderer! It's not for me to say it, but it's the law; and I knew him as well as iver I knew my brither before he wint away, and fell to bad ways; and he wint down by Belfast, and there was an old gintleman that lived there—it's near eight years agone—and Moike would marry his daughter or his niece, and the gintleman wouldn't hearken, and Moike bate the old gintleman a bit roughly, and Moike dropped his badge in the bush, where they found the old gint's body, and he got away, and they followed him to Cork, and he took ship, and the ship was lost and all aboard, and by my sowl it's Moike again yonder, and he'll be caught, and be hung; and I'm sorry for Moike!"

There was a good swift Irish current in her story, and at the end of it, she rushed away to spread the news below stairs. Meantime the newly arrived personage opposite had passed in with his luggage; there was nothing more to be observed at the window over the goldsmith's shop: children, dog, and mother had alike disappeared. I fancied I heard from time to time, an exciting discussion going on below stairs in the inn; but who were the parties to it, or what was the burden, I could not determine.

The "Dublin Mail" and the Gazetteer had now lost their interest: Mike the murderer had even driven the fainting woman opposite, wholly out of my mind. I could not for a moment doubt that there was some connection between the two parties of which the talkative landlady was ignorant. But was the mother's emotion the result of fear? Had this stout Mike reappeared to commit new crimes? I cannot say that I had the least apprehension: the jolly face of the newcomer, with the iron-gray whiskers, and the sun-burnt cheeks, could no more be associated with the idea of murder, than the Christmas season. The good woman of the inn must be laboring under some strange mistake. Yet what right, after all, had I—a passing traveller—to doubt her earnest assertion?

My wet day at the Irish inn was gaining an interest that I could not have believed possible. Time and again I looked over the way, but no living creature appeared at the window. Presently I observed the stumpy figure of my landlord moving across the street, where he entered the shop of the watch-maker, and opened an earnest conference; at least I judged as much by his extraordinary gesticulations, and by the nervous rapidity with which the old Heriot pushed aside his cog-wheels, and came fairly around his little counter to talk more freely with his visitor. I inferred from what I had seen thus far, that Mike Carlingford was a character at one time well known hereabout, that an evident mystery of some kind attached to his history, and that the host had taken over the suspicions of the mistress to compare with the observations of the old shop-keeper; I inferred farther from the resolute shakings of the head of this latter (which I plainly saw through his glass door) that the watch-mender had either not observed closely the features of the new-comer (a thing scarcely possible), or that he doubted wholly the suspicions of the acting landlady.

My host came back in an apparently disturbed and thoughtful mood. It still lacked an hour to my dinner, and the rain was unabated; a walk about the old town, which I should have been charmed to take, was not to be thought of. What if I were to make some excuse to step below to the tap-room, and engage the host himself in a little talk, that might throw some light on my opposite neighbors? No sooner thought, than done. The stumpy little man was abundantly communicative. He had been engaged in the tap, and had not seen the "car" drive up. "Meesus Flaherty, she that okerpies persition as landleddy since that Mistress O'Donohue—that's me wife, surr, that was—is dade, has a good mimory, and thinks that it's Moike that has come back to life. Loike enuff; if it's indade Moike, he'll be hung. Maybe it's Moike, and again maybe it's not Moike; it's not for the like o' me to jist say. Mister Rafferty, it's he that minnds the watches in a very pertikeler manner, and has been my neighbor for a score o' years, says, by all the powers, that it's not Moike Carlingford at all, and he's not for disturbin the darlints above stairs, if so be they're to have a merry Christmas among 'em."

I ventured to ask after the murder, with which Carlingford's name had been associated.

"It's seven or eight years gone now," said the host—"indade it's a good bit better than that, it must be ten or twelve since Moike that lived hereabouts goes down nigh to Belfast, and they say fell into bad company there; and he was one of the younkers that took to wearin' o' badges, and the elictions were coming off, and plenty o' shindies they had. And an old gintleman—Dormont was his name—who lived jist out o' Belfast, was a terrible politician, and was a magistrate, too; it's he was murdered. He had clapped some of the badge-boys into prison, and they threatened him; and sure enough by and by they found the poor gintleman with his skull cracked, lying in a bit of brush, at his gate. They found him in the morning, with a young pup, that he had, nosing about him, and playing with a bit o' ribbon, which, when they came to examine, was Moike Carlingford's badge, with his name in full to't."

"And was this all the evidence?" I asked.

"This started the scent, as it were: but it came out at the inquest that Moike had been seen hanging about the place night after night, and what's more he was in love with the gintleman's daughter or niece, and Dormont had forbid him the house, and threatened Moike; which Moike wasn't the man to bear, without his speech back; and there were them that heard it. But what was worst of all, he wasn't to be found for the trile: they traced him to Cork, where he went aboard the Londonderry that sailed for a place in Rushy, which was lost at sea and niver a man found; which, if ye plase, looks a good deal as if it's niver Moike; though to be sure, the Flaherty has an iligant mimory."

"And what became of the poor girl?" said I.

"And shure, that's the worst of it: she wint from thereabouts, and they say (dropping his voice) there was a little baby one day, which she said that she was married, but would niver tell who was her husband, which looked uncommon suspicious; and her father wouldn't take her in; and there was a story I heard from a North of England man, where her father lived, that she went to the workus and died there."

This finished the report of the landlord, and I sauntered up again to the Wellington parlor, where the Flaherty, in a clean cap and ribbons, was just then laying the cloth.

The bustle of some new arrival called her away for a few moments; she reäppeared, however, shortly after—begging my "pardin—but there's an Inglish gintleman just come in, and the coffee-room is not over tidy for visitors, tho' she had spoken to Mister O'Donohue times enough—and would I be so good as to allow the Inglish gintleman to share the Wellington parlor with me?"

"Of course," I said, "I shall be delighted; and if the gentleman don't think the hour too early, perhaps we can take a cut off the same joint."

The Flaherty was most gracious in her thanks. Presently the new visitor came up the stairs, attended by the landlord.

"It's near to Armagh, you tell me?" I overheard him say.

"A matter of three miles the hither side," returned the landlord.

"You're sure of the name,—Bonneford?"

"As shure as I am of me own."

"Very good," returned the Englishman, "have me a 'fly" at the door at seven; we'll put two horses to the road; two hours there and two back: will you have a bed for me at midnight if I come?"

"Wheniver you loike," said the host; and the Englishman came bustling in—a tall sandy-haired man of sixty perhaps, full of restiveness, and of the condition, I should judge, of a moderately well-to-do English farmer. He wore a snuff-colored coat, and over it a Mackintosh,—yellow leathern gaiters, splashed with mud, and a broad-brimmed drab hat.

He thanked me for my civility in a short, sharp way, and after a very brief toilet, disposed himself for the dinner, which was now smoking on the table.

"And Mary," said he, turning to the gaunt landlady, "please bring me a pint o' sherry, and let Boots clean up my galoshes, and let him have the 'fly' at the door at seven to a minute; and Mary—

"Mistress Flaherty, surr!"—with a curtsy, said the woman.

"Oh, eh, I beg pardon, Mistress Flaherty; and will Mistress Flaherty see that the sheets have a good airing for me, against midnight or thereabout,—there's a good woman?"

"The house niver gives damp sheets, surr."

"It's a 'igh feather these Irish maids wear in their caps," said he, as the landlady disappeared.

(*To be continued.*)

'Tis said that Poe indulged in wine,
And critics harsh have striven to show it;
To contradict the charge be mine—
A little tea made Poe a Poet. A. P.

MADELINE.

I would not, for I could not, no, I could not pass it by,
He spoke with such a taunting tone, with such defiant eye;
So I answered as a woman, as a woman only can,
When her heart is stung to madness by the selfishness of man.

God forgive the thoughts that swayed, and the cruel words I spoke,
Those words that in an instant all the bonds between us broke,
Those words that in an instant drove him wildly from my side,
And left me cold and trembling in the triumph of my pride.

Ah, God He may forgive me, and the world applauds my heart,
For ever in its conflicts will it take the woman's part;
So they pet me and caress me, and call it "blest release,"
That I discovered ere too late, what would have cursed my peace.

They call it "noble conduct" that I dared to answer so,
And strike at man's injustice with a sure and fatal blow.
Alas, alas, good people, it is *you* whom I disdain;
Ye little know what I would do to win him back again.

I sometimes think 'tis not too late; and through the livelong night,
I frame the words that he may say or note that he may write.
Though all the live-long night I lie so utterly awake,
And pray for his own peace he'll come, or else for my dear sake.

But no, he will not come to me; I know his sex's pride;
To them love is subservient, and can be laid aside.
And oh! the world's conventional, and woman comes to shame,
If she dares do what man can do without a fear of blame.

Yet, I know he is not worthy of her whom he defies,
Or love he knows so well the way to win, and then despise;
And who, before the season's o'er, or when it suits his while,
Will woo another in my place with self-same words and smile.

O summer time of ended years, when with a steadfast hand,
I held my brimming cup of life within my own command,
Nor dreamed that one would come at last to shake me with distrust,
Until I spilled my life and love forever in the dust!

My God! when I remember how near I've been to bliss—
How oft, too oft, I've let his lips my lips in rapture kiss—
How in the perfect faith of love which loveth undefiled,
I have abandoned soul and sense—I feel myself grow wild.

When I remember that he holds within his strong control,
Mine inmost secrets, slowly drained from my inverted soul,—
Secrets my woman's pride withheld from friendship's closest ear,
And scarcely to myself would own lest mine own self should hear;

When I remember that he walks as free in step and tone,
As if he never felt my heart beat madly 'gainst his own—
That he is mingling with his *clique*, perchance to game and scoff,
Or smile when they congratulate that his "affair is off;—

I grind my teeth, as if the thoughts that thicken in my brain
Could be crushed out in one long groan of agonizing pain,
And clench my hands and bate my breath with all the hate that's born
Of that deep-burning life of love whose ashes are its scorn.

Aye, scorn;—a woman's withering scorn, I fling to thee, false man;
Go, bear it with thee through the world—forget it, if you can;
And yet—confession how unwise! abasement how complete!
I would I might, sweet love, to-night lie weeping at thy feet.

C. K. T.

Lottery.—A distribution by chance. In Charitable Fairs this is supposed to give a seasoning or relish to the entertainment. Hence its derivation from Lot's wife, who was turned into salt.

THOMAS AND EDWARD.

AN ECLOGUE OF THE FAIR.

Thomas.

A raffle is naughty: oh my!
We never would do so, no, never!
Yet, Ned, change an *a* to an *i*,
And cut off an *f*,—did you ever?

Although for the veriest trifle,
To *raffle*, these dear ones refuse,
Their virtuous fingers may *rifle*
Our pockets, as much as they choose.

Edward.

How unfair at a Fair of the fair,
And so fairly fairy as this is,
To make an affair of the fare,
That you pay for your trip through these blisses.

Thomas.

Dearest ladies! forgive me, I pray;
To my promise to buy, hold me tight;
For I swear to go by all the day,
And then to bye-bye all the night.

George William Curtis.

TO A CLOCK.

Have mercy on old Father Time;
You cruelly maltreat him;
Forever laying hands on him,
Your practice is to beat him.
I've hunted very various game,
With pointers and with setters;
Yours are the first I've ever known
To point at Roman letters.
So long as your good works unseen
Keep up their steady jog,
Your wheels, in spite of all their teeth
Can never go incog.
Strange, that the more you go on tick,
The more you're in demand,
And always bring a better price,
When you are second-hand.
Strange, that the more you carry weight,
The less your speed will flag,
And when your ways are steadiest,
Then most you are a-wag.
You strike, but never raise your hand,
Nor stir, yet run apace;
And keep without a cause for shame,
Your hands before your face.
Unlike mankind, by wavering
To and fro you get along;
And singular, the more you're set,
Least likely are you wrong.
But here I cease to run you down,
For fear you'll stop at last,
And so make good your own escape,
Although I hold you fast.

M.

Newspaper.—A theatrical costume, in which disguise some insignificant John Smith plays the part of a dictator.

Raffle.—An illegitimate word derived from ruffle. Ruffles are much worn by the clergy—especially the straight-*laced* portion, whose tempers are easily *ruffled* by a misapplication of the former word.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED.

(To be continued daily.)

CASH CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET BUILDING.

Mrs. Geo. Brown, Toronto, per Mrs. Geo. M. Kenzie	$20 00
Insurance Companies, per H. A. Oakley	1,550 00
Arms and Trophies, per B. W. Griswold	350 00
Hardware Committee, per Mr. John Peck	100 00
Wholesale Grocers' Committee, per Lloyd Aspinwall, Chairman	10,515 00
Money collected by Mrs. Uriah Hendricks	1,005 00
Anna A. Ballow	50 00
A. L. Wolff, U. S. Consul, Basle, Switzerland, collections	330 00
Finance Committee, Banks, per Shep. Gandy	23,750 00
Ezra R. Goodrich & Co., through Mr. E. W. Sherwood	500 00
C. H. Marshall, Jr	100 00
A. Hall, captain of port	50 00
Proceeds of picture, made and sold by Miss M. D. Van Winkle, 62 W. 14th st	10 00
Employés of Architectural Iron Works, per D. D. Badger, President	442 60
Produce and Corn Exchange, per P. H. Holt, Chairman	3,760 00
Hardware Committee, per Mr. Wetmore	2,845 00
Receipts April 6th.	
Sales this day	26,844 38
Sales Tickets, additional	5,955 00
Finance Committee, Ins. Co., per H. A. Oakley.	1,150 00
Henry A. Yzquierdo	100 00
Lodge No. 250, F. A. M., per J. R. Smith	50 00
People of Cardiff, Wales, through Chas. D. Cleveland and Cyrus W. Field	448 09
Bishop Gutta Percha Co., per Sam'l C. Bishop, agent	100 00
Arms and Trophies Committee, W. W. Marston.	100 00
W. H. Vesey, Esq., U. S. Consul at Aix la Chapelle—	
From Wm. Mulligan, of N. Y.	100 00
A. G. Startz of Aix la Chapelle	50 00
Finance Committee, by R. B. Roosevelt	50 00
Committee of Paterson Manufacturers, per Robt. Hamiel, Chairman	1,539 80
Young ladies' Fair, per A. M. Fanning	112 20
Young ladies of Christ Church, per Mrs. G. H. Tracy	202 00
Alice Van Dine	1 00
"The Workers," North Granville, N. Y., per Amy P. Servall, Treasurer	80 00
Rev. Urban C. Brewer, Christian Chapel, W. 17th street, proceeds of a Lecture	140 00
Adolph Weisman	2 00
Ladies' Aid Society, Trumansburg, N. Y., per Mrs. L. H. Owen	100 00
Booksellers' Committee, per Fletcher Harper, Chairman	1,100 00
Mrs. Samuel G. Arnold, Providence, per George Arnold	40 00
A little boy	50
Receipts April 7th.	
Receipts from sales to 3 P. M. this day	17,390 00
Receipts from Tickets to 3 P. M.	32,493 00
Finance Committee, Ins. Co., by H. A. Oakley.	600 00
Del., Lackawanna & W. R. R.	2,500 00
Hardware Committee, per Mr. Wetmore	200 00
Arion Vocal Society, per J. O. Hundt, Pres.	250 00
Postmaster, Heads of Departments and employés of N. Y. Post Office	700 00
Committee of Public Conveyances, N. Y. & N. H. R. R. Co	2,000 00
Finance Committee, per C. P. Kirkland	100 00
Finance Committee, per James C. Carter	70 00
Architectural Ornament Committee, from Carpenters, per Mrs. H. A. Coit	1,618 00
Pennsylvania Coal Company, per S. B. James.	2,500 00
Receipts April 8th.	
Receipts of sales to 3 P. M. this day	17,095 20
Collections by Julius Bing, A. M., Consul at Smyrna	75 00
Receipts from Admissions per Theo. Moss.	$20,026 40
Wholesale Grocers' Committee, per L. Aspinwall, Chairman	19,700 00
Delhi Sanitary Association, per Harriet L. Marvine, Treasurer	6 00
Uriah J. Smith	250 00
H. Aronson, per Mrs. Benj. Nathan	100 00
Mrs. H. E. P. Gallaher, net receipts of Gallaher's Evening Stock Exchange, Monday evening, April 4	100 00
Collections at Chaux de Fonds, Switzerland, per Mr. Wolfe, U. S. Consul at Basle	1,228 09
Scholars of Mr. J. McMullen's School, per Aug. Durkee	122 75
Frederick Vilmar, Hair Dressers' Committee, per Mrs. Clymer	100 00
Insurance Companies, by H. A. Oakley	600 00
Liverpool and London Fire and Life Insurance Co., per T. B. Coddington	250 00
Seventh Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., per Capt. Emmons Clark, Treasurer	8,533 50
Receipts April 9th.	
Receipt of Sales to 3 P. M	13,713 25
Receipts from Admissions 14th and 17th sts	15,037 88
Professional men, by C. P. K. Churchill, J. Cambreling	100 00
Express Companies' Committee, leading Express Companies N. Y. City, per Wm. R. Densmore, Chairman	20,000 00
Operatives of Phenix Iron Works, boiler shop	25 80
"Ceres," per S. M. Isaacs & Sons, editors of Jewish Messenger	10 00
"Anon," a lady	50 00
Thomas N. Lawrence	100 00
D. C. Spencer	50 00
Robert E. Kelly & Co., per Henry Chauncy, Chairman of Committee	100 00
Ayres & Ames, per J. F. Ruggles, Chairman of Printing Committee	100 00
Mrs. Sigourney Fay, per Mrs. Newton, book of painted photographs	35 00
Receipts April 11th.	
Receipts from Sales to 3 P. M. this day	12,468 13
Receipts from Admissions	9,878 54
Committee on Ships and Shipping, per Wm. F. Cary	14,205 10
John F. Baldwin, printer	15 50
"Found," Harlem	1 00
From Josiah Wilcox and workmen of Portchester, N. Y., per Mr. D. S. Egleston	60 75
Proceeds of sale of Autographs and Photographs, per Mrs. E. W. Sherwood	100 00
Per Messrs. Read & Milbank, from several brewers	1,450 00
Produce Exchange Committee, per P. H. Holt, Chairman	1,990 00
Receipts April 12th.	
Receipts from Sales to 3 P. M. to-day	13,433 47
Receipts from Admissions	7,424 25
Insurance Co., per H. A. Oakley	1,500 00
Coal Committee, per F. C. Oakley	2,100 00
A lady, from the Roman Stand	20 00
Arms and Trophies, Wm. Kemble, St. Mary's Episcopal Church, Cold Spring, N. Y	43 00
Arms and Trophies' Committee, Capt. J. R. Gould and Capt. Felt	10 00
Receipts April 13th.	
Receipts from Sales to 3 P. M. to-day	9,501 68
Receipts from Admissions, 14th street	10,843 25
Receipts from Admissions, Union Square	2,177 25
Employés of Gramercy Park Hotel, by Wm. Service	74 00
Pupils of Dorr's Female Seminary, Plainfield, N. J., per Dr. Stillman	70 00
Trinity Church, Fishkill, per Rev. J. R. Livingston	8 27
St. John Baptist Church, Glenham, per Rev. Mr. Livingston	1 73
Proceeds of raffle for a Doll, by the little girls of Mrs. Macaulay's School	7 00
Proceeds of Concert by the pupils of M'dlle L. F. Rostan's School for young ladies	$238 00
Mrs. Ann E. Gould, Delhi, Delaware County, N. Y	26 00
Proceeds of an illumination, per Miss Walton	18 00
Mrs. B. W., sale of a Tidy	7 00
Citizens of Ticonderoga, per Mrs. B. W. Burleigh and E. S. Winter	150 00
Proceeds of Billiard Tournament, per Phelan & Collender	211 00
Receipts April 14th.	
Proceeds of Sales to 3 P. M. to-day	33,974 70
Proceeds for Admission, 14th st. Department	3,484 00
Proceeds for Admission, Union Square	992 00
Coal Committee, per F. C. Oakley	700 00
Second Universalist Society, N. Y., per Wm. A. Miles	313 50
Miss J. Dewey, Bridgeport, Ct	5 00
Mrs. W. B. Nash, Bridgeport, Ct	5 00
Cash, Bridgeport, Ct	2 50
"R."	100 00
Francis Moulton	100 00
Wholesale Grocers' Committee, per Lloyd Aspinwall, Chairman	6,750 00

Articles Received.

2 pieces Turkish Government paper, Henry Fisher.
Zouave Jacket and bonnet, Miss E. Hoyt.
Pair Polish boots, 1 scarf, Mrs. J. Cady.
6 needle books, Miss Sarah Bowman, Astoria.
Point lace handkerchief, Jules Delcroix.
8 pair soldiers' socks, a lady.
3 boxes and 1 bouquet flowers, Tilman.
Fancy articles, Mrs. W. A. Howard.
Work of blind girls, Mrs. Slote and Mrs. Smyth.
Autographs.
Box, M. M., Trenton Falls.
Bible stand, J. T. Allen.
Mat, Mrs. Tuttle, Staten Island.
Mink collar and muff, A. Glanz.
Pair boots, Ch. Mehltretter.
3 infants' knit shirts, Mrs. Birdsall.
Infant's cloak and sack, Mrs. Mooney.
4 bandage rollers, G. E. White.
Stand of pen wipers, Mrs. G. Blaque.
Pair boots, P. Roedel.
Pair emb'd slippers, Miss Underhill.
2 needle books, 4 pocket pincushions, Mrs. Douglass.
Pair boots, F. V. Cordier.
2 needle books, Miss J. Cordier.
Bonnet, Miss R. Cordier.
Mat.
Sofa cushion, Mrs. Finley Smith.
Child's bonnet, no name.
Indian basket, bag and watch fob, Mrs. Houghton.
3 boxes French flowers, E. C. Cowdin & Co.
Slippers, work bag, &c., Mrs. Rhines.
6 knitted baskets, Mrs. G. T. Mortimer.
2 music portfolios, Miss C. Nuttman.
Basket, 3 needle books, Mrs. Sherwood.
Work box, E. W. Scott, East New York.
5 lbs. mixed candies, Mrs. Sherwood.
Silk sash, Miss Salem.
2 packages, addressed to Mrs. Hoffman.
3 packages, Mrs. Mathews.
1 doz. hoop skirts, Mrs. Haigh.
Bag of fancy articles, Mrs. Perkins.
Pair vases, 4 dolls, pen wiper, mats, &c., Mrs. Eigenbrod.
Perfumery, E. Vatet.
3 vases wax flowers, and worsted work, Mrs. Thomas Small.
Worsted work, Mrs. Samuel Sloane.
Album and lamp shades, Miss Annie Jurries.
Fancy articles, Mrs. A. C. Bush.
Fancy and useful articles, Mrs. Dr. Henschel.
19 children's aprons and 2 pairs lace cushions, Mrs. Dr. Henschel.
2 emb'd child's petticoats, Miss Cameron.

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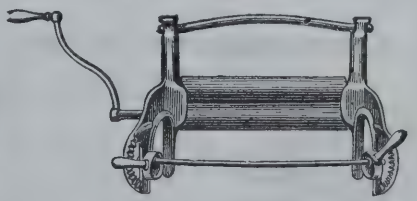

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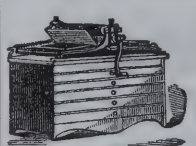

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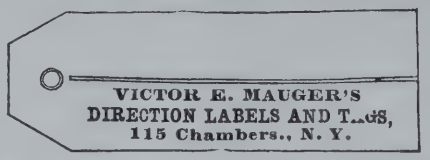

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The tribute directly paid by our literary undertaking into the treasury of the Great Charity, after discharging its expenses, exceeds one thousand dollars a week; while the indirect gain accruing to the Fair from the myriad copies of its photograph thus daily thrown off, can hardly be expressed in figures. And the inquirer who studies hereafter the period during which the Angel of Mercy folded her wings for a few days over our suffering land, to gather here the offerings of its warm heart, will nowhere find a more compact, minute, and authentic detail of this tender passage in our great war than that which our pages present. If at the same time he shall glean from them any hints of the active intellect, the varied cultivation, and the eager patriotism which civil commotion has rather stimulated than chilled among us, our modest labors will be richly rewarded.

For this part of our plan, at least, we can justly claim rare success. There are few of those eminent in literature in America who have not hastened to offer through us the fruit of their culture to the cause of charity; there are many who, for the first time, have modestly tendered through us the tribute of delicate fancies and scholarly research, which, but for intense love of country, would never have been shaped into words; and there are some, whose genius is bounded by no clime, and whose sympathies transcend the limits of States and languages to meet the needs of humanity, who have sent us across the sea inspired thoughts and words of cheer.

If there be any merit in the work which stands here accomplished, it is theirs. And while they will understand the regret with which we resign that communion with them, short and slight as it was, which now ceases, they will, perhaps, together with the public whose kindness has sustained and encouraged us, pardon our shortcomings for the sake of that love of country and faith in the truth and grandeur of her cause which has animated us all alike in this enterprise.

The Editorial Committee of the Spirit of the Fair have been greatly aided in the discharge of their duties by the intelligence, good taste and experience of their Assistant Editor, Mr. S. S. Conant, of the *Army and Navy Journal*, who has given faithful labor during nearly three weeks to the revision and arrangement of the articles published.

Our advertising agent, Mr. Henry W. Quin, has increased our obligations for his prompt and energetic work by the gift to the Fair of a large proportion of his commissions, to the amount of nearly two hundred and fifty dollars.

The typographical beauty and general appearance of the journal are a sufficient proof of the care, skill, and fidelity with which our publisher, Mr. John F. Trow, and his capable assistants and workmen, have contributed their important part to its success.

We have given a part of our space each day, at considerable expense and trouble, to the publication of the accurately prepared list of contributors, for which we are indebted to Mr. Freeman; a complete catalogue would have filled all the pages of our whole issue, and reduced our work to a mere mechanical task. This was scarcely to be expected, nor was it necessary, in view of the fact that the Managers of the Fair have it in contemplation to publish such a catalogue hereafter, to be embodied in a complete history of the enterprise.

As to our numberless kind correspondents, "their works do praise them," even those that have not seen the light. More than a hundred articles remain unpublished, for which we would gladly have given space and time, could we have commanded more of both. Many contributions of great excellence have been laid aside on account of their undue length. We beg all who have favored us with communications to accept this expression of our thanks, and of our regret that the limits of our columns have forced us to forego the pleasure and the credit of adorning them with so many admirable articles that remain unpublished.

LETTERS FROM SALLY POPCORN TO HER SISTER BETSEY IN PUMPKINSVILLE. No. 3.

Dear Betsey:—By the time I got in to see the pictures, my bunnit was bent, and so were my hoops. The Gall-ery is a big room, big as Squire Turnip's new barn, and has got winders in the roof that you could'nt see out of to save you, even if you was a giant. All round the room was rows upon rows of paintins'. I don't know much about 'em, but I really thought some of 'em whould come up to the ones Mary Ann done at boardin' school. Way up to the other end was a pictur' of Washington and a lot of other men in a boat. I asked a chap with an eyeglass, who had a book to tell about it, what it was, and he said it was Washington gittin' in his winter ice, and that the man in the end of the boat had just got hold of the end of the north pole. Now, I know'd better than that, and was going to tell him so, when a purty girl that was with him leaned over as pleasant as could be, and told me it was "Crossin' the Deleware," and then I remembered hearin' gran'ther tell about it. Mr. Eye-glass looked kind o' 'shamed of hisself.

The other side of the Gineral is Niagry in two styles. One of 'em has got the wonderfullest rainbow that you ever did see. It don't seem to lay on the canvass, but hangs on nothin' somewhere, right over the falls. Under the other Niagry is a doleful lot of people in a prison. A man is readin' off a list of names, and the poor creeturs are dreadfully worried. Some of the men are trying to look as tho' they did'nt mind it, but the women are startin' up, and prayin' and cryin'. They call this "The Rain of Terror," because it's so dark. It shows it must be stormy weather outside. I felt awful doleful lookin' at 'em, especially the man with the bright eyes sittin' in the front, and the fair haired woman who has just got up.

There's two big pictures, one on each side of the room. The biggest one they call the "Heart of the Andes," and it's a very stony heart it seems. I'll tell you how it looks. Jest as if you was lookin' at the Skunnemunk mountains, with Shonghum looking over its shoulder, with now and then a charcoal smoke away off, where it's blue, and splashes of water shinin' and comin' down to see what's goin' on in the village, this side of the mountain. But the stream don't stop there long, it comes

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1864, by Augustus R. Macdonough, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S., for the Southern Dist. of N. Y

wanderin' along, sometimes tumblin' down and bilin' into steam, till it gits right up close to you, and if Nephew Jehial could see what a splendid spot there is fur catfish in the corner, he wouldn't do any thing, but dig worms for a week. In the other corner there's a white birch, and there must be a hole in the roof that lets the sun shine on the bark all day. Little birds, all colors, are settin' round on the trees, and there's marigolds and china asters, for all the world like our garden on the banks.

After I look at this awhile, I went to see whose heart the other one was, but it didn't 'pear to belong to anybody—like an old maid's. There was a big mountain in the back part, and some nice pasture lots and a tolerable wood lot, but the wood's been cut off, I guess to make a road for the Ingins to travel on to. Ingins and horses and tents and dogs and trappers and camp-fires and old bones bleached white in the grass, are scattered all around the medder in front, but they must be shiftless folks to let their fences git down altogether. I found out about this pictur, fur there was a spruce old fellow explainin' about it to a young girl that was with him. She didn't 'pear to pay much attention to it tho', but kept lookin' off a little bit of a paintin' with a laborin' man comin' home from his work, and his wife waitin' to meet him with a little child holdin' on to her gownd. She was a beautiful woman, and the diamonds shone on her hand and in her breast and every where. I found from the way folks talked to 'em that she was the old man's wife, instead of his daughter, and I do s'pose she had married him fur his money.

There's a real cunnin' paintin' there of a young girl in a hospital, sittin' by a soldier's bed countin' his pulse by the watch. The candle throws her shadow over on the wall, and another sick soldier has raised up and is drawin' her likeness on the wall. She has on a nice clean white apron, with a bib to it, and her golden hair tied down with a handkercher—a real comfortable looking little Miss, and if I was a feller I wouldn't want any other one.

Not far from this was a "Church painting," but I couldn't see any church but two tall rocks with sunshine behind 'em, and yaller clouds up above 'em, nor any congregation but three or four deers who had come to the pond for a drink. Queer, wasn't it?

There was one thing I did understand tho': a spot in the woods where a little stream lived alone by itself, and only the sun and the birch trees found it out, and old logs fell down and across, and nobody picked 'em up or moved 'em away. I actilly expected a squirrel would jerk himself out, make an arm chair of his tail, and look at me, as they do down by Laurel Run.

There's one more pictur of the jumpin'-off place, where a couple of very mild lookin' Ingins are standin' on a rock and wonderin' if it would hurt 'em if they jumped down into the valley. It's my opinion they better stay where they are awhile yet. Well, Betsey, I'm tired with seein' and crowdin', and handin' up tickets, and watchin' my pocket book, and I don't know whether I shall go to the Curosity Shop or not. Mebbe I will to morrow. Your aff. sister, SALLY POPCORN.

IT may be a fable that Dr. Faustus received valuable assistance from *below*, when he invented the art of printing; but it is certain that very often since that time the "devil has been to pay" with the types. Amusing or annoying mistakes will sometimes escape the eye of the most careful proofreader. The solemnity of one of the finest passages of Chapman's translation of the Æneid was ludicrously marred by the change of a single word: Chapman wrote "They (*i. e.* the Gods), *whisted* all;" The compositor made it "they *whistled* all!" Castalio, in his Latin translation of the Bible, in the passage "I saw all Israel wandering like sheep on the mountains," translated wandering by *palantes;* it was set up *balantis* (bleating); so that the verse read "I saw all Israel *bleating* like sheep, etc. Mrs. Akers's beautiful poem, on page 41 of THE SPIRIT OF THE FAIR, was disfigured by the substitution of F for Y (line third). The line should read:

Your loving fingers seek for mine.

In the fine translation of Heine's Lorélei, the compositor by the change of a single letter, changed the entranced boatman into a veritable flying Dutchman. The first line of the fifth stanza, should read:

In his skiff the boatman plying.

"UNFAIR."

WE have been requested to say that the story entitled "Unfair," published a few days since in our columns, was written under a misapprehension of the facts in the case. Without vouching for the accuracy of either statement, we willingly publish the following account, sent to us by one who claims to be fully acquainted with the circumstances of the occurrence:

A lady as she stepped from her carriage and entered a store, dropped her purse containing fifteen dollars which a woman passing picked up. The servant, who from the carriage had seen it fall, perceiving this, called to her and she gave it up. The lady on returning from the store was handed her purse by the servant.

No reward was ever asked by the woman who picked up the purse, but a sympathizing friend wrote a lecture to the lady upon the subject, which, as it showed her to be in ignorance or deceived with regard to the facts, and from other reasons, remained unanswered.

This seems but a small foundation upon which to have built so large a superstructure, and shows one more instance in which poor human nature has been very unfairly treated.

SOLUTIONS TO CHARADES AND ACROSTIC ENIGMAS.

CHARADES.

Page 21—"Croton."
Page 33—"Hoax."
Page 57—"Rosemary."
Page 69—"Maiden."
Page 93—"Carmine."
Page 106—"July."
Page 117—"Signet Ring."
Page 141—"Crusade."
Page 177—"Heartsease."

ACROSTIC.

Page 202—"Your age."

ACROSTIC ENIGMAS.

Page 21—Head words: "Mind," "Body;" Cross words: "Mab," "Indigo," "Naiad," "Ditty."

Page 45—Head words: "Raphael," "Madonna." Cross words: "Requiem," "Alleluia," "Pleiad," "Halo," "Amen," "Eden," "Lyra."

Page 57—Head words: "Angel," "Demon." Cross words: "Abandoned," "Nave," "Gloom," "Eldorado," "Lustration."

Page 105—Triple Acrostic. Head words: "Miranda," "Tempest," "Sycorax." Cross words: "Mephistophies," "Incredulity," "Rheumatic," "Acapulco," "Nebuchadnezzar," "Desima," "Appomattox."

Page 107—Head words: "Lesbos," "Sappho." Cross words: "Lotos," "Elisha," "Stump," "Bo-peep," "Oath," "Stephano."

Page 201—Quadruple Acrostic. Head words: "Crusade," "Richard," "Saladin," "Godfrey." Cross words: "Conversing," "Rinaldo," "Unclad," "Sheaf," "Applauder," "Deride," "Expediency."

THE BOOK OF BUBBLES.—We understand that upward of 600 copies of this humorous production have been sold at the FAIR, and will net over $1,500 to the fund. Mr. Walter Low, the well known bookseller of Broadway, of the Stationery Department of the FAIR, has secured what copies may remain undisposed of. The copyright of any or all of the plates, &c., will also be disposed of on application to Mr. Low.

THE India Rubber Department, under the charge of Mrs. Degen, assisted by Mrs. Buckley and some charming assistants, has had great success. There are still numerous articles most valuable to housekeepers and others, who would do well to call and make some good bargains.

AMONG the rarities in the Curiosity Shop there is one memento more to be venerated by Americans than the relics of a saint, or the signature of a king. It is a mourning ring, containing a lock of the hair of GEORGE WASHINGTON, authenticated by unquestionable proof of its genuineness. Is there any one liberal and appreciative enough to offer for this treasure anything like its value? A thousand dollars would be a small price for such a relic, if sold in Europe.

AT Mrs. Fremont's table, in the Arms and Trophies room is to be found the Memorial Tribute, in clear and tender stanzas, to the late Thomas Starr King, by Fitz Hugh Ludlow.

BESIDES the sword which the successful candidate is to receive from the voting donors, a magnificent afghan will be also presented to him by vote from the ladies presiding at the table of the Church of the Resurrection, No. 4, where it may be seen and admired.

AT the picture sale the highest prices were paid for Mr. Bierstadt's picture of the Yo-Semite valley, which brought $1,600; Mr. Baker's lovely head of a blonde, which sold for $1,000; and some of the minor works of Leutze and Church, which amateurs picked up cheaply at seven or eight hundred dollars. The whole amount realized by the sale was $22,000.

S. FRENCH & Co., printers, have contributed forty dollars in press work, done for the Committee on Theatrical Entertainments.

"ONE GLASS BEFORE WE GO."

Air—"Bonnie Blue Flag."

Come, fill your glasses, comrades,
Once more before we go,
Down across the border-land,
To meet the rebel foe—
In the face of death and danger
To win a grand renown;
To conquer with the brave old flag,
Or wear the martyr's crown.
Hurrah, hurrah!
One glass before we go,
Down across the border land,
To meet the rebel foe.

To hearts and homes a short farewell;
The ringing bugle calls!
Kisses sweet when next we meet,
And tears for him who falls
Amid the glorious music that
The clashing sabres make,
When reeling from the Northmen's charge,
The rebel columns break.

Here's to those we leave behind us,
The friends we love so well,
And to the homes and firesides
For which our fathers fell.
And to the grand old flag we bear—
It shall not suffer wrong,
While Northern hearts are brave and true,
And Northern arms are strong.

Here's to her that each loves dearest,
A kiss before we go;
Her thought shall nerve the stalwart arm
To strike a surer blow.
And when his lady's golden hair
Floats cloudlike o'er the fight,
Nor flashing steel, nor cannon's glare
Can daunt the northern knight.

William S. Johnson.

A THOUGHT GIVEN TO ONE WHO GAVE NO THOUGHT IN RETURN.

by captain * *

When on the crowded deck I silent stand,
Watching the loved and fast receding land,
When through the broad expanse, day after day,
The stately transports Southward plough their way,
While from their bows, through all the silent night,
The wavelets break in phosphorescent light,
Darling! I'll think of thee

When we our haven reach—some Southern bay,
Where long ago our navy made its way;
When the soft moon looks down on sleeping camp,
And one can only hear the sentry's tramp,
Who, slowly pacing his accustomed beat,
Braves midnight vapors, after noonday heat,
Then while the holy calm, below—above,
Fills me with thoughts of God, of home, of love,
Dear one, I'll think of thee.

When through the long and burning summer's day,
The marching column forward takes its way,
When men who in a dozen fights were first,
Fall senseless—beaten down by heat and thirst,
When dazzled by the glare our eyes grow dim,
And nervous tremblings seize on every limb,
E'en then, I'll think of thee!

When from battalions charging, cheer on cheer,
Gives hope to those who but before had fear,
When loud the musketry begins to roar,
Where but the skirmishers had been before,
When death holds out to each man his embrace,
I'll smile while looking in his ghastly face.
And then I'll think of thee;

Thinking that on that grim and bloody day,
You may be whirling at some matinée;
Thinking that selfsame sun's more northward rays,
May see you blushing at some whispered praise:
Hand meeting hand, exchanging soft caress,
While diamonds shine from every wavy tress,
You will not think of me.

The leader whom you watch with eager face,
Leads —— the cotillion with especial grace.
No thought disturbs your ready flow of wit;
Except, perhaps, your gloves may not quite fit
While, far away, inspired by thoughts of you,
I may some deed of desperate valor do,
One hope remains, and for that hope I'll strive,
That dead—you'll love me—more than if alive.
Perhaps I'm wrong to view the matter so,
Cypress will hardly match your new trousseau,
Though laurelled it might be.

At the late fancy ball at the Tuileries, the Misses Slidell appeared as shepherdesses.

With satire sly, fair Clotho spins
For each gay Southern belle,
A garment, that to loyal eyes
Seems chosen passing well.
With such black sheep as Slidell *père*,
A shepherdess, should sure be there.

Clara von Moschzisker.

Philadelphia, *April 13th*, 1864.

LETTER FROM A SOLDIER IN HOSPITAL.

My Dear Sister: Could you imagine yourself a homesick youth, stretched on a hospital bed, suffering with a wounded arm; you would know how welcome a sight your letter was to me. As I lie here, my mind is sometimes very busy, and most frequently my thoughts fly to the dear home circle. I see you in the evening gathering around the fire; father reading the news with eager interest; mother plying her needle most industriously, but I know where her heart is,—with her absent son who is fighting for the dear old flag; you sit quietly listening, your nimble fingers flying like magic, through some piece of fancy work for the Fair.

So with your usual benevolence and whole-heartedness, you are giving your time and influence to help the Sanitary Fair. Well, I wish you and your fellow-laborers Godspeed. Blessings on the ladies of this country. They appreciate our sufferings, and with their kind loving hearts do all they can to help us. Nor can they find worthier agents than the Sanitary Commission. What we are doing and dying for, will one day be history, and what they have done, and are still carrying on with untiring perseverance, will make the brightest episode in the dark and bloody records of this gloomy period. A day or two since our hearts were gladdened by the reception of a box of home comforts, from the Commission; it made us all feel more cheerful, for sometimes we are disposed to repine.

Oh, it is hard for a man to lie helpless on his bed, when there is so much to be accomplished, and so many willing hearts and hands are wanted. Thank fortune, the surgeon told me to-day, that he thought in a week I should be able to join my regiment. Congratulate me, my dear sister. But I know that instead of wishing me joy, you will say as you have said before, that you would be sorry almost, when I should be well enough to leave the hospital, where I am comparatively safe, to go back to my dangerous position.

For shame, is that the wish for a soldier's sister? Remember what we are fighting for, and let the sister be lost in the patriot. But no; on second thoughts, even while I reprove your solicitude, I feel what a comfort it is to us boys, far away from our homes, to know that there are those in those homes who think of us day and night, and whose hearts are longing to comfort us in all our privations.

Good bye, dear sister. Give much love to all the family, and to my kind friends, and among your manifold occupations, don't forget to write to

Your loving brother, Harry G——.

March 30, 1864.

SPIRIT OF THE FAIR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 23, 1864.

WET DAY AT AN IRISH INN.*

BY DONALD G. MITCHELL.

(*Concluded.*)

We fell presently to discussion of the mutton, and to the relative merits of the Southdowns and of the little moor-fed sheep one meets with in Ireland, in which I found that he was as thoroughly English in his tastes as in his appearance. We talked of the bog, of the potato disease, of the poor-rates; an hour passed thus, and finally we came back to the weather and the Christmas season;—"not just the season," I observed, "that an Englishman usually chooses to while away in a damp inn."

"Quite right," said he, as he went on compounding a punch from a few fragrant materials brought up from the tap; "quite right as you say, and a damp ride on such a night as this, is worse than the inn and the punch."

This latter cheered him, and invited a more personal chat than he had yet indulged in.

"It is to Armagh you are going to-night?" said I.

"Thereabout," said he; "and I may tell you, now that we've tasted the punch together—your good 'elth, sir—that if I find the man I'm in search of, and if he's the man I take him for, this will be the merriest Christmas eve I've passed in twenty years' time."

"Indeed," said I, rather startled by a certain pathos in his tone which I had not before recognised; "some old friend, perhaps?"

"Not a bit of it—not one bit; never saw him in my life. The oddest thing in the world."

This was said rather to himself than to me, and he relapsed into a musing mood, which I did not feel at liberty for a time to interrupt.

"It's not the first mystery that's perplexed me to-day," said I, half laughingly, as the stranger lifted his head again.

"Ah, indeed—and pray, if I may be so bold, what's the other?"

"Come to the window and perhaps I can show you," said I. The December evenings in the North of Ireland are terribly long. Our own candles had been lighted since three of the afternoon; and as I pulled aside the curtain, the street lamps and shop fronts were all cheerfully ablaze. Over the watch-maker's, in the window where my chief observation of the morning had centered there was no lamp burning, but there was a ruddy glow in the room, such as a well lighted grate-full of coals might throw out.

"Do you see," said I, "over the way? There's a dog lying before the fire."

"Aye, aye,—I see."

"And there's a woman in the shadow by the hearth."

"Quite right, I can make out her figure."

"And there's a pair of children; you see how the fire-light reddens up their faces?"

"Aye, aye, chubby rogues—God bless me, I had such once. And that's the father, I suppose, from the way they lean upon him and tug at his waistcoat?"

"There's the mystery," says I.

"Oho!"

"Does he look like a murderer?" said I.

"Bless my soul! murderer! What do you mean?"

I dropped the curtains, and when we had taken our places again before the fire, I detailed to him the incidents of the morning. He seemed to enjoy immensely the oddity of the whole thing, and chiefly the assurance of the gaunt old Flaherty, who brought up a murderer from the bottom of the North Sea to drive straight into town on such a dreary December day.

"But whose was this murder?" says my companion, with a sudden, thoughtful check to his hilarity.

"Dormont was the name, I think."

The man gave a sudden start. "Bless me! Ben Dormont! I began to suspect as much. Why do you know I knew him like a brother; in fact he *was* my wife's brother; and lived away here in the North of Ireland; aye, Ben Dormont; he was murdered true enough; but it's not our friend over yonder that did it. There was a story I know that some young Belfast-man killed him, and they tracked him to Cork; but he, poor fellow, went down in—the Londonderry—sure enough—the very ship; they're right there. But the man who killed Dormont was Pat Eagan, who died in Ingy three years gone. My son, you must know, is sergeant in Her Majesty's forty-third, and Pat was one of his men—enlisted in Ingy. He fell sick of the fever there, and at the last wanted a priest, and a magistrate, and made a clean breast of it. My boy sent home copies of all the papers; if the Flaherty wants them to clear up the name of her drowned friend, she shall have them."

I must confess to a strong feeling of relief at this revelation; for in spite of myself I was beginning to feel a warm interest in the people over the way, and had been oppressed with an uncomfortable sense of the Flaherty's earnestness, and of her "iligant mimory."

But there was another little episode connected with the story of the murder, as the landlord had detailed it, which perhaps my English companion might throw light upon: indeed, I had my suspicions, that he had purposely waived all allusion to it. But my curiosity overbore, for the time, all sense of delicacy.

"If I remember rightly," said I, carelessly, "there was a young woman associated in some way with the story of this Dormont murder?"

The old gentleman's face quivered; for a moment he seemed to hesitate how he should meet the question: then he broke out in a tone of passionate bitterness:

"Aye, sir, you've heard it; you've heard she was a wanton, and I fear it was God's truth; you've heard her father shut his door upon her, and I wish my hand had withered before I did it. You've heard she died in the workus—God forgive me;—my daughter, sir; my poor, wretched Jane!"

Patrick tapped at the door and said the 'fly' was ready.

The old gentleman sat by the fire leaning forward, and with his face buried in his hands. Presently he rose, with his composure partly restored again. "You know now," said he, approaching me, "why I've had many a weary Christmas; but I've a faint hope left; and I'm in chase of it to-night. I told you my boy heard of the confession of Pat Eagan, and went to see him before he died. He told him who he was, and asked if he could tell him the truth about Jane. "Is she alive or dead?" said Pat. "Dead," said my boy. "I don't know all the truth," said Pat, "but there's a man in Ingy can right her name if he will; and his name is James Bonneford." And my boy wrote me that he hunted that man through the country, as he would have hunted a deer; now he heard of him, now he didn't hear of him. There were two years or more of this, when he wrote me (and the letter only came a week ago) that the man had gone to Ireland, on his way to Ameriky; and that he might be heard of about Armagh. That's my errand to-night."

"God help you," said I.

And he drew on his galoshes, buttoned up his mackintosh, bade me good evening, and presently I heard the fly rattling away up the street.

I stirred the fire, drew my chair before it, and was meditating another attack upon the county Gazetteer, when Patrick appeared with a slip of paper which he handed me, and says—"It's a man below steers, as would loike a worrd with the gintleman in the Wellington parlor."

I turned the paper to the light—"James Bonneford," in a full, bold hand was written on it. It was my English companion of the dinner, doubtless, the man was in search of; but how on earth could he have got wind of his arrival? The mysteries of the day were thickening on me.

As I walked leisurely down the stairs, I overheard violent and excited talk from the tap-room; and from the chance words that caught my ear, I saw that Mrs. Flaherty's suspicions of the morning were meeting active discussion. Mr. Bonneford could wait surely, until I learned what course the altercation was taking. A half dozen of the neighbors had strolled in,

* Extract from a work entitled "Seven Stories, with Basement and Attic," by D. G. Mitchell, shortly to be published by Charles Scribner, New York.

and among them, with a terribly excited face, I saw the object of suspicion himself.

"And who is it says Mike Carlingford's come home?" says he, challenging the company with a defiant air.

"Its Meestress Flaherty," says one.

"Flaherty be d—!" said the man. "Didn't Mike Carlingford go down with the Londonderry, eight years ago?"

"Moike, Moike," said the Flaherty pressing forward, "don't forswear yourself, if ye did rap the old man on the head. It's Moike ye are; and if I was hang'd for it, I'd say it, and may the Lord have mercy on ye!"

There was an earnestness, and directness in the old woman's tones that carried conviction to the neighbors.

The man saw it only too clearly, and his jaw dropped; the color left his face; I thought he would have fallen; but he rallied, and said in a subdued tone—all his defiance gone—"it's not *you* 'll be hanged, Mistress Flaherty: it's me they'd be afther hanging. They chased me out of Ireland, and only the Lord saved me when the Londonderry went down, and I thought shure He would have made it right before long; but he hasn't. For I'm as innocent of that murder as the babe that's unborn.

"I belave ye, Moike," said the Flaherty; "now I look at yer and hear ye say it—by my sowl and I belave ye, Moike."

"You are quite right, I think, my good woman," said I. And thereupon I detailed to them the particulars which I had learned from the Englishman above stairs; and I think I never made a little speech which was more approved.

"Thank God—thank God!" said Mike, while a half dozen, and the Flaherty foremost, crowded about him to give his hand a shake.

"Now, for the little woman!" said Mike, springing away.

"He was married then," said a voice.

"Aye," said Mike starting back, "who dares to say she wasn't? Married a fortnight before the cursed murder; 'twas that took me so often to the house; and the very night, Janey pulls away my badge, and says, Mike, don't be afther wearing these ribbons—they'll get you in trouble; and she threw it to Touser that was lying under the table, and the dog followed me out that night, and there, near to the gate, he found the old man, and hung by him. But Touser has made the bad job good to me: there's niver a man or woman in Ireland or England, not excepting her own father, that's been so kind to the children, ever since they were born, as that dog."

"Children!" says Flaherty, "and by my sowl, I consated it long ago; —them girrls is twins!"

"A brace of them," says Mike, "and I never saw their blessed faces till this day noon; and now they'll have an honest name to carry; it's this that's borne so hard upon the little woman: for at the very last I said to her,—'Janey, whatever befals, mind ye wait till God clears it up, before you do the naming: it's better a child should have none, than a murderer's.'" And with that, and shouting merry Christmas to all of them, Mike dashed out, and across the street again.

Of course I had forgotten all about Mr. Bonneford; I suspected who he must be; Patrick made the matter clear—"And shure its Moike, hisself; isn't it written—Moike?" (looking at the slip of paper in my hand,) "He said he'd be jist afther thanking the gintleman that sent over the cakes the mornin'."

"All right, Patrick; and now, Patrick, put some fresh coals on the fire in the 'Wellington,' and ask the Flaherty to bring me two or three sheets of paper, inkstand and pens."

I had been writing an hour or two perhaps, when I heard the rattle of a fly below, and remembered that my dinner friend must be nearly due, on his return. In he came presently, thoroughly fagged, heart-sick, and moody.

"I am afraid you've been unsuccessful," I said.

"My boy has been deceived," said he. "The only Bonnefords about Armagh, are a quiet family, that I went blundering upon with a story about Ingy, and James Bonneford, till I believe they thought me a madman; I'm not far from it, God knows!"

"Cheer up, my good friend" said I, "a visitor has been in since you you left, about whom you'll be glad to hear;" and I tossed the strip of paper toward him. The old gentleman took out his spectacles, and spelled it letter by letter,—"*James Bonneford!*—what does all this mean?" says he in a maze.

"It means this," said I, "that James Bonneford is only the name that Mike Carlingford wore in India to escape suspicion and pursuit; and this Mike Carlingford is the legal husband of your daughter Jane (the old man's face lighted here with the gladdest smile I ever saw) and they are both now over the way, with their children (here the old man's face grew fairly radiant) and I daresay, if they knew you were here, they would invite you to pass Christmas eve with them."

There was dead silence for a moment.

—"No they wouldn't—no they wouldn't," fairly blubbered the old man; then turning upon me, with something of his former manner, "You're not playing me unfair? It's all true you are telling me?"

"As true as that you are sitting before me."

The old gentleman leaped from his chair, and made a dash into the hall —turned again, came back with his broad-brim drawn over his brow—his lips twitching nervously, and muttering "I've treated her like a brute—like a brute—indeed I have."

"I know you have, my good friend," said I, "and it's quite time you began to treat her like a woman and a daughter."

"That's what I will," said he, taking courage and moving away.

"One moment;"

I wrote upon a slip of paper:—CHRISTMAS EVE IS A GOOD TIME TO FORGIVE INJURIES.—I folded it, and begged him to take it across the street, with the compliments of the season from the Wellington parlor: "There was a little gift for the girls in the morning," said I, "and this is for the Papa."

I hope it may have had its effect: it is quite certain that something did; for I saw no more of my dinner companion that night; and when I looked out of my chamber window at eight o'clock next morning, whom should I see upon the sunny side of the street (it had cleared over-night), but the same old gentleman, beaming with smiles, leading a little grandchild by each hand, and the dog "Touser" following after, with a very mystified air.

And when I took the coach for Drogheda, as I did at nine, a rosy-cheeked little girl came running over with a merry Christmas for me (which I met with a kiss), and a sprig of Holly tied with white ribbon, which I placed in my button-hole and kept there through all that lonely ride. At night, I transferred it to my note book, and it is from its crumbling leaves, lying there still, that I have fanned this little story of an Irish-Christmas into shape.

A MEMORY.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

UNDER the pine trees, dark and still,
Standing like sentinels on the hill,
Where we walked in the long ago,
Falls, as of old, the sunset glow.

Tinging the mossbank, till it seems
Fitting couch for fairy dreams;
Cloth of gold its drapery rare,
With velvet meet for a queen to wear.

Still does the river roll between
Flowery banks and meadows green;
Still do the mountains and the plain
All of their pomp and glow retain.

But thou and I. Ah! years have flown,
Oft have the summer roses blown,
Oft have the roses died, since we
Were boy and girl beneath this tree;

Watched while the daylight softly crept
Up from the vale where the waters slept,
Till the high mountain peaks grew dim,
And yon star sang us a vesper hymn.

I am older, and thou art—dead!
In a soldier's grave low lies thy head;
They who laid it gently down,
Saw it crowned with a martyr's crown;

Saw the palm in hands at rest,
Folded o'er a blood-stained breast.
Twice have the wild birds come and gone,
Since that crown and palm were won!

Woe that Earth should be just as gay,
When a smile like thine hath passed away!
Woe that word nor sign may tell
If she mourns for one who loved her well!

IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

A GLANCE at 1764 convinces us that it is easier to say what will not exist or have happened a century hence, than to forecast what will. Leave religion, government, literature, aside—at whose unfoldings even an Isaiah could not guess. Nor strive to pierce the future of invention and science, which in the lifetime of the youngest intelligence, have given us so many miracles to use and handle that we are in danger of deeming them omnipotent. Only the present physical forms of things are likely to be at least recognizable.

How then will this city look in 1964?

First, it will be the heart of the world, which electricity will thrill every instant with the pulses of all the earth. Midway between Asia and Europe, it will be to both their market, bank, mine, granary and library. In detail, New York—may its true name, Manhattan, then crown it—will see on each side of its encircling waters a city as large as itself now. There will be bridges across the East River, and tunnels beneath the North; and vast docks at Harlem and Brighton. A belt of marble and granite piers shall girdle it. The Croton will be quadrupled. The Central Park will wave secular elms, and find all its groves too small for the multitudes. Railways, or whatever succeeds them, shall thread all the depths of the island, and Broadway be but an alley. Two national holidays, the old Fourth, and that auspicious day which we shall see crowned with peace and reunion, will be exulted in here by millions. The spot we now stand on will be far down town, covered with marble arcades, where the Japanese and the Abyssinian will lounge away a shopping hour, and order their purchases sent home to the other continents by evening. Fashion will have come three or four times round again to the oddities of our own day. Distance will be so nearly destroyed, and the conveniences of life brought so close to every man, that probably the world will be no more in a hurry than it is now. Could it be? At least, the great grandchildren of some of the youngest of us may find a moment to glance, in some tranquil library alcove, far in the depths of the present Yonkers, at this very SPIRIT OF THE FAIR, and smile to see how far our guesses wandered from the truth, while sighing to recall amid degenerate days the grandeur of our earnestness, and the living inspiration of our cause in this great second era of American history. M.

EVER FREE.

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

FREE, free, free,
The whole land shall be,
North, South, from sea to sea,
Free forever, ever free.

Free, free, free
Shall all our labor be,
Without a lash, without a chain,
Without reproach, without a stain,
Without a sneer or bitter word,
Without the dungeon and the cord,
North, South, from sea to sea,
Free forever, ever free!

Free, free, free
Our speech shall ever be.
Far as earth's waters run and ring,
Far as the wild birds soar or sing,
Where voice may speak and voice reply,
Or white-winged sheets like peace-doves fly;
North, South, from sea to sea,
Free forever, ever free.

Free, free, free
Our thought shall ever be.
Yes; freer yet with every year,
What man may dare, or heart holds dear,
Shall roll and roar through every land,
In speech which all may understand.
North, South, from sea to sea,
Free forever, ever free.

Free, free, free,
And GOD our guide shall be.
He led our fathers on of old,
Through trials dark and manifold,
Till they the mark appointed won;
Us will He lead yet farther on.
From North to South, from sea to sea,
And free forever—ever free!

PHILADELPHIA, *February* 8, 1864.

[The following stanzas are almost sacred, from their tender and life-long associations. They have been given us by the lady to whom they were addressed, and we presume that nothing less than this great charity would have drawn them from their seclusion of many years.]

STANZAS.

BY JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

YES, we must sever, Eva dear,
But though our sorrows flow,
Thy semblance still shall bless me here,
In solitude and woe.
Though fate, dear Eva, bids us part,
I'll live as warmly true,
As when in my enamored heart
Thine image, dearest, grew.

With thee were all my loves of youth,
My childhood's dreams were thine,
Thy name, in fond, devoted truth,
Was mingled then with mine.
When age, that shades our bosom's light,
Each cherished trace shall wear,
That name shall live as pure and bright
As when 'twas written there.

"HERE WE GO, UP, UP, UP!"

TWENTY-THREE prospectuses, and eleven nicely-shaded maps of new Mining companies have been tossed into my office this week. Why do they invade the quiet fourth story den of a lawyer, whose income tax barely pays the cost of collecting? Why insult his patient hopes with the dazzling lure of Grand Vortex and Crash Coal, or High Colorado Metallic? The town swarms with charters from imaginary legislatures, and surveys by fictitious engineers; and one would say, looking at the frenzy and display of Wall street and the avenues, that the Israelitish ships from Tarshish had landed here once more their cargoes of gold, apes, and peacocks.

Two or three of these little schemes are tempting, not because they wear a more romantic air than the others, but from the appeal they make to the pastoral and political tastes of victims. One speculator owns an old chicken coop, and had a cousin who ran for the Common Council. On this basis of real estate and legislative influence, he proposes to construct an Egg-mining company, which in the present addled state of public sense, may yoke success to its car. Another intends to organize an enterprise for digging up and melting over epithets from the past two years' newspapers on both sides. Out of their old files, abounding in mountains of "Copperheads," and "iron handed tyranny," he hopes to collect enough tailings of these metals to keep a foundry at work,—at least until the idiots of Wall street can absorb the stock.

The little fellows who flourish their red India rubber balloons in unconscious satire through the brokers' haunts, should found a rival board. They don't "bid the rash gazer wipe his eye," any more than the more pretentious bubbles about them would, if he should chase them. John Law would delight in a generation like this, which inverts the proverb, "nothing venture, nothing have," and reads it, "nothing have, everything venture."

MISPLACED AFFECTION.

My grandfather's story was in this wise:

"Ours was not a love at first sight. I had known and loved her from my boyhood. Often has she sat with me on our door stoop, tired with play, and shared with me my bowl of bread and milk. Thus we grew up, as it were, together, and thus, through the simple channels of tender sympathy, I learned to prize her for her quiet, loving ways, and at last to depend upon her almost wholly for my society. I will not go through all the stages of my boyhood's admiration; suffice it to say, that at last the time came when I was to bring her home with me, 'for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer,' and, as I then supposed, ''till death should us part.' But such was not to be our fate. Let me hasten to the end. We were for awhile happy—I may say most happy—together. Not a murmur of discontent, not a breath of unkindness passed between us for many months; but at last I discovered, conceal it as I vainly endeavored to do for my own peace of mind, that she was cursed with quick and passionate impulses, which I, fond as I was of her, could not control. I will not dwell on the little daily scenes of fretfulness and trifling acts of folly which led to it, *but it came at last.* It was on a summer evening, as we sat by the old west window looking at the sun set. I don't know what exactly offended her—some unintentional affront on my part—but she suddenly flew into a violent rage, and with a ferocity which so surprised me that I could not resent it, assaulted me in the face! O, it is a frightful thing to have the object of one's affections become transformed into the hideous creature of your hate. I said not a word, but withdrew from her side, and sought a few hours' reflection in the solitude of my own chamber. For days I bore on my face the marks of her passionate attack, but in my heart was a deeper and a sadder impression, which could not be erased, and which nerved me to take the course which led to our final separation. In a week we parted,—and forever."

"What became of her, grandfather?" I asked.

"I sold her, my child, to the butcher."

"Sold her! to the butcher?—"

"Yes, and I've never owned a cat since that day." T.

POSSIBLE ITEMS.

From Some Newspaper a Century Hence.

The express balloon Ariel, from New York for Hamburg, when about one thousand three hundred miles out, collapsed a valve, and dropped into the sea, this morning. The nearest stationary life-boat being three or four miles away, several of the passengers were seriously wet, and one took a severe cold before assistance reached them. The unpardonable delay of fifteen minutes thus occasioned deranged business calculations, and caused the failure of two or three heavy European houses. We warn the directors of this company, that a few more such accidents will drive public patronage to the Southern Trade-wind line, which although nearly half an hour longer in the transit, is far more regular, and seldom over two seconds and a half behind time in arriving.

Ladies ordering silks at Stewart's, to be manufactured for the following day, are requested to specify the exact shade of color desired, as the worms at Thibet are fed after sunset, and the chemical preparation of their diet requires a few minutes more for some tints than for others.

On and after the 1st of May next, trains will be run hourly on the San Francisco and Sandwich Island Raft Railway. The morning express will start at six, to connect with the mail leaving New York, at five. Passengers can thus enjoy a surf-bath, and cocoanut curry, and return to Wall street the same evening.

In Press, and will shortly appear, a historical novel, founded on the war of 1861, by X. Y. Z., Esq. The work will be published in three volumes of twelve paragraphs each, and will be furnished to subscribers in a series of hourly numbers, containing one sentence each. For sale by the Appletons, at their down-town office, No. 443 Broadway, or to up-town patrons, at their branch in the New Haven district.

Gentlemen who are particular in their tobacco, by leaving a package of seeds at Gilsey's, on their way down town, can have the fresh leaves returned, or the made up cigars, if they prefer it, as they go home from business, by the new galvanic cultivating process.

There are peace-men, so wily and deep,
As to say of Secessionist sheep:
"Just let them alone
And they will come home,"
Like the tail-wagging lambs of Bo-peep.

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC ENIGMA.

1. An art unknown to Adam, till Eve spoke,
In which her daughters still his sons excel.
2. A hero who the laurel wreath forsook
For softer myrtle, till shame broke the spell.
3. The state in which an ancient man-of-war
Resembles our first sire. 4. A symbol fit
Of peace and plenty. 5. And a title for
The scribbler of these lines, when some fair wit
Detects their secret. 6. What mirth loves to do
To Time. 7. That hidden motive of most deeds,
Which, neither good, nor bad, nor false, nor true,
Doubt often chooses, weakness oft'ner pleads.
Two, first and last, two middle letters take,
From these, and in the fragments, as four words,
Read a dread war that made the nations shake,
And three great kings who bore its foremost swords.

The following lines were revised and corrected by Mrs. Kirkland, among her latest labors in behalf of the Fair, for insertion in our journal:

WHO'S BEEN AT THE FAIR?

How many fathers? How many mothers?
How many sisters? How many brothers?
How many uncles, and aunts, and cousins?
Dozens, and dozens, and dozens, and dozens!
How many dozens, guess, if you dare,
Have entered the great Metropolitan Fair?

Taking due note of the science of chances,
See what a range we may give to our fancies.

How many good men, how many bad?
How many sane folk, how many mad?
How many jolly, how many sad?
How many left-handed, how many right?
How many angels, nearly or quite?
How many people I know by sight?
How many men my soul abhors?
How many brutes, and how many bores?
How many young couples, still in the state
Of honey-lunacy, fondly elate?
Think what a beauty quite superhuman,
Must have been that of the loveliest woman!
In juxtaposition, conceive, if you can,
The figure and face of the ugliest man!

By ones, and twos, and threes, and fours,
They passed the doors,
They trod the floors,
Travellers hither from foreign shores,
Yankees, East Indians, Chinamen, Moors,
Polished Caucasians, Hottentot Boors,
Cannibals, maybe,
Eaters of baby,
Germans, Slavonians,
Wild Patagonians,
Could, would or should have (for aught I can tell) come,
And, if they had, would have found themselves welcome.

Characters varied as phantasy paints;
Many a sinner (mixed in with the saints);
Many who worship the gods of old Rome?
Many who worship false gods nearer home?
Various "national benefactors,"
Equal in worth to the shoddy contractors;
Crazy fanatics, wire-puller's tools,
Peace politicians, rebels and fools.
No money's refused—let not this be thought strange,
The baser its source, the more blessed its change,
When it passes from hands which it armed for abuses,
And rises at once to the best of all uses.

And always the eye with pleasure notes
The sprinkling bright of the dear blue coats,
Straying, like common men, in and out,—
These are the fellows it's all about!

Honor is due to any man,
White, brown, or sable African,
Of whom his epitaph truly can say:
"He who lies here, on a certain day,
Serving his country at soldier's pay,
Faced musketry fire, without running away."
But ah, how it touches the heart to perceive,
By the halting step or the empty sleeve,
Or those sightless eyes in the shattered head
Of a living man who might better be dead!
That one who now meets us, face to face,
In this crowded and cheerful market place,
Has loaded and fired, 'mid shot and shell,
The Unionists' cheer and the Rebels' yell,
Loaded and fired where bullets tell,
In the jaws of Death, in the gates of Hell,
Loaded and fired long and well,
Loaded and fired until he fell!
Quick! let us give! Never mind the amount!
All that we have wouldn't square the account!
To offer *him* money, of course, we don't dare;
But we give to them all when we give to the FAIR.

If weary of retrospect, how would it suit your
Humor to try now a look at the future?
Probably one baby—possibly more—
That's been carried in at the visitor's door,
Will still be alive in nineteen sixty-four!
What would you give to know, to-day,
All he will know ere he passes away,
To mix his old flesh with its native clay?
If the world progresses as far and as fast
In the next hundred years as it has in the last,
The wildest of human ideas will be passed.
There'll be no use for work, 'twill be done by machines,
From the ruling of states to the boiling of beans;
Folks will move without walking, and sleep without winking,
And live, I'm afraid, without eating or drinking;
If not without laughing, or praying, or thinking!
Perhaps marriages then will by rule be assorted,
And girls will be born and grow up ready courted!
No use then for painters, their work will be done,
In perfection of color and form, by the sun.
And even we poets will be cast in the shade,
All possible verses will then have been made.
Can't you fancy the evils of life all demolished—
Diseases and death by new science abolished—
So that if a man were but sufficiently clever,
To live *long enough*, he might live on for ever!
Yet, reader, suppose now you knew all the lore
That the world will have learned by nineteen sixty-four.
You'll find, to your cost, 'twould be useless to know it—
A wise man, ahead of his time, doesn't show it.
Though you told the whole truth, the whole world would still spurn it,
And take, after all, its full century to learn it.

How many, then,
Boys and men,
One, or two, or five, or ten,
Have been at the great METROPOLITAN FAIR?
Who are doomed to the great Presidential Chair?
(That wonderful piece of Cabinet ware,
Whereof all the cushions are *stuffed with care.*)

How many maidens and youth for whom Destiny
Has it in store that their lives shall be blest in a
Manner unthought of perhaps, in their fancies,
Until at the FAIR they exchange the first glances?
Glances whose memories afterward urge 'em on
Up love's broad aisle, which leads straight to the clergyman.

Then, let us ask, (perhaps it was *you!*)
Who's given the most toward the end in view?
And who, after all, can truly boast,
In proportion to means, to have given the most?
I guess that the last was some widow's mite—
Her boy had died in some far off fight,—
She hopes some more fortunate mother's son,
May gather some comfort from what she's done.

Whose needs were so great, or his heart so small,
That he passed by, giving nothing at all?
If any, dear sir, (or dear madam, which is it?)
There's time enough yet for another visit.
See the show and enjoy; but before you get through,
Buy a pincushion, or a steam fire-engine, do!

Ye men, reflect: every penny's a pebble
Cast with good aim in the teeth of the Rebel.
Ye women, reflect, that to give is to hold your
Comforting hands out to help the poor Soldier.

THERE is an old party of France,
Who delights on volcanoes to dance;
He is destined to die
Of Mexican pie,
Then beneath the volcanoes he'll dance.

FROM his icy old lair in the North,
A black bear came pompously forth;
He clasped in his paws
The young eagle's claws,
And fondly they plighted their troth.

THERE was a young lady of Sharon,
The top of whose head had no hair on,
So she crowned it with rats,
Mice, kittens, and cats—
This infested young lady of Sharon.

HERO AND LEANDER.

WHERE from thy gates of storm, dark Euxine, roll
The tempest-trampled tides, in mountains tossed,
What gleams there, like a snow-flake, seen and lost?
LEANDER'S arm, nerved by LEANDER'S soul.
She all night hath outwatched each waning star,
And still she stands, with zone and hair unbound;
Dreads, thrilled with hope and fear, her own heart's sound,
And tearful looks o'er the gray sea afar.
Maiden! more hapless than thy darling boy,
No more shall come again those hours of joy:
No more the chill of the salt waves' embrace
Thy locks shall dry, thy warm caresses chase!
Morn sees her on the shore. Death may not part
His outworn spirit and her broken heart. M.

ACROSTIC.

You own what woman never owned,
Of which you'd gladly spare a part;
Useless to others, yet enthroned
Right in your very life and heart.

A gift so strange, that you've to-day
Got what you never had before—
E'en that which you shall have no more. T.

EPIGRAM.

THREE strides a Revolution takes, abhorred:
First, Frenzy rules, then Panic, then the Sword.
Discord's apostle, first hear Wendell spout,
Next Finance pours its reckless billions out.
And will this dawdling Congress helpless stand,
Provoking scorn and wrath, till some mailed hand,
To save a falling State, shall crush the laws,
And wave, "Take hence that bauble!"—with applause?
M.

THE RAFT-LIGHT.

BY ROSE TERRY.

I looked out into the darkness,
And heard the falling rain,
The sleeping river whisper,
And the winds of Spring complain:

I felt the earth's soft breathing
Answer the heaven's kiss,
And the odor of buds that open
Dreaming of summer's bliss.

Dark as darkest chaos,
Nor river nor leaf for sight—
Only the fire of a boatman
Steering his raft by night.

There on the gliding water
A fire that leapt and danced;
On the red shirt of the boatman,
And the dripping planks it glanced.

A sudden vivid picture,
The broad night for its frame;
In the sullen mist of midnight,
A living spot of flame.

Ah Love! in life's wide darkness
We all are set apart,
Side by side forever,
Hidden heart from heart.

We hear the dropping and crying
Of tears on the barren strand;
We grope in night for succor
And the grasp of a friendly hand.

Till the wandering, wondering poet,
Answereth man's desire;
And we see his heart and know it
By the light of its midnight fire!

STYLE AND ELEGANCE.

Is there an intrinsic and native difference between these graces of humanity, which all the refined admire, and many of the unrefined strive to imitate, or are they only differently trained shoots from the same seed? Both remain within the region of beauty, for sublimity can exist without either—unless, indeed, sublimity may be termed the highest expression of style. Size is essential to neither. Eve had the last, but wanted the first, or rather was perfect without it. So, too, Miranda. Portia had both: Bassanio's Portia, we mean, for she of Brutus may have owned the Roman grandeur, but was too great to need the minor charms. Mary Stuart, too, moved in her conquering grace with both, and so drew down the hatred of that Tudor man-woman, Elizabeth, who had neither. She who "dwelt beside the untrodden ways" was elegance itself, with no touch of style; and the Pedler of the same poet is the caricature of her natural simplicity.

Style may overbear and stifle elegance, and so verge on vulgarity, which elegance never comes near. Already a shade of difference exists between "style" and "stylish." *Chic* is style belittled. *Cachet* leads us to the sense, for *de distinction* is understood to fill the meaning. Elegance is inimitable, and may not be taught or caught; but style can be counterfeited. The first lies in character, the second more in manner. Cleopatra in history had the first, and Shakspeare gives her the last in love, and both in luxury. Ophelia never had either, but only sheer simplicity, while Juliet might have grown to have both.

Elegance is common enough to Americans. I have seen it in the backwoods—yes, in a shanty, over the kettle. Style is more English, yet Victoria has none, and Eugénie is supreme in either. The queen may owe that to her Teutonic blood, for I have never seen a German who was not wanting in both. Have the Orientals either? No, but rather a grand calm, which is a style in itself.

A man may have style with all acceptance and admiration. Elegance is apt to suggest, unjustly, question of his strength. Either is opposed to commonplace. Nature marks the difference in the last, and art carries out the hostility in the first. Real fashion cannot dispense with one, but often ignores the other. Sham fashion, resting on no principle, is a stranger to both.

Style forces admiration, but need not win love. Elegance gains the tender regard of all who feel and understand it. There is a sort of elegance even in inanimate nature, such as flowers exhale, while style is merely human, and may therefore be suspected to be artificial. Is elegance the grace of nature, of which true style is the cultivated finish? M.

A PERSIAN SONG.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Two strings for my guitar
I will spin from your hair;
What else can you expect
From a lover in despair?

You grant a "*Yes*" to all
But the man that is your own;
When I ask for a kiss,
It is "*No!*" to me alone!

Were I marble, I would be
A floor, where you might walk
As stately as a cypress,
With an eye like a hawk!

You said that you would come,—
Where is your promise, dear?
For lo! I am alone,
And the midnight is here!

THE TRAITORS' HOLOCAUST.

May, 1861.

In the month of May, 1861, the rebels buried the American Flag with great ceremony at Memphis: and soon after, upon their retreat from Martinsburg, Va., they destroyed the railroad bridge at that place, and burned forty-three locomotives belonging to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Piles of fuel were built up around the locomotives, and kept burning three days and nights. The sound of the steam escaping from the tanks and boilers, was like the sighing and moaning of living animals.

Hark! there's a sound upon the air, of wild, appalling cries!
And leaping tongues of lurid flame light up the midnight skies;
And gathering bands with eager haste build high a funeral pyre,
And piles of dark and moaning forms are withering in the fire.

"Down with Columbia to the dust!" aloud the traitors cry,
"No more triumphant o'er our heads, her starry flag shall fly.
At Memphis they have laid it low, within the silent grave;—
We need no bonds of Union, no bonds but of the slave.
Who cares for human progress, for the hopes of other lands,
The weary hearts, the loving eyes, outstretched, imploring hands?

"For us, the bright entrancing dream of power uncontrolled:
The slave supports *our* banner, where the serpent wreathes her fold.
Away with all our memories, dim shadows of the past,
Fears of fraternal vengeance athwart our future cast.
O brethren of proud Tennessee, we emulate your fame,
Union's a solemn mockery, and Progress but a name!

Here on this pile, her iron steeds sigh out their burning breath;—
Columbia's starry eyes lie dim, beneath the dust of death."

Is it *thy* hand, Virginia! that would strike the traitor blow,
Write "Ichabod" upon our past, and lay our Freedom low?
Oh vainly shall thy recreant sons profane thy hallowed sod,
For speechless things have found a voice to cry aloud to God!
The hills and valleys of the North send back a proud reply,
The mustering of armed hosts, the rush of cavalry;
Not thus shall sacrilegious hands our holy things profane,
Not thus we lose the liberty our fathers died to gain.
We gather in a holy cause. Sweep treason from the land!
On! on, triumphant legions! On! on, heroic band.
The steeds of Progress shall again renew their glad career,
Thro' States delivered from the reign of tyranny and fear.

And for each star by guilty hands in that dark grave laid low,
Thousands of radiant clusters o'er our happy land shall glow,
While thro' long future ages, shall Columbia's banner shine,
The hope of all down-trodden hearts, a watchword and a sign,
Proclaiming that the Lord, to whom alone we bend the knee,
Has led us by his Word of truth, and Truth has made us free.

L. A. S.

THE HEART OF "63."

BY JANE G. FULLER.

Go, love, to-morrow, when the awakening drum
Beats loud for volunteers!
Go with the brave, albeit to martyrdom,
Nor heed these foolish tears!

Better that hopes like ours should sink in shade,
Than Freedom's cause should fail!
I could not see our country's honor fade,
Nor see the wrong prevail!

A nation's bulwarks are her faithful sons;
And I am proud to be
The giver of a good and noble one,
O bleeding land, to thee!

One kiss to-night, and with the morning dawn,
Go forth on glory's track!
And though it lead my love to martyrdom,
I would not hold him back.

NEW YORK, *June 16th*, 1863.

THE THREE SISTERS.

A Cave.—Enter Three Sisters, viz.: SPIRIT OF WINE—SPIRIT OF OPIUM—SPIRIT OF GREEN TEA.

They sing:

Kind sisters three,
Here gather we,
To drink our broth in glee;
Let us foot it in a ring
Round our pot, and merrily sing.
Hurreebol! Hurreebol!
A famous broth we'll have to-night,
We'll drink every drop ere morning light:
See how it wallops, see how it glows,
'Twill scald us sweetly as down it goes!
Hurreebol! Hurreebol!

SPIRIT OF WINE—*Solo:*

Red noses and bleared eyes,
Burnt livers and addled brains,
Joints swelled to a charming size,
Sisters, thank me for my pains.
Here they go—in they go,—
Boil and mix, and wallop so!

Chorus—Hurreebol! &c.

SPIRIT OF OPIUM—*Solo:*

I've brought you a Chinese mandarin,
He was soaked clear through, bones, flesh, and skin;
He never knew when I pitched him in,
Stir him up well,—the broth is thin!

Chorus—Hurreebol! &c.

SPIRIT OF GREEN TEA:

I have brought you a delicate dish
Of ladies' nerves and such small fish,—
A pair of eyes from a chambermaid's head,
Strained out in a fit of hysterics, they said.
Her loosened teeth, and her thin, lank hair,
I twitched 'em out, and here they are!
Will our fine mandarin fall in love, think ye?
Stir up well, and we shall see!

All sing:

Fire! fire!
Burn up higher!
Broth, mix!
Wallop, wallop, wallop
While I count six.
'Tis done!
Now for our fun!
Off with the pot,
'Tis glorious hot!

All three thrust in their heads and drink.

McCLELLAN AND GRANT.

(THE following anecdote, for the authenticity of which we cannot personally vouch, may not be without interest at the present time.—ED.)

Some years ago Captain, now General McClellan, laughingly reproached Major, now General Grant, with a deficiency of the American "gift of the gab," to which Grant good-naturedly retorted McClellan's want of the other Yankee quality of *go-ahead*. As the discussion became general and lively, one of the party proposed to determine the truth of the charges by consulting the "Oracle"—a large rock near the house, which the children of the neighborhood had called by that name. Each hailed the oracle according to the formula in vogue among the juveniles, and we give the questions and responses as follows:

Q. What do I lack, say I, Grant?
A. Rant.
Q. What do I lack, say I, McClellan?
A. *Elan!*

AUTHOR.—A writer whose fame generally diminishes as he becomes personally known.

MARRIAGE.—A condition which those who are not in it cannot appreciate, and those who are, *will* not.

BACHELOR.—The melancholy embodiment of an unfulfilled intention.

MAN.—A two-legged lever of selfishness, by which the world is moved to progress.

WOMAN.—A hermaphrodite of drygoods and personal loveliness.

BEAUTY.—A thing which exists only in the idea of the beholder.

MONEY.—An infectious disease, which is incurable until another takes it from us.

POETRY.—Something that has never yet been written or spoken.

MUSIC.—An invisible fairy of the air, who torments us with desires for the unattainable.

THE COMPARISON.

TO A LADY AT LAKE GEORGE.

EMBLEMED in this secluded lake,
Thyself in various phase I see:
Transparent depth its waters make—
In thee a sweet sincerity.

Though urged by tempest from repose,
Yet reappears the mirrored plain,
Through trials thus and changing woes,
Thy life serenely shall remain.

Reflected here—sun-bird and flower—
Thy varying image still recall;
But sun, or cloud, or gentle shower,
The blue of heaven is o'er it all. G., JR.

THE MOURNERS' GIFT.

BY B. K. PHELPS.

WHILE all the land is alive in the cause,
Thousands, whose labors know no pause,
Each with every other vieing
In a generous, self-denying
Labor for the good of those
Who their brave breasts interpose
To shield our homes from traitor foes,
What shall poor women give?

We have no wealth to give,
For we must work to live,
And constant toil can do no more
Than keep the gaunt wolf from the door;
Our busy hands must ne'er be still
Striving our children's mouths to fill;
No time, no means, nought but the will
Can we poor women give.

Only the living Christ in Heaven
Knows with us how much we've given:
We gave our best, our bravest one,
Our pride, our hope, our brother and son.
The light of our day has forever fled,
For they brought our hero home to us—dead!
Bitter and many the tears we've shed
Over the gift we gave.

And shall we, then, give nothing more,
Shall we sit still on the desolate shore
Of our grief? Nay, that were far from right;
We must add our sorrowing widow's mite
To succor the heroes who bleed and fall.
When we gave our soldier, we gave with him all,
No part of the gift may we now recall
That we poor women gave.

They brought us the clothes he wore
When the fatal bullet tore
His life and our joy forever away,
And he fell—our brave boy—in the front of the fray,
Just as they shouted, "The vict'ry's won!"
You lost a brother, and I a son,
All we poor women gave.

Give me his wallet—my tears flow fast,
And blind my eyes—here, here it passed,
That cruel shot. Ah! when I pressed
His baby limbs to my loving breast,
Did I ever think I should see him borne
Home to my bleeding heart, mangled and torn?
You cannot chide me if I mourn
Over the gift I gave.

Ah! here it is, the poor one-dollar bill,
With ragged and reddened hole in it still!
Through that rent his life went out,
His heart's blood stained that edge about;
Though children's mouths should ne'er be fed
We cannot spend his blood for bread.
For that for which his life was shed,
We will this last gift give.

'Tis of little worth, the gift we bring,
But his blood hallows the offering,
And the God who took our darling away
Will hear us as out of our grief we pray
For his peace on all that desolate band
Who, bereaved for their country, before him stand;
For his peace over all our desolate land,
And blessing on what we give.

NEW YORK, *April* 5, 1864.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

THERE was a lordly castle on the Rhine,
With acres broad that fed the clustering vine.

And its young heir, a soldier, Rudolph, rode,
While the old Knight through all his vineyards strode.

One hung its clusters on the sunniest side,
And was the country's and the owner's pride.

He meant, so will a father's fondness run,
To save the vintage for his darling son.

"This is thy guerdon, boy, so brave and fair!"
Whispered the Knight, and smoothed his silver hair.

That year the vineyard, spite its spoken sign,
Produced no vintage but the common wine.

The old man sighed—no ruby cask was there
Tó broach for Rudolph, boy so brave and fair.

Then came a Gypsey from the forest flown—
"Send for thy son to look upon his own."

One spring-like day, when sparrows nod and beck,
The young man fell upon the old man's neck.

And Rudolph walked among the tendrils wild,
And the fair vineyard like a woman smiled.

When autumn came the glorious task was done,
And the red wine stood sparkling in the sun.

When to the western sky they held it up,
A thousand sunsets lingered in the cup.

The Knight is dead, and Rudolph, too, is gone—
His children's children sing the vintage song.

When comes the guest of high degree to dine,
They broach a cobwebbed cask of Rudolph's wine.

Dear Love! thy glance fell warm and full on me,
And all the best I had I gave to thee.

LATER POSSIBLE ITEMS.

(*From some newspaper a century hence.*)

7 A. M.—The half-past-six bulletin, at London, states that the British Presidentess is as well as can be expected. The country residence of the Senator from Satsuma, on the Niphon coast, is reported to be in flames. The New York steam fire engines have been despatched by the Kamskatka express train, and will probably arrive in time to save the mansion.

A curious discovery was lately made by some workmen, in digging out an old cellar, near the corner of Fourteenth street and Sixth Avenue, of a bottle labelled Johannisberger, containing an acrid yellowish fluid. Is this, perhaps, the beverage known to our barbarian ancestors as "wine"? It has been presented as an interesting relic of the past to the Century Club, and may be examined at their rooms, in the Morristown district of the city.

The public is reminded, that the weekly election of Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, for this city, will take place to-morrow, at the new City Hall, on Harlem Heights. The Presiding Judge is the only one renominated. We oppose his election on the ground that he has grown old in office, having held it already for nearly two terms, or a fortnight.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTICLES CONTRIBUTED.

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED AT THE FOURTEENTH STREET BUILDING.

Adoration of Shepherd, Ward, Dickenson & Co.
82 pictures, West Point Foundry.
The Game of Life, Augustus F. Smith.
Oil painting, Moses H. Grinnell.
5 paintings and models, W. H. Webb.
Oil painting, Jas. Urquhart.
2 oil paintings and model, Pacific Steam Ship Co.
Washington Crossing the Delaware, M. O. Roberts.
Scene at the Conciergerie, J. Taylor Johnson.
Prison during the roll call of the last victims of the Reign of Terror, 9th Thermidor, 1793.
Niagara, A. T. Stewart.
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J. L. Jackson & Brother, N. Y., cast-iron work—settees, chairs, &c., $231.
R. Hoe & Co., N. Y., one printing press, $1,100.
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Ericsson's Caloric Engine Agency, house pumping engine, $250.
Zeno Secor, Jersey City, oscillating engine, $500.
Condit & Stevens, Jersey City, steam pump.
Gould, Brothers, Newark, N. J., planer, complete, $300.
H. J. Baker, Jersey City, horizontal steam engine, $150.
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R. H. Allen, N. Y., 1 cotton gin.
Anderson McLaren, N. Y., 1 fluting machine, $150.
R. Brown, N. Y., 1 platform scale, $50; 1 counter scale, $20—$70.
A. Borrowman, N. Y., 1 large brass gong, $39.
Baker & Smith, N. Y., 4 steam gauges, invoice of steam fittings.
V. Beaumont, N. Y., metallic barometer, copying press, gas regulator, steam gauge, &c., $52.50.
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Mallory & Sandford, N. Y., flax machine, $400.
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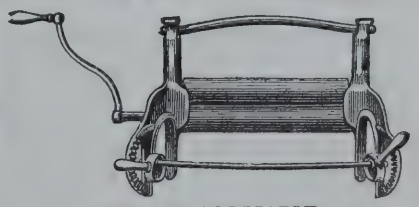

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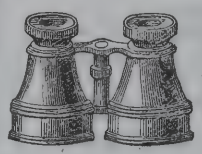

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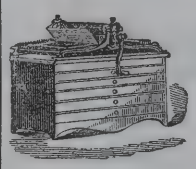

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